ZAYDE,

A

Spaniſh Hiſtory,

BEING

A Pleaſant and Witty

NOVEL.

In two Parts, Compleat.

Originally Written in *French*,

By Monſieur *SEGRAY*.

Done into Engliſh by *P. Porter*, Eſq;

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TO THE

High-Born and Mighty

PRINCE

Henry Fits-Roy,

Duke of *Grafton*, Earl of *Euſton*, Vicount *Ipſwich*, Baron of *Loeſtoffe*, &c.

My Lord,

THE Honour I had once to be Yours, gives me the boldneſs to affix your Graces Name before this Book, made

English in your Service, at those vacant hours I could borrow from the Function of my Employment: It is a Romance, but so like a True Story, that your Grace may reap by it the use and profit of a true History. It was a good *Tale* in *Monsieur Segrays* dress, therefore I must humbly beg your Graces par-

don

don if I have ſpoil'd it in the Telling.

The ſcope of it, is chiefly to ſhew the deformity of Treachery, Ingratitude, the Folly and Miſchiefs of ill-grounded Jealouſies; as alſo to puniſh Vice, and reward Vertue, though Vertue be

———*Pulcherrima merces*
Sa ſibi———

Yet if not cultivated and applyed, it may be truly ſaid of her, as in this our Age is made out;

—*Virtus Laudatur & alget.*

But if we may ground our Conjectures upon thoſe early Rayes of hopeful *Goodneſs*, which breaks forth like a glorious Morn from your tender Years, we may with

Aſſu-

Aſſurance promiſe the World that You will not ſtarve her.

And that the Riches and Beauty of your Mind, will in time out-ſhine that of your Body; in which, although the Majeſty of your *Great Sire*, and the lovely features of your *Mother*, at once daſle and ſurprize the eyes and the

hearts

hearts of all that ſee you; yet the clearneſs of your Underſtanding, the quickneſs of your Apprehenſion, the happineſs of your Memory, your Gracefulneſs and Manly carriage in performing all your *Exerciſes*, your Solidity in Reaſoning, well-grounded aſſurance in Diſcourſing, even with the greateſt and moſt

Learned

Learned men, may confirm us in our moſt aſſured Hope (that if the Almighty be graciouſly pleaſed to prolong your Life) you will out-doe our juſt expectations of *You.*

And that when you are called by the Prerogative of your Blood, to publick *Employments*, you will embrace them,

them, not as priſes of *Ambition*, *Oppreſſion*, *Injuſtice*, and *Covetouſneſs*, but as your proper Sphere wherein you will move, moſt uſefully for the *S*ervice of *God*, the ſafety and honour of your *Prince* and *Country*, nouriſhing *Arts* and *Vertue* whereſoever you find them.

And that when all occa-

ſions

ſions of the publick are at a ſtand, you will be able moſt profitably to actuate upon your ſelf, as the propereſt object of your Induſtry, *God* having made you ſo rich a Soil, that you will be ſtill improvable, and rather chuſe to beſtow your time in Cultivating the rich mines of your *Great* and *Princely Soul*,

(of

(of which you give daily most clear demonstrations to all those that have the honour to Converse with you) than to suffer your self to be carryed away by the ill managery of others, or by the example or imitation of such who Mispend their times in evil *Conversation* and worse *Manners*, and that you will not

not let ſo hopeful a Field produce a degenerate Crop; having this Maxim ſtill in mind, That 'tis *Vertue* alone that can make you powerful and happy, and that nothing but *Vice*, and the practiſe thereof can debaſe what was intended ſo *Great.*

I therefore moſt humbly beſeech your Grace to par-

don

don this my boldneſs, and to accept this ſmall Oblation of this *Firſt Part* of *Zayd*, with that goodneſs which is ſo natural to you, from one, whoſe chiefeſt Ambition has been (ſince he had the honour to know and ſerve your Grace) to approve himſelf,

My Lord,

Your Graces moſt Obedient, and moſt Faithful Humble Servant

P. Porter.

Spaniſh Hiſtory.

A NOVELL.

Written in *FRENCH* by

MOUNSIER SEGRAIS.

FIRST PART.

SPAIN began to Free it ſelf from the Dominion of the *Moors*; its People, who had Retired into the *Aſturies*, had laid the Foundation of the Kingdom of *Leon*: Thoſe who had withdrawn themſelves into the *Pyrenean* Mountains, begun the Kingdom of *Navarr*. There were that raiſed themſelves to be Counts of *Barcelona*, and *Arragon*; ſo that in a Hundred and Fifty Years after the Invaſion of the *Moors*, more than half *Spain* found it ſelf delivered from their Tyranny.

Amongſt all the Chriſtian Princes that

then Reigned there, there was none more powerful than *Alphonſo*, King of *Leon*, Sur-named *The Great*: His Predeceſſors had joyned *Caſtile* to their Kingdom: At firſt, this Province was Commanded by Governours, who, in proceſs of Time, had made their Governments Hereditary; and People begun to apprehend, that they would ſet up for the Soveraignty: They were called Counts of *Caſtile*; whereof the moſt powerful were *Diego Porcellos*, and *Nugnes Fernando*; this laſt was conſiderable for the vaſt Extent of his Territories, and the Greatneſs of his Underſtanding: And his Children were inſtrumental for the Preſervation not only of his Fortune, but enlarging of its Bounds: He had a Son and a Daughter of extraordinary Beauty; His Son, whoſe Name was *Conſalvo*, whom nothing in all *Spain* might equal; his Perſon and Wit had ſomething in them ſo admirable, that it ſeem'd Heaven had made him differ from the reſt of Man-kind.

Some important Reaſons had obliged him to quit the Court of *Leon*; and the ſenſible Diſpleaſures he had there received, induced him to the Deſigne of leaving *Spain*, and to retire into ſome ſolitary Place. He came into the remoteſt Parts of *Catalonia*, with intention to ſhip himſelf in the firſt Veſſel he ſhould find bound for any of the *Grecian* Ilands:

Ilands: The careleſs Diſpoſition he was in, made him often neglect the Roads he had been ſhewn; ſo that, inſtead of paſſing the River *Elbe* at *Tortoſe*, as he had been directed, he followed the Courſe of the River almoſt to the Place where it diſembogues it ſelf into the Sea; there he perceived he had loſt his Way: He inquires if there were never a Barque there? 'Twas told him, That in that Place, there would be none to be found; but that, if he pleaſed to go to a little Port not far off, he might find ſome that would carry him to *Tarragone*; He goes to this Port, lights off his Horſe, and asked of ſome Fiſher-men he met with, If there were not any Shallop ready to put to Sea?

As he was talking to them, A Man, that was walking penſively by the Shore-ſide, being ſurprized with his Beauty and good Meine, ſtood ſtill to conſider him; and, having over-heard what he asked of thoſe Fiſher-men, he made Anſwer, That all the Barques were ſayled for *Tarragon*, and that they would not return untill the next Day; and that he could not Embarque until the next Day after. *Gonſaluo*, who at firſt did not perceive him, turning his Head towards that Voyce, was as much ſurprized with the good Aſpect of this unknown Man, as the Stranger had been with his. He ſaw in him

ſomething of Great and Noble, and full of Handſomneſs; though he might eaſily perceive, that he was paſſed the Prime of his Youth. Though *Gonſalvo's* Mind was filled more with his own Thoughts than anything elſe; yet, the ſight of this Stranger in ſuch a forlorne Place, gave him ſome Attention: He thanked him for giving him Information of what he deſired to know; and then aſked the Fiſher-men, If there were no Conveniency in the Neighbourhood, where he might Lodge that Night? There is no other but theſe Hutts you ſee (Replyed the Stranger,) where you cannot have any conveni: ent Entertainment. Nevertheleſs (ſayes *Gonſalvo*) I muſt go thither to ſeek ſome Reſt; for, I have travelled ſome Dayes without any; and I find my Body has need of more, than my troubled Thoughts will allow it. The Stranger was touched with the ſad manner of his pronouncing theſe Words; and was now convinced, that it was ſome unfortunate Man. The Conformity that ſeemed to be in their Fortunes, gave him that kind of Inclination for *Gonſalvo*, which we uſe to have for Perſons, whoſe Diſpoſitions we believe to be like ours.

You will not find here (ſayes the Stranger) any Place worthy of your Retreat but

but, if you pleaſe to accept of one that I offer you hard by here, you will be Lodged there more commodiouſly, than in theſe Cabanes. *Gonſaluo* had ſuch an Averſion for the Society of Men, that he preſently refuſed the offer which the Stranger made him; but at laſt, being over-come with his Importunities, and his great need of taking ſome Reſt, he was forced to accept of it.

He therefore followes him; and, after walking a little while, he diſcovers a Houſe, ſome-what low, built with no great Coſt; yet Neat and Regular. The Court was ſhut in only with a Row of Pomgranat Trees, and the Garden was fenced with the like, which was ſeparated from a high Wood by a ſmall Brook: If *Gonſaluo* had been capable of taking any Delight, the agreeable Scituation of this Dwelling, might have given him ſome Pleaſure. He asked the Stranger, If this Place were his conſtant Abode, and whether Chance, or his own Choyce, had led him thither? I have lived here this four or five Years (Replyed the Stranger;) I never ſtir out but only to walk upon the Sea-Shore; and, I can aſſure you, that ſince I have taken up my Habitation here, I never ſaw any Rational Man in this Place, but your ſelf: Foul Weather often caſts way Veſſels upon this Coaſt, which is dan-

gerous enough: I have ſaved the Lives of ſome poor Wretches, whom I have entertained here: But all thoſe whoſe ill Fortune brought hither, were Strangers; with whom I could have no Converſation, though I had ſought for it. You may judge by the Place of my Abode, that I look for none; yet I muſt confeſs, I am much pleaſed to ſee a Man like your ſelf.

For my part (ſayes *Gonſalvo*) I ſhunn all Men; and I have ſuch juſt Reaſons to ſhun them, that, if you knew them, you would not think it ſtrange, that I accepted with ſo much Reluctancy, the offer which you made me: To the contrary, you would judge, after the Misfortunes which they have created me, that I ought for ever to renounce all Humane Society. If the cauſe of your Complaint proceeds only from other Men (ſayes the Stranger,) and that you have nothing where-with to reproach your ſelf; there are others more unhappy than you, and you are leſs unfortunate than you imagine your ſelf to be. The Complement of Misfortunes (cryes he) is to have reaſon to complain of ones ſelf; This is to dig a Pit for ones ſelf to be drowned in: This is to be unjuſt, unreaſonable: This is to have been the Source of ones own Miſeries. I perceive (anſwered *Gonſalvo*) that you

you have a ſenſible Feeling of what you ſpeak; But, How different are they from thoſe we feel, when without deſerving it, we are deceived, betrayed, and abandoned by all that was moſt dear to us. Forasmuch as I can perceive (ſayes the Stranger) you forſake your Country, to flye ſome Perſons that have betrayed you, and are the cauſe of your Diſcontent: But, judge what torment it would be to you, to be obliged alwayes to keep Company with thoſe that create the Misfortunes of your Life; Believe it, this is my Condition: I have made my own Life unhappy; and yet, I cannot ſeparate from my ſelf, for whom I have ſo much Horror, and ſo juſt a cauſe of Hatred; not only for my own particular Sufferings; but alſo, for the Misfortunes of thoſe I loved above all things in this World.

I ſhould never complain (ſayes *Conſalvo*) if I had none to complain of but my ſelf: You think your ſelf unhappy, becauſe you have reaſon to hate your ſelf; but, if you had been anſwered with an equal Flame, by the Perſon you adored, Would not you believe your ſelf happy? You have, perhaps, loſt her by your own Fault; but ſtill you have the ſatisfaction, to think, that ſhe loved you; and would do ſo ſtill, if you had not done ſomething that might have

diſpleaſed her: You are not acquainted with Love, if this Thought alone be not capable of keeping you from believing your ſelf unhappy; and you love your ſelf better than your Miſtreſs, if you had rather have cauſe to complain of her, than of your ſelf. Doubtleſs, the little ſhare you have in your own Misfortunes (ſayes the Stranger) hinders you from comprehending how great an Addition of Grief it would have been to you, to have contributed to them; But believe it, by the Experience I have of it, that to loſe what we love by our own Fault, is a kind of Affliction, which makes more ſenſible Impreſſions upon us, than any other what-ever.

As they made an end of theſe Words, they came into the Houſe, which *Gonſalue*, found as pritty within, as it appeared without. He paſſed the Night with much diſquiet; in the Morning, a Feavour ſeized him; and, in the following Dayes it grew ſo violent, that his Life was thought in danger. The Stranger was ſenſibly afflicted, and his Affliction encreaſed by the pitty and admiration, all *Gonſalue's* Actions and his Words cauſed in him: He conceived an earneſt deſire to know who this Man ſhould be, that appeared ſo extraordinary to him: He asked ſeveral Queſtions of him, that ſer-

ved him; But the Servants Ignorance of his Maſter's Name and Quality, could not ſatisfie his Curioſity: He only told him, That he cauſed himſelf to be called *Theodoric*, and that he believed, that was not his right Name. At laſt, after his Feaver had continued ſeveral Dayes, the Remedies, and his Youth, drew *Gonſaluo* out of danger. The Stranger ſtrove to divert him from thoſe ſad Thoughts, with which he ſaw him perplexed: He ſtaid alwayes by him; and though they ſpoke but of indifferent Things, becauſe they were not yet acquainted; yet, they ſurprized one another by the greatneſs of their Witt.

This Stranger had concealed his Name and Quality, during his Reſidence in this ſolitary Retreat; but he was very willing *Gonſaluo* ſhould know it: He told him, He was of the Kingdom of *Navarr*, that his Name was *Alphonſo Xymenes*; and that his bad Fortune had obliged him to find out a Retreat, where he might with more Freedome, regret what he had loſt. *Gonſaluo* was ſurprized at the Name of *Xymenes*, knowing it to be one of the moſt Illuſtrious Names of *Navarr*; and was highly ſenſible of the Confidence *Alphonſo* ſhewed him. What Reaſons ſoever he had to hate all Men, he could not keep himſelf from having a Friend-

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ſhip for him, beyond what he believed himſelf any more capable of.

In the mean time, *Gonſalvo* begun to recover his Strength; and when he found himſelf pretty well to Embarque, he found he could not leave *Alphonſo* without Difficulty; he acquaints him with their ſeparation, and the deſign he had to ſeek out ſome ſolitude; *Alphonſo* was much afflicted at it: He had ſo uſed himſelf to the ſweetneſs of *Gonſalvo*'s Converſation, that he could not think of the loſs of it without grief; he told him he was not yet in a condition to depart, and endeavoured to perſwade him not to look for any other ſolitude then that whither chance had conducted him.

I dare not hope, ſayes he, to make this abode leſs tedious to you, but me-thinks that in a retreat ſo far diſtant, as that you look for, there is ſome ſatisfaction not to be altogether alone: My misfortunes were not capable of receiving any comfort; I believe, notwithſtanding I ſhould find ſome Conſolation, if at certain times I could have ſome body to whom I might make my moan; you ſhall find here the ſame ſolitude you are going to look for elſe-where, and you will have the conveniency to ſpeak when you pleaſe, to a Perſon that has an extraordinary

eſteem

eſteem for your merit, and a feeling ſence of your misfortunes, equal to that he has of his own.

Alphonſo's diſcourſe did not preſently perſwade *Gonſalvo*, but by degrees it began to work upon his reaſon, and the conſideration of a receſs remote from all Company, together with the friendſhip he had already for him, made him reſolve to ſtay in that Houſe; the only thing that gave him trouble, was his apprehenſion of being known. *Alphonſo* re-aſſures him by his own example, and tells him, that this place was ſo far diſtant from all commerce, that for ſo many years paſt that he had lived there, he had never ſeen any that could know him. *Gonſalvo* yielded to his reaſons, and after having ſaid to one another all the obliging things that the beſt-bred men in the World, who reſolve to live together, could ſay, he ſent a parcel of his Jewels to a Merchant at *Tarragon*, who was to return him for them, all ſuch neceſſaries as he had occaſion for. Thus you ſee *Gonſalvo* eſtabliſhed in this ſolitude, whence he reſolves never to depart: Here he is giving himſelf up to the ſad contemplation of his misfortunes, where the only Conſolation he finds, is, his belief, that here he is at Covert from all that Malice can contrive; but Fortune made it

appear,

appear, that she can reach even in the most wilde Deserts, those she has resolved to persecute.

About the latter end of *Autumn*, when the winds begin to grow formidable at Sea, he went out to walk earlier than usual, there was a terrible Storm the night before, and the Sea that was yet agitated, gave his raving fancy a pleasant diversion; he for a time considered the inconstancy of this Element, with the same reflexions he used to make upon his own condition. After this, coming nearer to the Strand, he saw several pieces of the Wracks of a Shallop, and casting his eyes about, to see if he could find no man that might yet want his help, he saw something glittering in the Sun newly rising, that he could not presently distinguish what it might be, which gave him the curiosity to look a little nearer, and coming to it, he found it was a Woman richly attired, lying all her length upon the Sand, as if the Sea had thrown her up there; she lay so, that he could not see her face: He raised her up to see if she had any life left in her; but how great was his astonishment, when he perceived, even through the horrors of death, the greatest Beauty his eyes had ever beheld; this Beauty increased his compassion, and made him de-

sire

ſire that ſhe might yet be in a condition to receive ſome relief at his hands. At that very time *Alphonſo*, who by accident had followed that way, came to him, and put his helping hand to ſuccour her; their pains were not in vain, for they found ſhe was not yet dead, but they judged ſhe had need of more powerful aſſiſtance then they could give her in that place; therefore, being not far off from the Houſe, they reſolved to carry her thither: As ſoon as they had brought her thither, *Alphonſo* ſent for ſome Cordials and Women to aſſiſt her: As ſoon as theſe Women laid her in her Bed, *Gonſalvo* came again into her Chamber, and began to contemplate this unknown with more attention than before; he was ſurpriſed with the lineaments of her Face, and the ſweetneſs of her Countenance; he viewed with aſtoniſhment the delicateneſs of her Mouth, the whiteneſs of her Neck; and he was ſo charmed with what he ſaw of excellency in this Stranger, that he was ready to fancy that ſhe was not a mortal; he paſſed a great part of the night without being able to go from her: *Alphonſo* adviſed him to go take ſome reſt, but he anſwered, that he was ſo little uſed to find any, that he was glad of an occaſion to be kept from looking for it in vain.

To

Towards break of Day, they perceived that this unknown Lady began to come to her self: She opened her Eyes; and, as the Light was at first troublesome to her sight, she turned it languishingly towards *Gonsalvo*, and gave him to see a pair of large black Eyes; of a Beauty so particular to themselves, that it should seem they were made of purpose to dart at once, both Respect and Love. A little while after, they found she began to recover her Senses, and to distinguish Objects: At the first, she was amazed at those she saw. *Gonsalvo* could not by Words, express his Admiration for her: He would make *Alphonso* look, and consider her Beauty, with that kind of Earnestness which we use to have for what surprizes and charms us.

But still she wanted the use of her Speech; *Gonsalvo* judging, that she might yet remain for sometime in that Condition, with-drawes himself into his own Chamber. He could not forbear making Reflexions upon this Adventure. I wonder, said he, that Fortune should offer a Woman to my sight, in the only State wherein I could not avoid her; wherein, on the other side, Compassion obliges me to take care of her: I even admired her Beauty; but, as soon as she is Recovered, I will not look upon her

Charms

Charms any other way, then as I would upon a thing of which ſhe would make uſe of to betray more Hearts, and make more Men wretched. Great Gods! How many will ſhe ruine? And how many has ſhe already, perhaps, undone! What Eyes! What Looks! How I pitty thoſe that can be inflamed by them? And, How happy am I in my unhappineſs, who by the cruel Experience I have had of Women, that I am ſufficiently fortified againſt all their Charms? After theſe words, he had ſome difficulty to fall aſleep; and that was but ſhort too. He goes to ſee in what State the unknown Lady was: He found her much better; but ſhe had not yet recovered the uſe of her Speech; and that Night, and the next Day paſſed, before ſhe could pronounce one word. *Alphonſo* could not forbear making *Gonſalvo* to underſtand, how much he admired his great care, and concern, for this Woman: *Gonſalvo* himſelf, began to wonder at it too; but he found it was impoſſible for him to ſtay from this fair Creature: He believed ſtill, that ſhe ſhould have ſome conſiderable Change in her Diſtemper, to the worſe, when he was not with her. As he ſtood by her, ſhe pronounced ſome Words; at which, he felt a Gladneſs, and a Trouble: He came nearer to underſtand what

what she would say, while she was yet speaking; and was surprized, to hear her speak a Language, that was unknown to him: He at first perceived by her Habit, that she was a Forreiner; But, as it had some resemblance to that of the *Moorish* Women, and that they spoke the *Arabian* Tongue, he made no doubt, but to be able to make himself to be understood: He spoke to her in that Language; and was yet more surprized, to see she did not understand it: He spoke *Spanish* and *Italian* to her; but in vain: He judged by her attentive and troubled Aire, that she did not comprehend him any better: Yet she continued talking; and would stop now and then, as if she expected to be Answered. *Gonsalue* hearkened to all her Words, thinking that he might understand something of her Meaning. He caused all that would, to come nearer to her, to find if none could understand what she said: He brought a *Spanish* Book, to see if she could read that Character; he found that she knew the Character, but could not understand the Language. She was sad and unquiet; and her Sadness added to *Consalue*'s Melancholly.

They were in this Posture, when *Alphonso* came into the Room, leading a very fair Person; dressed in the same kind of Habit, which

which the unknown Lady wore: As ſoon as they ſaw one another, they embraced with great Demonſtrations of Kindneſs; ſhe that *Alphonſo* brought in, pronounced very often the name of *Zayde*, which gave them to underſtand that, that was the name of the unknown Lady; and *Zayde* pronounced as often the name of *Felime*, by which they found that to be the name of that Lady that came in laſt. After they had for ſome time diſcourſed together, *Zayde* fell a weeping with all the marks of a great affliction, and made ſignes with her hand they ſhould all go out. After they had left the room, *Gonſalvo* went along with *Alphonſo* to be informed where he found that other Stranger; *Alphonſo* told him that the fiſher-men of their Neighbouring Cabbins had found her the ſame day in the like condition as he had found her Companion; they will have ſome ſatisfaction, ſaid *Gonſalvo*, to be together: But *Alphonſo*, what think you of theſe two Ladys? if we gueſs by their Garbe, they are of a rank above the Vulgar: But how came they to expoſe themſelves to the hazards of the Sea in ſuch ſmall Veſſels, for it was no great Ship they were caſt away in? She you led to *Zayde*, has told her ſome News that afflicts her much; in fine, there muſt be ſomething of

extraordinary in their fates; I believe ſo, ſaid *Alphonſo*, I am equally ſurprized with their adventure and beauty: You have not perhaps obſerved that of *Felime*, it is admirable, and you had happily been ſurpriſed with it if you had not ſeen *Zayde*.

After this diſcourſe, they ſeparate, *Gonſalvo* found himſelf more afflicted than uſual, and felt that the cauſe of his ſadneſs proceeded from his not being able to make himſelf to be underſtood by this Stranger; but ſayes to himſelf, what have I to ſay to her? or what is it that I would know from her? Is it out of a deſign to inform her of my misfortunes, or a deſire to learn hers? Can any Curioſity find place in a Man as wretched as I am? What intereſt can I take in the ſad deſtiny of a perſon I know not? Why ſhould I grieve to ſee her ſad? Is it the evil that I have ſuffered that inſtructs me to commiſerate thoſe of others? No doubtleſs, it is this ſtill and ſolitary retreat wherein I am, that gives me attention for ſuch extraordinary adventures, which would not long take up my thoughts, if they had been diverted by any other objects.

In ſpight of this reflection, he paſſed that night without ſleep, and part of the day in much diſquiet, becauſe he could

ſee *Zayde*. Toward the Evening, they brought him word that ſhe was up, and gone toward the Sea-ſide; he followes her, and finds her ſitting upon the Shore with her eyes all drowned in tears: When he came near her, ſhe roſe and advanced towards him with much civility and ſweetneſs; he was ſurpriſed, to find as many charmes in her Stature and Deportment, as he had before obſerved in her Countenance: She pointed to a little Barque ſhe ſaw upon the Sea, and named *Tunis* ſeveral times, as if ſhe meant to inſinuate her deſires, to be tranſported thither: He made ſignes to her, ſhewing her the Moon, that ſhe ſhould be obeyed when that Planet (which then did ſhine out) had twice finiſhed her courſe about the Univerſe. She ſeemed to comprehend what he ſaid, and then gave her ſelf up again to her tears.

The next day ſhe was ill, and was not to be ſeen: He had not felt a day ſince his Abode in this ſolitude, longer, nor more tedious to him than this.

The next day (without knowing himſelf why) he left off that negligent dreſs which he had put on ever ſince his coming to that place; and as he was one of the Men of the World, the beſt ſhap'd, an ordinary plain dreſs ſet him forth more to the advantage,

than rich and magnificent Cloaths would do others. *Alphonſo* met him in the Wood, and was aſtoniſhed to find him in ſo different a garbe from what he uſed to wear; he could not refrain ſmiling, and telling him, that he was glad to find by his Habit, that his afflictions begun to grow leſs, and that he found in theſe Deſarts ſome eaſe to his grief.

I underſtand you *Alphonſo*, replied *Gonſalvo*; you believe that the ſight of *Zayde* is that comfort I find to my Misfortunes, but you are miſtaken; I have only for *Zayde*, that compaſſion which is due to her Diſaſters, and her Beauty: I have alſo a compaſſion for you and her, replied *Alphonſo*; I pitty her, and would be glad to be able to comfort her; but I am not ſo aſſiduous about her, I am not ſo obſervant of her; I am not ſo much concerned that I do not underſtand her; I have not ſo much mind to ſpeak to her; I have been no more afflicted yeſterday than I uſed to be, becauſe ſhe was not to be ſeen; and I am not to day leſs negligent in my dreſs then I have accuſtomed to be: In fine, ſince I am as ſuſceptible of compaſſion as you are, and yet that there is ſo much difference betwixt us; it followes, that you muſt all ſomething more than I do.

Gonſal

Gonſalvo did not interrupt *Alphonſo*, but ſeemed to examine himſelf upon theſe particulars, to find whether they were true or no. As he was upon the point of returning his Anſwer, one came to tell him, according to the directions he gave, that *Zayde* was gone out of her Chamber, and ſhe was walking towards the Sea-ſide; then without conſidering that he was going to confirm *Alphonſo*'s ſuſpicion of him, he leaves him to go after *Zayde*: He ſaw her at a diſtance, ſitting by *Felime*, in the ſame place where he found her two days before; he had a particular curioſity to obſerve their actions, hoping thereby to dive into the knowledge of their Fortunes: He obſerved that *Zayde* wept, and *Felime* ſeemed to endeavour to comfort her; that *Zayde* did not hearken to her, but looked ſtill towards the Sea, with ſuch jeſtures, as made *Gonſalvo* imagine that ſhe lamented for ſome body that might have been caſt away with her: he had formerly found her weeping in that place; but as ſhe had done nothing that might inſtruct him in the cauſe of her tears, he believed ſhe had only wept for being ſo far diſtant from her Country; he then began to fancy, that thoſe tears ſhe ſhed, were for the loſs of a Lover that might be drowned, and that it was to follow him (perhaps) that

ſhe had expoſed her ſelf to the dangers of the Sea. Laſtly, He fancied to know, as ſure as if ſhe had told him, that Love was the cauſe of her tears.

It is not to be expreſt what *Gonſalve's* thoughts produced in his mind, and the trouble which Jealouſie cauſed in a Heart where Love had not yet declared it ſelf: He had been in Love formerly, but had never been Jealous; this paſſion (that till then) had been unknown to him, made him feel its firſt effects with ſo much violence, that he believed himſelf ſtruck with a grief that no other man ever had felt or known but himſelf. He paſſed (as he thought) through all the misfortunes that attended Man's life, and yet now he feels ſomething more intolerable than any thing he had ever indured before. He has no freedom of reaſon left, he leaves the place where he ſtood to come nearer to *Zayde*, with reſolution to ask her the cauſe of her affection; and though he was aſſured ſhe could not Anſwer him, yet he forbears not to ask her. She was far from comprehending what he would ſay; ſhe wipes away her tears, and walks along with him: The pleaſure of ſeeing her, and being ſeen by her fair eyes, did calme the agitation wherein he was; he perceived the diſorder he was in, and ſettled his, counte-

nance

nance the beſt he could. She named *Tunis* again very often to him, and ſhew'd a great deſire to be tranſported thither; he underſtood but too well what ſhe demanded of him; the thought of ſeeing her depart, began already to give him moſt ſenſible ſtrokes of grief, and it was only by the pains which Love creates, that he perceives he is in Love, and his jealouſie and fear of her abſence, torments him before he knows that he is fallen in Love: He would believe that ſhe ſhould have juſt cauſe to complain of his ill Fate, if he did but find in himſelf an inclination to Love; but to find himſelf at one and the ſame time, not only in Love, but Jealous, neither to underſtand, nor be underſtood by her he Loved, to know nothing of her but her Beauty, to have a proſpect of nothing elſe but of an eternal abſence, were ſo many evils together, that it was impoſſible to reſiſt them.

While he made theſe ſad reflexions, *Zayde* continued walking with *Felime*; and after, having walked a pretty while, ſhe went again to ſit down upon the Beach, and begun to weep a freſh, looking upon the Sea, and ſhewing it to *Felime*, as if ſhe accuſed it of the misfortune which made her ſhed ſo many tears. *Gonſalvo*, to divert her, ſhewed her ſome Fiſher-men which were not

far off. In ſpight of the affliction and trouble of this new Lover, the ſight of her he loved, gave him a ſatisfaction and joy which reſtored him to his former Beauty; and as he was leſs careleſs of himſelf, than he uſed to be, he might deſervedly draw upon him the looks and eyes of all the World. *Zayde* began to look upon him firſt with attention, then with aſtoniſhment; and after having a good while conſidered him, ſhe turns to her Companion, and made her obſerve, *Gonſalvo* ſaying ſomething to her. *Felime* looked upon him, and anſwered her with an action that ſhew'd ſhe approved of what *Zayde* ſaid to her: *Zayde* eyed him again, and ſpoke ſomething to *Felime*; *Felime* did the like; in fine, by this manner of theirs, *Gonſalvo* judged that he might reſemble ſome body they knew: this, though at firſt made no impreſſion upon him, but found *Zayde* ſo taken up with this reſemblance, that it was apparent to him, that amidſt all her ſadneſs, ſhe took ſome content to look upon him, that he was convinced that he was like that Lover whom ſhe lamented.

All the remainder of that Day, *Zayde* ſhewed divers ſignes, that confirmed this his Suſpicion: Towards Night, *Felime* and ſhe, went to ſearch amongſt the Remains

of

of their Loſs; and they looked ſo diligently, that *Gonſalvo* obſerved ſuch Marks of Diſ-ſatisfaction in them, when they could not find what they fought after, that he had new Cauſes of Diſquiet. *Alphonſo* took notice of the Diſ-order he was in; and, after he had Conducted *Zayde* to her Appartment, he ſtaid in *Gonſalvo*'s Chamber.

You have not yet told me, ſaid he, all your paſt Misfortunes; but, you muſt acknowledge thoſe that *Zayde* begins to bring upon you: A Man ſo deep in Love as you ſeem to me, alwayes takes Delight to ſpeak of his Love; and though your Evil be great, yet, perhaps, my Help, and my Counſel, may not be unſerviceable to you. Ah my dear *Alphonſo* (cryed *Gonſalvo*) How unhappy am I! How great is my Frailty? and, How unſupportable is my Deſpair! How wiſe were you, that could ſee *Zayde*, and not be in Love with her? I well perceived (Replyed *Alphonſo*) that you were in Love with her, though you would not own it. I knew it not my ſelf (anſwered *Gonſalvo*:) It is Jealouſie alone, that made me ſenſible I was engaged in Affection. *Zayde* laments ſome loſt Lover; which makes her every Day return to the Beach, to bemoan her Love, in the ſame Place ſhe believes he was caſt away. It is true, I am in love with *Zayde*;

and

and *Zayde* is Enamoured of ſome other: This, of all my Misfortunes ſeems the moſt terrible to me; which I believed my ſelf moſt free from. I did flatter my ſelf, that, perhaps, her Grief was for no Lover; but I find her Affliction too great, to doubt of it. I am more-over perſwaded, that what ſhe ſo carefully looked for, was ſome thing that might come from that happy Lover: And, what ſeems to me more Cruel than all I have told, is, That I reſemble him for whom ſhe burns: She perceived it as we were walking: I ſaw Joy in her Eyes, when ſhe ſaw any thing that might make her remember him; ſhe ſhewed me twenty times to *Felime*, and made her take particular Notice of all my Features. What ſhall I ſay more? She looked upon me all the Day long; But, it was not I ſhe ſaw, nor of whom ſhe thinks: When ſhe caſts her Eyes upon me, I put her in mind of what I would fain have her to forget: I am, likewiſe, deprived of the Pleaſure of ſeeing her fair Eyes glancing upon me; and ſhe can no longer behold me, without tormenting my Heart with Jealouſie.

Gonſalvo ſpoke all this ſo faſt, that *Alphonſo* could not interrupt him; but he gave over ſpeaking. Is it poſſible, ſaid he, that what you tell me, can be true; and that the

the Affliction to which you have uſed your ſelf, does not repreſent to you this *Idea* of ſo extraordinary a Calamity? No *Alphonſo*, I am not deceived (ſaid *Gonſalvo*;) *Zayde* laments a Perſon ſhe loves, and I put her in mind of him. My Fortune will not let me fancy to my ſelf Evils beyond thoſe ſhe heaped upon me. She out-runs what-ever I could imagine: She finds out thoſe Afflictions for me, that are unknown to the reſt of Mankind: And, if I had told you the whole courſe of my Life, you would be obliged to acknowledge, that I had Reaſon to maintain, That I was more unfortunate than you. I dare not tell you (ſaid *Alphonſo*,) that if you had not ſome important Reaſon to conceal your ſelf from me, you would give me all the Joy imaginable, in acquainting me with what you are; and what thoſe Misfortunes are, which you conceive to be greater than mine. I know, it is not juſt to ask you, What I do; without telling you likewiſe, what my Misfortunes are. But, pardon an unlucky Man, who has not concealed from you neither his Name nor Birth; nor would hide from you his Adventures, if it would avail you to know them; or if it were in his Power to declare them, without renewing Afflictions, which

many,

many Years begin now with difficulty, to blot out of his Memory.

I will never preſs you (ſayes *Gonſalvo*) to any thing that may give you trouble; but, I muſt blame my ſelf, for not telling you who I am; Although I had taken a Reſolution, never to diſcover my ſelf to any Body, the extraordinary Merit I find in you, and the Gratitude I owe you for your Kindneſs, and your Care of me, obliges me to tell you that my true Name is *Gonſalvo*; and, that I am the Son of *Nugnes Fernando*, Count of *Caſtile*; whoſe Reputation, undoubtedly, has reached your Ear. Can it poſſible be (cryes *Alphonſo*) that you ſhould be that *Gonſalvo*, that was ſo Famous, even in his firſt Campagne, by the Defeat of ſo many *Moors*, and by ſuch glorious Atchievements, as has made you to be admired by all *Spain?* I know the Rudiments of ſo Noble a Life; and when I retired into this Deſert, I had already learnt, not without Aſtoniſhment, that in the remarkable Defeat, which the King of *Leon* gave *Ayda*, the braveſt Captain the *Moors* had, you alone turned the Scale of that Victory to the Chriſtians ſide: And that in mounting the firſt Man, the Breach of *Zamora*, you were the cauſe that Town was taken; which obliged the *Moors* to beg a Peace

Peace. The Solitude in which I have ſince that time lived, kept me ignorant of the Sequel of ſuch Heroick and Glorious Beginnings; but I queſtion not, but that they agree in all Parts. I did not believe (Replyed *Gonſalvo*) that my Name was known to you; and I eſteem it a Happineſs, that you are ſo prepoſſeſſed to my Advantage, by a Reputation I have not perhaps deſerved. *Alphonſo* then ſetled himſelf, with Attention to hear; and *Gonſalvo* begun thus:

THE
Hiſtory of *GONSALVO.*

MY Father was the moſt conſiderable Man in the Court of *Leon*, when he made me appear there with an Equipage ſuitable to his Quality. My Inclination, my Age, and my Duty, fixed me near the Prince *Don Garcia*, the Kings Eldeſt Son: This Prince is Young, Handſome, and Ambitious; and his good Qualities are far greater, than his Defects; And it may truly be ſaid, That he has none, but what his Paſſions prompts him to: I was ſo happy, as to be very well with him, though I did not deſerve it: And, I did endeavour afterwards,

terwards, to become worthy of his Favour, by my Services and Fidelity to him. It was my good Fortune, to be near enough to his Perſon, in the firſt Warrs, to reſcue him out of an eminent Danger, to which his too raſh Valour had expoſed him: This Service added to the Kindneſs he had for me. He loved me more like a Brother, than a Subject: He concealed nothing from me; He denyed me nothing: And, he let all the World ſee, that to gain his Love, they muſt be beloved by *Gonſalvo*: A Favour ſo great, joyned to the conſiderable Rank in which my Father ſtood, raiſed our Houſe to ſo high a pitch, that it began to give the King umbrage, and apprehenſion that it ſhould grow too Great.

Amongſt an infinite number of young People, that the hope of making their Fortunes, had made my Fellows, I had a particular Eſteem for *Don Ramires* above all the reſt: He was one of the moſt conſiderable of all the Court; but he was much inferior in Fortune, to me: It was in my Power to raiſe him equal to my ſelf: I employed at all times, both my Father's Credit, and my own, to his Advancement: I uſed all my endeavours, to obtain him as great a ſhare as I could, in the Princes Favour: And he of his ſide, contributed very much, by his

ſweet

ſweet and inſinuating Behaviour, to ſecond my Endeavours; inſomuch, that next to me, he was the Man of all the Court, that *Don Garcias* ſhewed the moſt Kindneſs to. I made it my whole Delight, to improve their mutual Kindneſs; and both the one, and the other, had already felt the Power of Love: They often made themſelves merry with my Inſenſibility; and reproached me, with my want of Inclination, as an unpardonable Crime.

I alſo Laughed at them, becauſe their Inclinations were not Real: You Love, ſaid I, that kind of Gallantry, which Cuſtom has eſtabliſhed in *Spain*; but you do not Love your Miſtreſſes: You ſhall never perſwade me, that you are in Love with a Perſon, whoſe Face you ſcarce know; and whom you would not know again, if you met her any where elſe, than at her Window, where you uſed to ſee her.

You urge the ſmall Acquaintance we have with our Miſtreſſes (ſaid the Prince;) but we acknowledge their Beauty, which, in Love, is the Principal Verb: We judge of their Wit, firſt, by their Phyſiognomy; and then, by their Letters: And, when we come to ſee them nearer hand, we are charmed with the Delight of diſcovering what we had not yet found out. Every Word

that

that falls from them, has the Charm of a Novelty: Their manner of Delivery is ſurprizing unto us; and our Surprize awakens and increaſes Love: When thoſe that are acquainted with their Miſtreſſes, before they become enamoured of them, are ſo accuſtomed to their Beauty, and their Witt, that they are no more ſenſible when they are beloved again. You will never fall into this Misfortune, quoth I; But Sir, you ſhall have my conſent to love all you do not know; provided, you give me liberty to love a Perſon, that I know ſo well, as to believe ſhe deſerves my Eſteem; and may give me aſſurance to find in her, what may make me Happy when I am beloved again: I ſay, more-over, that I could wiſh ſhe were not prepoſſeſſed in Favour of any other. And I (interrupted) *Don Ramires*, ſhould take more Delight to conquer a Heart, that were defended by a Paſſion for another, than to vanquiſh one that never before had been ingaged. I ſhould count this a double Victory; and I ſhould be much more convincingly perſwaded of the true Inclination ſhe ſhould have for me, if I ſaw it begin in the greateſt Heat and Paſſion ſhe might have for another. In fine, It would be an equal ſatisfaction to my Glory, and my Love, to Raviſh a Miſtreſs from a Rival. *Gonſalvo* is ſo

oppoſite

oppoſite to your Opinion (ſaid the Prince); and judges it ſo bad, that he thinks it not fit to Anſwer you: And truly, I am of his ſide againſt you: But I am againſt his ſo particular Acquaintance with his Miſtreſs: I ſhould never fall in Love with a Perſon, that I had been uſed to ſee: And, if I am not ſurprized at firſt ſight, I can never be ſenſible. I am of Opinion, That natural Inclinations do make their Impreſſions at the very firſt Moment; and, that thoſe Paſſions that grow with time, cannot be truly called Paſſions. Why then (ſaid I) it may be preſumed, that you will never Love that Object, which you have not loved at firſt ſight: And Sir, (added I, Laughing) I muſt bring you my Siſter, before ſhe is come to that Perfection of Beauty, to which, in all probability, ſhe is like to arrive, to accuſtom your ſelf to ſee her; that ſo, you may never be concerned for her. You fear then, I ſhould have a Kindneſs for her, ſaid *Don Garcias.* Never doubt it Sir, ſaid I; Nay, I ſhould think it the greateſt Misfortune that could happen to me, if you ſhould. What Misfortune can you find in that, Replyed *Don Ramires?* That, ſaid I, of not being able to joyne with the Sentiments of the Prince; For, if he ſhould deſire to Marry my Siſter, I ſhould never conſent to it, by

reaſon of the Intereſt of his Greatneſs: And if he did not intend to Marry her, and ſhe ſhould nevertheleſs Love him, as without doubt ſhe would, I ſhould have the Diſpleaſure to ſee my Siſter the Miſtreſs of a Maſter, whom I could not hate, though I ought to do it. Let me ſee her I pray you (interrupted the Prince) before ſhe can make me in Love with her; For, I ſhould be ſo troubled, to have Sentiments that might diſpleaſe you, that I am impatient to ſee her, that I may aſſure my ſelf, that I ſhall never fall in Love with her. I can no longer wonder, Replyed *Don Ramires*, (addreſſing himſelf to *Don Garcias*) that you have not been in Love with all thoſe fair Ladies that are Bred in the Pallace, and to whom you have been accuſtomed from your Infancy; But I muſt confeſs, I have been ſurprized, that none of thoſe Beauties have had any Influence upon you hitherto: And above all, *Nugna Bella*, the Daughter of *Don Diego Porcella*, that ſeems to me to be ſo likely to do it. It is true (ſaid *Don Garcias*,) that *Nugna Bella* is very Lovely: Her Eyes are infinitely taking; She has a pretty Mouth; and the Aire of her Face is Noble and Delicate: In fine, I ſhould have been enamoured of her, had I not been uſed to ſee her even from the firſt Moment I begun to

But, why (added the Prince) were not you in Love with her, *Don Ramires*, ſince you beleive her ſo amiable? Becauſe (Replyed he) ſhe never loved any Body elſe; I ſhould find no Rival to diſpoſſeſs her Heart of: And I have told you, that is the only thing that is able to Charm me: You muſt ask *Gonſalvo*, Sir, why he was not taken with her; For I am ſure, he thinks her Fair. She has no Tye upon her; and he has known her now a great while. Who told you, ſaid I, (Smiling, and Bluſhing withall) that I do not love her? I know not, Replyed *Don Ramires*; but by your Bluſhes, I perceive, thoſe that told me were deceived. Can it poſſible be, cryed the Prince to me, that you are in Love? If you are, tell it me quickly, I pray; for, I am extream glad to ſee you ſeized with a Paſſion; of which, you make ſo little ſhew. Seriouſly, ſaid I, I am not in Love; but, to ſatisfie you, Sir, I own, that I might be in Love with *Nugna Bella*, if I were a little better acquainted with her. If there be nothing elſe to obſtruct your Love, but to be better acquainted with her, aſſure your ſelf, that you are already ſmitten. I will never go without you to the Queen my Mother; and I will Embroile my ſelf more often with the King; that the care which ſhe alwayes takes

to make my Peace, may oblige her to send for me at particular Hours: In fine, I will furniſh you with Opportunities enough, to ſpeak to *Nugna Bella*, that you may be throughly in Love with her: You will find her very Lovely; and if her Heart be as well accompliſhed as her Underſtanding, you will have little elſe to wiſh for in this World. I beſeech you Sir, ſaid I, do not take ſo much Pains to make me unhappy: And, above all, let your Pretexts to viſit the Queen be any other than your embroiling your ſelf with the King: You well know how often he accuſes me, for your Tranſgreſſions; and believes, that my Father and I, to make ourſelves more conſiderable, do inſpire that deſire of Authority into you, which you take upon you ſometimes, to his Diſpleaſure. In the Humour I am in, to make *Nugna Bella* in love with you, I ſhall not be ſo circumſpect as you would have me: I will take all opportunities, to carry you with me to the Queens Appartment: And though I have no particular Buſineſs, I will go thither immediately; and will ſacrifice to the pleaſure of making you in Love, a Night, which I intended to ſpend under thoſe Windows where, you believe, I know no Body.

I would not trouble you with the Particulars of this Converſation, ſayes *Gonſa*

to *Alphonſo*; but that you might ſee by the Sequel, that it was a kind of a Preſage of what has ſince happened.

The Prince goes to the Queens ſide; he found her with-drawn from all other Company, but the Ladies of her own Family; of which number, *Nugna Bella* was one: She looked ſo well that Night, that it ſhould ſeem, that Chance favoured the Prince's Deſignes. The Diſcourſe was genreal for a time; as the Ladies enjoyed more Freedome than at other hours, *Nugna Bella* ſpoke more than he uſed; and I was ſurprized to find her to have more Wit, than I obſerved in her before. The Prince prayed the Queen to go into her Cloſſet, without acquainting us what he had to ſay to her: While ſhe was there, I ſtayed with *Nugna Bella*, and ſeveral other Perſons, without. I inſenſibly engaged her into a particular Converſation; and, though it was only touching indifferent things, there appeared in it, ſomething more gallant, than uſes to be in the ordinary diſcourſes: We blamed altogether, the retired manner of Living, to which the Ladies of *Spain* are obliged to; as finding, by our own Experience, that we are deprived of ſome Satisfaction, in not having any where liberty to entertain our ſelves. If I felt from that moment, that I begun to love *Nug-*

na Bella, ſhe found likewiſe (as ſhe told me after, that I was not indifferent to her; being of the humour whereof ſhe was, he conqueſt over me could not be diſagreeable to her; there was ſomething ſo bright in my Fortune, that a perſon leſs ambitious than ſhe, might have been dazled with it; ſhe never neglected to appear lovely before me, though ſhe did nothing oppoſite to her natural haughtineſs. Directed by the inſight a growing love inſpires, I ſoon flattered my ſelf with the hope of pleaſing her, and this hope was as proper to inflame me, as the thought of finding a Rival well beloved was to cure me. The Prince was overjoyed to find that I applyed my ſelf to *Nugna Bella*; he every day gave me opportunities to entertain her; he was alſo willing I ſhould tell her of the differences that were betwixt the King and him, and to inſtruct her in the way the Queen was to uſe to bring him to, condeſcended to what the King deſired of him: *Nugna Bella* failed not to give the Queen theſe Advices, and as often as the Queen made uſe of them, ſhe never wanted the ſucceſs ſhe deſired, ſo that the Queen never undertook any thing in the Princes behalf, without firſt conſulting *Nugna Bella*, nor *Nugna Bella* without acquainting me. Thus we had great oppor-

tunities

tunities of converſing with one another: and in thoſe converſations, I found in her ſo much wit, prudence and agreeableneſs; and ſhe likewiſe fancied in me ſo much Merit, and really found ſo much Love, that it kindled in us a flame that has been ſince very violent: The Prince would needs be my Confident, nor could I hide any thing from him: I feared only that *Nugna Bella* would be offended if I had told him that ſhe ſhewed me any demonſtrations of kindneſs; but *Don Garcias* aſſured me, that of the humour ſhe was of, ſhe would be no way diſpleaſed at it: He ſpoke to her of me; ſhe was at firſt out of countenance, and in ſome diſorder at what he told her; but as he judged right, the greatneſs of the confident, made her approve of the confidence; ſhe accuſtomed her ſelf to ſuffer him to entertain her upon the ſubject of my paſſion, and received by his hand the firſt Letters I writ to her.

Love was to us an agreeable novelty, in which we found all the ſecret charms that are no where to be had but in our firſt Love: As my Ambition was fully ſatisfied, even before I was in Love, this laſt paſſion was no way weakened by the former; I gave up my ſoul to this new pleaſure, which till that time was unknown to me, and which I valued above all that Grandure

can beſtow: *Nugna Bella* was not ſo, for theſe Paſſions took their Birth in her at the ſame time, and equally divided her heart; her natural inclination was without queſtion, more prone to Ambition than to Love, but as the one and the other had a reference to me, I ſtill found in her all the ardour, and all the application I could deſire; not but that ſhe was ſometimes as much taken up with the Princes affairs, as ſhe was with the concerns of our Love. For my part, being taken up wholly by my paſſion for her, I found out to my ſorrow that *Nugna Bella* was capable of other thoughts: I complained to her of it, but I found that my complaints were fruitleſs, and produced nothing but a certain conſtrained Converſation which gave me to ſee that her mind was elſe-where ingaged. Notwithſtanding, having heard ſay that we could not be perfectly happy in Love, no more than in other things of this life, I ſuffered this Misfortune with patience. *Nugna Bella* Loved me with an exact Faith, and I could perceive in her nothing but contempt for any elſe that durſt look upon her: I was perſwaded that ſhe was free from all thoſe imbecilities to which other Women are inclined: this thought made my happineſs ſo compleat, that I thought I had nothing further to wiſh for.

For

Fortune had placed me in a rank worthy the emulation and envy of the moſt Ambitious; I was Favourite to a Prince whom I loved with a paſſionate inclination; I was beloved by the faireſt Woman in *Spain*, whom I adored; and *I* had a Friend whom *I* thought faithful, becauſe *I* made his Fortune. The only thing that troubled my happineſs, was the Injuſtice *I* ſaw in *Don Garcias* his impatience to command, and to find my Father *Nugnes Fernando* of a turbulent unquiet ſpirit, and aſpiring (as the King ſuſpected) to raiſe himſelf above all other Authority: I was apprehenſive to be ingaged by the Lawes of Gratitude and Nature to perſons that might draw me to do things that did no way ſeem juſt to me. In the mean time, as theſe were but uncertainties and imaginations, they troubled me but ſometimes, and *I* eaſed my mind by communicating them to *Don Ramires*, in whom *I* had ſo much confidence, that *I* acquainted him with my very fears and apprehenſions of things of the higheſt importance, and my fore-ſight of dangers yet afar off.

But the chiefeſt occupation of my mind, was the deſign *I* had to Marry *Nugna Bella*: I had now a long time been in Love with her without preſuming to make her that overture:

verture: *I* know the King would oppoſe it, becauſe *Nugna Bella* was the Daughter of a Count of *Caſtile*, whoſe revolt was as much feared as my Fathers, and it was againſt the rules of pollicy to let them Unite by the tyes of a Marriage. *I* knew likewiſe that my Father, although he was not averſe to my deſign, would not conſent to have my Marriage propoſed, fearing leſt that would increaſe the Kings ſuſpition, ſo that *I* was forced to wait a more favourable conjuncture; but in the mean while *I* did not conceal the Inclination *I* had for *Nugna Bella*: *I* ſpoke to her as often as *I* had opportunity, the Prince alſo ſpoke to her very often: The King took Cogniſance of our intelligence, and took that for a State-affair that was but a Love-intreigue; he believed his Son did favour my deſign upon *Nugna Bella*, thereby to joyn the two Counts of *Caſtile* to his intereſt; he thought his Son meant thereby to form a Party conſiderable enough to beget him an Authority that might ballance his: He doubted not but that the two Counts of *Caſtile* would take his Sons part, in hopes to get themſelves acknowledged Soveraign Princes: Laſtly, the Union of the two Houſes of *Caſtile* was ſo terrible to him, that he declared he would not have me by any means think of *Nugna Bella*,

Bella, and forbid the Prince in any wiſe to favour our Marriage.

The Counts of *Caſtile*, who perhaps were not innocent of all that they were ſuſpected of by the King, but wanted power to ſhew their intentions, commanded us to think no more of one another; this command was moſt grievous to us: But the Prince promiſed us to make the King change his reſoluſion in ſome ſhort time; he ingaged us mutually to promiſe each other an eternal Friendſhip, and took upon him to find means to continue our commerce, and conceal our intreigue. The Queen, who well knew, that far from carrying the Prince to a revolt, we endeavoured with all our might to keep him within the bounds of his Allegiance, approved her Sons deſign for us, and favoured it as much as might be.

As it was no longer permitted us to ſpeak to one another in publick, we ſought after means to entertain our ſelves in private. *I* thought it to our purpoſe that *Nugna Bella* ſhould be removed from her Appartment to another, whereof all the Windows looked into a Bye-lane, and were ſo low, that a Man on Horſe-back might look in, and conveniently diſcourſe without trouble of ſpeaking very loud: *I* propoſed this project to the Prince, he commended it to

the

the Queen, ſhe upon ſome ſpecious pretence, cauſes it to be done as we deſired. I came every day to this Window to wait the moment in which *Nugna Bella* could come to ſpeak to me; ſometimes I went away extreamly charmed with the good eſteem ſhe had for me, and ſometimes I parted in deſpair, to ſee her ſo much taken up with the Queen: Hitherto Fortune was conſtant to favour my deſignes, but ſhe ſoon changed her courſe, to let me ſee that ſhe could not continue a conſtant Friend to any Man.

My Father, who was fully informed of the Kings ſuſpicion of him, reſolved by a new Teſtimony of his Sincerity, to ſhew his Majeſty how unjuſt his ſuſpicions were: He deſignes to place my Siſter in the Pallace, notwithſtandiug the reſolution he had before taken of leaving her in *Caſtilia*; a vain thought puſhed him on to this reſolve; he took a pride to ſhew to the Court a Beauty, which he believed to be one of the moſt accompliſhed of all *Spain*; never was any Father more fondly conceited of his Childrens Beauty, and drew from it a Vanity which might be call'd a great weakneſs in a Perſon of his quality; he brought her therefore to Court, and ſhe was received into the Pallace.

Don Garcias happened to be a Hunting that day ſhe came; he came at night to viſit the Queen, without having ſeen any body that might give him an account of her: I was alſo there, but retired into a corner where he could not ſee me. The Queen preſents *Hermeneſilde* to him (ſo was my Siſter called) he was ſurprized with her Beauty, even to admiration; he ſaid, he never before ſaw in one perſon ſo much Beauty, ſo much Majeſty, and ſo much agreeableneſs; and that, ſo white a skin, ſo black hair, and eyes of ſo delicate a blew was never ſeen before; that her bloming youth was accompanyed with a becoming Gravity; the more he looked upon her, the more he commended her. *Don Ramires* obſerved his earneſtneſs in praiſing *Hermeneſilde*; it was not hard for him to judge, that I had the ſame thoughts of *Don Garcias* his actions; and ſeeing me at the other end of the Room, he came to me to ſpeak of my Siſters Beauty: I wiſh there were none elſe taken with her but you, ſaid I: as I was ſpeaking theſe words, *Don Garcias* by chance came near me; he ſeemed to be ſurpriſed, ſeeing me, but he recollected himſelf, and talked to me of *Hermeneſilde*, teling me that I had not deſcribed her ſo Beautiful as he found her: At his going to Bed

that

that Night, all the discourse was of her; I observed him with much care, and his not commending her with the same assurance the rest did, confirmed my suspicions of him; the following days he could not refrain entertaining of her; and the inclination he had for her, seemed to me to hurry him like a torrent to what he could not resist: I endeavoured to discover his thoughts without any serious application; one night, as we came out from the Queen, where he had entertained *Hermenesilde* for a considerable time. Sir, may I be so bold as to ask you (said I) whether I have not been too backward to shew you my Sister, and whether she has not Beauty enough to cause in you those surprises which *I* was apprehensive of: *I* have been surprised with her Beauty (answered the Prince) but though *I* believe one cannot be concerned for her without being surprised, so *I* do not believe that any can be surprised without being concerned.

Don Gracian was resolved not to make me a more serious answer than my Question was; but as he was perplext with my demand, and that he catched himself in it, there was a tone of disgust in his answer by which he gave me, to understand that *I* was not deceived in my judgment: And he likewise

wiſe found that *I* had perceived his paſſion for my Siſter; yet he loved me well enough to conceive ſome grief to have embarqued himſelf in an affair that he knew muſt be diſpleaſing to me; but he was too far ingaged in Love to *Hermeneſilde*, to give over his deſign of creating as much Love in her; neither did *I* pretend that he ſhould leave loving of her, for the Love of me; my thoughts were only to prepoſſeſs my Siſter with what ſhe was to do if the Prince ſhould make her a declaration of his Love. I therefore gave her a caution in all things to follow the advice of *Nugna Bella*, which ſhe promiſed to do: *I* therefore declared to *Nugna Bella* my diſquiet about the Princes Love to my Siſter; *I* told her all the unhappy conſequences which *I* apprehended from it; ſhe had the ſame thoughts, and promiſed me that ſhe would keep ſo cloſe to *Hermeneſilde*, that the Prince ſhould find difficulty enough to ſpeak to her; whereupon they were ſo inſeparably without the leaſt ſhew of doing of it purpoſely, that *Don Garcias* could never find *Hermeneſilde* without *Nugna Bella*; this difficulty was ſo troubleſome to him, that he was hardly like the ſame man: As he formerly uſed to acquaint me with all his thoughts, and that he told me never a word

of

of what moſt poſſeſſed then his mind, I quickly found a great alteration in his proceedings towards me.

Do not you admire (ſaid *I* to *Don Ramires*) the injuſtice of Man-kind? The Prince hates me becauſe he feels in his heart a paſſion that ought to diſpleaſe me; and if he were Loved by my Siſter, he would hate me more than he does: *I* well foreſaw the Miſchief that would befall me, if her Beauty ſhould make any impreſſion upon him; and if he does not change the inclination he has for her, *I* ſhall not be long his Favourite in the eyes of the publick, ſince I am no more ſo in his heart. *Don Ramires* was convinced of the Princes Love as well as I; but to blot out of my mind a thing that gave me pain, I know not (ſaid he) what grounds you have to believe that *Don Garcias* is in Love with *Hermeneſilde*; it is true, he commended her at firſt, but *I* ſaw nothing ever ſince in him that can make out his being in Love: And admit he ſhould be in Love, what great miſchief would there be in that? Why may not he Marry her? he is not the firſt Prince that has Married one of his Subjects, neither can he find any more worthy of him then ſhe; and if he ſhould Marry her, what an honour would it be for your Houſe? It is for that very reaſon

ſon (ſaid *I*) that the King will never conſent he ſhould Marry her; neither would *I* have it done without his Conſent; and may be, the Prince himſelf does not aim at it; or, if he did, that he would not purſue it neither reſolutely enough, nor long enough, to bring it to paſs. In fine, It is a thing that is not feaſible; nor will *I* ſuffer the World to believe, That *I* would hazard my Siſter's Reputation, upon the ungrounded Hope of a Greatneſs, to which we ſhall never attain. If *Don Garcias* continues his Purſuit of my Siſter, *I* will carry her from Court. *Don Ramires* was aſtoniſhed at my Reſolution; He was afraid *I* ſhould fall out with *Don Garcias*: He reſolved to Diſcover to him my Sentiments; and fancyed, he might do it without my Conſent, ſince his Intention was to ſerve me: But, without doubt, the Deſire he had to ingratiate himſelf with the Prince, and to creep that way into his Confidence, was no ſmall Promoter of this Reſolution.

He took his time to ſpake to him alone; he told him, He forced to commit an Infidelity againſt me, by revealing my Thoughts contrary to my Intentions: But that the Zeal he had for his Service, obliged him to inform him, That *I* believed he was in Love with my Siſter; and that *I* was ſo

much grieved at it, that *I* reſolved to carry her away from Court. *Don Garcias* was ſo ſtruck with *Don Ramires* Diſcourſe, and the thought of ſeeing *Hermeneſilde* leave the Court, that it was impoſſible for him to conceal his firſt Tranſports: And therefore, believing that *Don Ramires* could no longer doubt of the Concern he had for my Siſter, he thought beſt to acknowledge it; thereby to ingage him, to continue his Diſcoveries of my Deſignes, from time to time: but he was a while, before he could reſolve to do this: At laſt, being confirm'd in his Intention, he Embraces him; and confeſſes, That he was in Love with *Hermeneſilde*. He told him, That he had done what he could, to defend himſelf from being in Love with her, upon my Conſideration; But, that it was impoſſible for him to live, without being beloved by her: That he begged his Aſſiſtance to help him, to conceal his Paſſion, and hinder that *Hermeneſilde* ſhould be removed from Court. *Don Ramires*, whoſe Heart was not of a Temper to reſiſt the Careſſes of a Prince, whoſe Favourite he was in Election to be: Friendſhip and Gratitude are too weak, to reſiſt Ambition: He promiſes the Prince to keep his Counſel, and to ſerve him with *Hermeneſild*. The Prince Embraces him the ſecond time; and they conc

together, how they were to demean themselves in the pursuit of this Enterprize.

The first Obstacle that occurs, is *Nugna Bella*, who never abandoned *Hermenesilda*: They resolved to win her to their side; and, notwithstanding all the strict Tyes that were betwixt her and me, *Don Ramires* takes upon him, to find the Means to bring it about: But tells him, That it was necessary, that he should himself endeavour to blot out of my Mind, the Knowledge *I* had of his Passion: He advised him to tell me, by way of Joke, that he was glad he had found Means to make me afraid for some time past, to Revenge himself of me, for the Suspitions I at first conceived of him: But, seeing this my Apprehension went too far, he could no longer let me believe, that he had any Sentiments, that *I* might disapprove.

Don Garcias approving of this Expedient, subtilly executed it: And, as he understood by *Don Ramires*, the things which gave me the most cause of Suspition, it was not hard for him to say, he did them of purpose: And, it was almost impossible for me not to believe him. Thus was *I* throughly perswaded, and fancyed my self better with him, than ever I was; yet I could not but think, that he had some Thoughts in

Heart, which he kept from me: Yet I fan
cied this was but a ſlight Inclination, whic
he had over-come; for which, I believe
my ſelf obliged to him, for having done
for my ſake. In fine, *I* was very well ſa
tisfied with *Don Garcia's*; and *Don Rami*
was not a little pleaſed, to ſee me calme
as he deſired. Then he began to caſt abou
how he might bring *Nugna Bella* into t
Confidence he wiſhed of her.

Having conſidered a little with him
ſelf about the Means, he ſought an occaſi
to ſpeak to her; which ſhe often gave him
becauſe, ſhe knew I concealed nothing fro
him, and that ſhe might Diſcourſe with hi
about our Concerns: He began to entert
her with his Joy, that the Prince and I we
made Friends. She told him, She was
glad of it as he: For, that I found (ſa
ſhe) *Gonſalvo* ſo nice upon the Concern
his Siſter, that I apprehended he might e
broile himſelf with *Don Garcia*. If
thought Madam (ſaid he) that you were
thoſe, that were capable of concealing a
thing from their Lovers, when it is nec
ſary for their Intereſt, it would be a gre
Comfort to me, to ſpeak to a Perſon
concerned as your ſelf, in what regards *G*
ſalvo: I fore-ſee things that gives gr
Diſquiet; and you are the only Perſon
who

whom *I* may impart them: But, Madam, it is upon Condition, that you will not ſpeak of them even to *Gonſalvo* himſelf. *I* do promiſe it you, ſaid ſhe; and you ſhall find me as ſecret, as you can deſire: *I* know, that as it is dangerous to conceal ſome things from our Friends; ſo it is as dangerous never to conceal any thing from them. You ſhall ſee, Madam, (ſaid he) of what Importance it is to conceal what *I* am going about to tell you: *Don Garcias* has lately given *Don Gonſalvo* new Aſſurances of his Friendſhip; and has aſſured him, that he has no more Thoughts of his Siſter; But *I* am very much miſtaken, if he does not love her moſt paſſionately: Of the Humour this Prince is of, he cannot long conceal his Paſſion; and, if the Humour *Don Gonſalvo* is of, he will never ſuffer it ſhould continue: He will infallibly anger the Prince, and quite loſe his Favour. *I* muſt confeſs (ſaid *Nugna*) that *I* had the ſame Suſpitions: And, by what *I* have ſeen, and by certain things that *Hermeneſilde* has told me, which *I* would not let her acquaint her Brother with, I could not induce my Thoughts to believe, that what *Don Garcias* has, was but an Affectation, and a deſigne, only to fright *Don Gonſalvo*. You did very diſcreetly (ſaid *Don Ramires*;) and *I* believe, Madam, you will

do well for the future, to keep *Hermeneſilde* from telling her Brother any thing of what paſſes betwixt her and the Prince, for it is both dangerous, and to no purpoſe to ſpeak to him of it: If the Prince has but a moderate paſſion for her, he will eaſily hide it, and by your conduct *Hermeneſilde* will eaſily cure him of it; *Gonſalvo* will know nothing, and ſo you will keep out of mortal apprehenſions, and preſerve him in the favour of the Prince: But if Don *Garcias* his paſſion be violent and ſtrong, do you think it impoſſible for him to Marry *Hermeneſilde*? and would you believe that you ſhould do *Gonſalvo* ill Service, if what you keep from his knowledge, ſhould be the means to make his Prince his Brother-in-Law? Aſſuredly Madam, you muſt well conſider, whether Don *Garcias* his Love to *Hermeneſilde* muſt be broke off; and it concerns you more than any, by the intereſt you may have to ſee one day a perſon, your *Queen*, which in all appearance will be your Siſter-in-Law.

Theſe laſt words made *Nugna* ſee what ſhe had not till then thought of; the hope of being Siſter-in-Law to the *Queen*, made her believe there was more weight in Don *Ramires* his reaſons than in truth there was. At laſt he managed her ſo well, that

was agreed betwixt them, that I ſhould know nothing of their intreigue, that they would make an exact ſcrutiny into the Prince's Thoughts; and that, from what they ſhould be able to diſcover of them, they would take their Meaſures accordingly.

Don Ramires, Tranſported with Joy, to have ſo well begun his Negotiation, gives the Prince an Account of what he had done: The Prince was over-joyed at it, and gave *Don Ramires* full power to ſay what he pleaſed of his Inclinations. *Don Ramires* now, plenipotentiary of the Princes Affections, returns immediately to *Nugna Bella*: He makes to her a long Narrative of his manner of bringing the Prince to acknowledge his Paſſion for my Siſter: He adds, That he never ſaw Man ſo tranſported with Love: That he admired the Violence the Prince uſed to himſelf, for fear of diſpleaſing me: That all things might be hoped from a Man ſo paſſionately in Love; But that it was neceſſary to give him ſome Hope, that his Love would ſucceed. *Nugna* gave full Credit to all *Don Ramires* had ſaid; and promiſed him to ſerve *Don Garcias*, and employ all her Intereſt with my Siſter, for him.

Don Ramires runs to the Prince with this Newes; which he receives with incredible Joy, and Embraced him a thouſand times over: He could not forbear ſpeaking to him; and wiſhed, he might not be obliged to ſpeak to any Body elſe: But that, he ſaw he could not in Prudence change his Conduct, nor his manner of Living with me. *Don Ramires* himſelf, took great care to conceal his new acquired Favour; and the Remorſe of his Treachery, made him ſtill believe that I ſuſpected it.

Don Garcias ſoon found Opportunity to ſpeak to *Hermeneſilde*; He declared to her his Paſſion for her, with all the Zeal he could: And, as he was really in Love, he found no great difficulty to perſwade her, that he was ſo. She was diſpoſed to Entertain him kindly: But, after what *I* had ſaid to her, ſhe was afraid to follow the Dictates of her own Heart. She acquaints *Nugna* with all that paſſed betwixt the Prince and her. *Nugna*, for thoſe very Reaſons *Don Ramires* had alleadged to her, adviſed her to let him know nothing; and ſo to manage the Prince as to inflame him more, and preſerve his Eſteem for her: She told her further, That what-ever Repugnance I might ſhew against the Princes Love to her; yet ſhe might well believe, that I ſhould be very glad of

what

what was like to be ſo advantagious to me, but that for certain reaſons I was unwilling to take any Cogniſance of things until they were more advanced. *Hermeneſilde*, who had an entire deferrence to all that *Nugna Bella* deſired, was eaſily drawn to follow her conduct, and her inclination for Don *Garcias* was ſtrongly ſupported with the hopes of a Crown.

This intrigue betwixt my Siſter and the Prince was carried on with ſo much art and dexterity, that except the firſt day or two that notice was taken of his commending her Beauty, none ever ſuſpected that he had any inclination for her: He never entertained her publickly, for *Nugna* gave him opportunities of converſing with her in private: I perceived a decay in the Princes Friendſhip to me, but I did attribute it to the inequality and levity which is uſual in young people.

Things were in this poſture when *Abdala*, King of *Cordona* (betwixt whom and the King of *Leon* there had been a long Truce, begun the War again. The command of the Army belonged to *Nugnes Fernando* by the right of his place; and though the King were unwilling to place him at the head of his Troops, yet could he not take the command of them from him, without charging

charging him with ſome great Crime, or cauſing him to be clapt up: It's true, he might have given Don *Garcias* the command over him, but the King apprehended him more than he did the Count of *Caſtile*, and was affraid to ſee them both together with a great power in their hands.

On the other ſide *Biſcay* began to revolt, wherefore he reſolves to ſend the Prince againſt the Rebels, and *Nugnes Fernando* againſt the *Moores*: I ſhould have been glad to ſerve under my Father, but the Prince would have me along with him into *Biſcay*; and the King was more inclined to have me with his Son than with the Count of *Caſtile*, ſo that I was fain to ſubmit to what was deſired, and to ſee my Father part before us. He was much troubled that I was not permitted to attend him, and beſides many other conſiderable reaſons that made him deſire my being in his Army, his paternal Love was none of the leaſt: The affection he bore to my Siſter and me was infinitely tender; he carryed along with him our Pictures, that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing us always, and of ſhewing the beauty of his Children, of which I believe I told you that he was very much enamoured. He marched againſt *Abdala* with a very conſiderable Army, but much

inferiour

inferiour to that of the *Moores*, and inſtead of endeavouring only to hinder their paſſage in a place whereof the very Scituation made his Army inacceſſible; the deſire of doing ſomething extraordinary, made him hazard a Battle in open Campagne, where he could have no manner of advantage; his men was ſo totally routed, that he had much difficulty to ſave himſelf; all his Army was cut in pieces, all his Baggage loſt, and the *Moors* perhaps never gained before ſo ſignal a Victory againſt the Chriſtians.

They received the news of this overthrow with much regret, laying all the blame upon my Father, and not without reaſon; but as he was glad to humble him, he laid hold of this occaſion; and when my Father deſired to come to juſtifie himſelf, he ſent him word he would never ſee him more, and that he deprived him of all his Offices, that he might thank God that his head was not taken off; he had orders to retire to his own Eſtate. My Father obeyed him, and with-drawes into *Caſtilia* as full of rage and deſpair as an ambitious man, whoſe fortune and reputation had received ſo great a breach, could be capable of.

The Prince (by reaſon of a dangerous fit of Sickneſs) was not yet departed for *Biſcay*; the

the King Marches in perſon againſt the *Moores* with all the force he could bring together: I beg'd leave to wait upon him, which he granted, but unwillingly; he would have heaped upon me all my Fathers diſgraces, but as I had no ſhare in his fault, and that the Prince ſtill ſhewed much kindneſs for me, the King durſt not Baniſh me into *Caſtile*, therefore I followed him, and Don *Ramires* ſtaid with the Prince. *Nugna Bella* ſeemed to be neerly concerned for my Misfortune and our ſeparation: I parted with the Conſolation at leaſt of believing my ſelf beloved of the perſon of the World I moſt eſteemed and loved.

The Prince being not in a condition to command, his Brother Don *Ordogno* marched unto *Biſcay*; he was as unfortunate in his enterpriſe as the King was ſucceſsful: Don *Ordogno* was defeated, and eſcaped narrowly with his Life. They overthrew the *Moores*, and forced them to beg Peace. It was my good fortune to do ſome conſiderable Services, but I was never the better uſed by the King; the reputation I had acquired, did not free me from the Contagious Ayre, with which Diſgrace had blaſted me: When I came to *Leon*, I eaſily perceived that Glory does not confer the ſame luſtre as Favour does.

Don

Don *Garcias* (during my absence) had the advantage of seeing *Hermeneſilde* very often, but with that caution, that none perceived or took notice of his addreſſes; he ſought all means imaginable to pleaſe her; he gave her hopes that he would one day place her upon the Throne of *Leon*; he had, In fine, ſhewed ſo much affection towards her, that ſhe wholly abandoned her heart to him.

As Don *Ramires* and *Nugna Bella* were obliged to ſee one another often, the better to mannage this intelligence, and the Beauty of *Nugna* was of thoſe kinds that are not often ſeen without danger; ſo the admiration which Don *Ramires* had for her, augmented every day, and ſhe likewiſe was not a little taken with his Wit, which, to ſay the truth, was very agreeable. The particular commerce that paſſed betwixt them, and the continual occupation which the affairs of the Prince and *Hermeneſilde* gave her, made her leſs ſenſible of my abſence than ſhe could have promis'd her ſelf at our ſeparation.

As ſoon as the King was returned, he beſtowed all the places which *Nugna Fernando* had, upon Don *Ramires* his Father. I did upon that occaſion beyond what could be expected from a ſincere Friend; for although

though, after the Services I had rendered the King in theſe two laſt Wars, I might have pretended to thoſe employments which were taken from my Father, yet I did no way oppoſe my pretenſions to the Kings diſpoſing of them.

I went to Don *Ramires*, and told him that the only conſolation I had, after the loſs of ſo many advantagious eſtabliſhments taken from my Family, was the joy I had to ſee them confer'd upon his Houſe; though Don *Ramires* wanted no wit, yet he could make me no anſwer; he was confounded to receive ſuch marks of a Friendſhip which he knew he did not deſerve; but I gave ſo favourable a conſtruction to his Confuſion, that his words could not be more perſwaſive to me. My Fathers employments being transfer'd to another Family, made the *Court* believe that his diſgrace was for ever without remedy; and Don *Ramires* was now almoſt in my ſtead by the new Dignities his Father had received, and by the Princes favour towards himſelf: This favour appeared very plainly, notwithſtanding all the care they both took to conceal it; and every body inſenſibly began to follow this new Favourite, and by degrees to leave me. *Nugna Bella*'s affection was not ſo firmly ſetled, but that theſe alte-

alterations caused some change in it; my Fortune as much as my Person had laid the foundation of her Love for me: I was in disgrace, and she held for me, by the bare tyes of a Love, that was too weak long to hold a heart like hers. I found soon after a sensible decay in her affection towards me; I complained of it to Don *Ramires*, I spoke of it likewise to *Angna Bella*; she assured me, that she was still the same for me as she had been; and as I had no precise cause of complaint, and that my suspicions took their rise from a certain ayre of neglect, which I imagined in all her actions: It was not hard for her to justifie her self, which she did with so much cunning and address, that she re-assured me for some time.

Don *Ramires* entertained her upon the subject of my suspicions of her change, and spoke to her with design to find out whether she were so or not; without doubt, with a desire to know that I was not deceived in my opinion. I am not changed, said she; I Love as well as I ever did; but if I loved him less, it were injustice in him to complain; are we Masters of the beginnings or end of our passions? She spoke these words with an ayre, that assured him that she no longer loved me: This assu-

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rance which gave Don *Ramires* ſome hope, made him open his eyes to contemplate the Beauty of this unfaithful Woman, of which he was ſo enamoured, that being no longer Maſter of himſelf, told her, ſhe was in the right. We have no power, Madam, over our paſſions, for I feel one that draws me ſo forceably, that it is not in my power to reſiſt it; but remember, it is your opinion, that it does not depend on us to oppoſe it. *Nugna Bella* eaſily comprehended his meaning; at which ſhe ſeemed a little concern'd as well as he: As he had ſaid it with premeditation, he was ſurpriſed at the effect it had; the remembrance of the Obligations he owed me, fill'd all his thoughts, and put him into ſome diſorder, he caſt down his eyes, and remained a while in a profound ſilence, and *Nugna Bella*, for reaſons of the like nature, was ſilent likewiſe; they parted without any further diſcourſe: Don *Ramires* repented him of what he had ſaid, and *Nugna Bella*, that ſhe did not anſwer him: Don *Ramires* went away ſo much troubled, and ſo out of order, that he was not himſelf; after recollecting himſelf a little, he began to reflect upon his own thoughts, but the more he examined them, the farther he found his heart ingaged; he then begun to conſider the danger he expoſed

poſed himſelf to, by ſo often ſeeing *Nugna Bella*, he knew the delight he had taken in her Converſation, was of another nature than he had imagined. Laſtly, he found he was in Love, and that it was too late to endeavour to ſuppreſs it.

The aſſurance he had that *Nugna Bella* loved me leſs, left him no force to reſiſt his paſſion; he thought he had excuſe enough to engage himſelf to her, when he knew her diſingaged from me; he found ſome pleaſure in undertaking to conquer a heart, of which I was no longer ſo abſolutely poſſeſſor, but that he might conceive ſome hopes to gain it; but withall, that I had power enough over it to acquire him the glory of diſpoſſeſſing me: However, when he came to conſider that it was *Gonſalvo* that muſt be removed from this heart, that *Gonſalvo*, to whom he owed ſo true a friendſhip; his thoughts made him bluſh, and oppoſed them ſo, that he believed he had conquered them, he reſolved to ſay no more of his Love to *Nugna Bella*, and to avoid the occaſions of ſpeaking to her.

Nugna Bella, who had no other trouble, but for not anſwering Don *Ramires* as ſhe ought to have done, made not ſo many reflections; ſhe thought ſhe had no reaſon to ſeem to underſtand what he ſaid to her,

she believed she ought to have some kindness for a man, with whom she had such eyes: She said to her self, that he had not spoken to her with any design, though she had for a long time perceived the Inclination he had for her; but least she should repent her, or be obliged to use Don *Ramires* ill, she undertook not to believe what she could no way doubt of.

Don *Ramires* followed the design he had taken for a while, but in vain, for he saw every day *Nugna Bella*: She was handsome, she no longer loved me; she used him kindly: It was impossible to resist so many allurements, he resolves therefore to follow the inclinations of his heart: He had no sooner taken this resolution, but all former remorse vanished; the first Treachery he committed against me, made the second more easie; he had used himself to deceive me, and to conceal from me what he said to *Nugna Bella*: He tells her at last that he loved her, and he told it her with all the marks of an unfeigned passion, exagerating to her his grief for transgressing against Friendship; he inforces that he is hurried on by the most violent passion that ever man had; he assures her he does not pretend to be loved again, that he well knows the advantages I had over him, and

impoſſibility of removing me out of her heart, but that he only begg'd the favour of her to hear him, and to help him to recover himſelf, and to conceal his weakneſs from me. *Nugna* promiſes the laſt, as a thing ſhe thought her ſelf obliged to, fearing leaſt ſome miſchief might happen betwixt us, and told him with a great deal of ſweetneſs, that ſhe could not grant him the reſt. Believing ſhe ſhould be a complice to his crime if ſhe ſhould ſuffer the continuance of it; yet for all that ſhe did ſuffer it; the Love he bore her, and the Friendſhip ſhe had for him, drew her wholly to his ſide: I appeared leſs agreeable in her eye; ſhe could ſee no great advantage in my Fortune, being threatned daily with an aſſured baniſhment into *Caſtile*: She knew the King had always a mind to ſend me thither, and that the Prince oppoſed it only out of a point of Honour; ſhe ſaw no likelihood of his Marrying *Hermeneſild*; ſhe was ſtill his Confident in the Love he had for her; and by this and Don *Ramire*'s Love towards her, ſhe ſtill kept her Credit with Don *Garcias*, ſhe believed the King was leſs diſpoſed than ever, to conſent to our Marriage; he had no reaſon to oppoſe her Marriage with Don *Ramires*, ſhe found in him the ſame advantages that recommended my Love to her:

and laſtly, ſhe concluded that reaſon as well as prudence did Authoriſe her change, and that ſhe ought to abandon a man that was never like to be her Husband, for one that in all probability might Marry her; there needs not always ſo many reaſons to warrant a Womans Levity. *Nugna Bella* therefore determins to engage in Affection with Don *Ramires*; though when ſhe made that reſolution, ſhe was already engaged to him both in her inclination and her words; yet whatever her reſolutions were, ſhe had not force enough to let me ſee that ſhe deſerted me in the time of my diſgrace.

Neither could Don *Ramires* reſolve to declare his Treachery; it was agreed betwixt them, that *Nugna Bella* ſhould continue to live with me after the ſame rate ſhe had been uſed to do; and they believed that I could not eaſily diſcover her change, becauſe as I told Don *Ramires* ſtill the leſſer of my thoughts, ſhe being always told them by Don *Ramires*, might eaſily prevent any cauſe of ſuſpicion: They reſolved alſo to tell Don *Garcias* how things ſtood betwixt them, thereby to engage him for their intereſt; Don *Ramires* took upon him to do it, though he could not reſolve it without trouble, for the ſhame, and the fear being diſcountenanced embaraſſed him.

the Confidence Don *Garcias* put in him, and the power he gave him to mannage his Love, gave him ſome aſſurance: The truth is, that he managed the Prince as he pleaſed; he engages him, even to ſpeak a good word for him to *Nugna Bella*, ſo that this new Favourite had his Maſter for his Confident; as he was his Maſters, *Nugna Bella*, who apprehended that the Prince would condemn her Inconſtancy, was raviſhed to find him rather a promoter of it; they redoubled their Bonds of mutual fidelity to one another; they then take their meaſures how to conceal this intelligence; ſhe reſolved that, ſeeing the particular Whiſperings of Don *Ramires* and the Prince might give me ſome jealouſie, becauſe in appearance they ought to keep no ſecret from me, that Don *Ramires* ſhould come to the Prince by a back ſtair, at ſuch times as he had none with him, and that they ſhould never ſpeak any thing before me of their intreigue: Thus was I betrayed and forſaken by all thoſe I loved beſt, without being able to ſuſpect them in the leaſt.

All I was in pain for, was only becauſe I fancied ſome change in *Nugna Bella*'s heart; I complained to Don *Ramires*, Don *Ramires* gave her notice of it, that ſhe might counterfeit better; but when I ſeemed at

eaſe, he was unquiet, he feared ſtill I had regained *Nugna Bella*; then he would not have her act her part ſo well in Cheating me; ſhe obeyed him, and neglected me more than ever: Thus he had his Rival complaining to him of the hard uſage he received by his order. Sometimes he was very glad when he had deſired her to put a conſtraint upon her ſelf, to learn by my complaints that ſhe had not conſtrained her ſelf as much as he deſired her. It was ſuch a charm for his glory and his love to have ruined ſuch a Rival as I appeared to him, and to ſee my quiet depend upon the leaſt word of his mouth, that were it not for his extream Jealouſie, he would be the happieſt man in the world.

While I was taken up with my Amour, my Father was buſied by his Ambition; he had made ſo many Cabals, and ſo many intregues in the time of his Exile, that he believed himſelf in a condition to revolt openly; but before all, I was to be drawn from Court, I was too dear, and too conſiderable a pledge to him to leave me in the Kings hands, when he intended to declare War againſt him: He was not ſo apprehenſive of my Siſter, becauſe her Sex and her Beauty would protect her againſt all events. He ſent me a perſon known in all his deſigns

ſignes, to inform me how matters ſtood, and to command me to quit the Court in that very inſtant, without taking leave either of the King or Prince. This Meſſenger was ſtrangely ſurpriſed to find me quite of another opinion than my Father: I told him that I would never give my conſent to ſo unjuſt a revolt; that it was true, the King had dealt ill with *Nugnes Fernando*, in taking away his employments; but that this affront was to be endured, becauſe he had in ſome meaſure deſerved it; that for my part I was reſolved not to leave the Court, nor ever to take Arms againſt my King: This Meſſenger carryed back my Anſwer to my Father, he was outragiouſly mad to ſee ſo many great deſignes quaſhed to nothing by my diſobedience alone: He ſent me back word, that (though he never intended it) he would purſue his enterpriſe; and that ſince I had ſo little obedience for his will, he would not change his reſolution, though the King of *Leon* were to cut off my head.

In the mean time Don *Ramires*, his paſſion for *Nugna Bella* grew ſtill, and he could no longer indure the manner of her converſation with me, though he ſaw it neceſſary: Well Madam, ſays he to her one day, after ſhe had entertained me a pretty while,

you look upon him ſtill with the ſame kindneſs that you uſed to do, you ſpeak to him after the ſame manner, you write to him the ſame kind things; who ſhall aſſure me, that it is no more with the ſame heart? He once pleaſed you, and that's enough to find the way of doing it again. But you know (ſaid ſhe) I do but what you would have me; that is true, replyed he, and that is it which renders my misfortune inſupportable, that I muſt in prudence adviſe you to do thoſe things, which when you do them, puts me into deſpair; it is unheard, that a Lover ever gave his conſent that his Rival ſhould be kindly treated. Madam, I can no longer endure that you ſhould look upon *Gonſalvo*; there is nothing I would not attempt to ruine him, rather than live in the condition I am in; for after having rob'd him of your heart, I ought not much to ſcruple cutting his Throat. Your Paſſion (anſwered *Nugna Bella*) is too violent to hold; you will firſt conſider how many important ſecrets you will diſcover before you fall out with Don *Gonſalvo*, and to what Reproaches you will expoſe yourſelf. I ſee all that is to be ſeen Madam, ſaid he; I ſee likewiſe, that if I muſt have but little ſenſe to do what I propoſe, I muſt have none at all, to ſuffer a man

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very way lovely, that once has pleaſed you, to ſpake to you every day in private; if I knew nothing of it, I ſhould have the cruel delight of being deceived: But I know it, I ſee you ſpeaking to him; it is I that brings you Letters, it is I that re-aſſures him when he doubts of your Affection: Ah Madam, it is impoſſible I ſhould hold out any longer, uſing ſo much violence againſt my ſelf: If you would contribute to my quiet, contrive it ſo that *Gonſalvo* may leave the Court; and the Prince would conſent to ſend him into *Caſtile*, as his Majeſty preſſes him every day. Conſider, I beſeech you, replyed *Nugna Bella*, what an action you would have me do? Yes Madam, returned Don *Ramires*, I have conſidered it; but after all that you have done, it is no longer time to ſtand upon Niceties: and if you conſent not to the Baniſhment of Don *Gonſalvo*, I ſhall believe I have more reaſon to endeavour his abſence from you than I thought: Once more, Madam, by what arguments ſhall I be convinced that you love him no more? you ſee him, you ſpeak to him, you know he Loves; your heart, you ſay, is changed, but your proceedings are not: In fine, Madam, nothing can re-aſſure me, but your endeavours to get him Baniſhed, and as long as you ſhall

appear

appear averſe to it, I ſhall believe you uſe but little conſtraint when you tell him you Love him. Well then, ſaid *Nugna Bella*, I have already committed many Treacheries for the Love of you, and I will add this too; but give me the means, the Prince every day refuſes the King to let him be Baniſhed, and there is little likelihood that he ſhould grant it to ſo unreaſonable a requeſt as mine: I'le take upon me (ſaid Don *Ramires*) to make the Propoſition to the Prince, and provided you make it appear to him that you are conſenting to it, I am ſure to bring it about: *Nugna Bella* agrees to it, and that very night Don *Ramires* (under pretence of their common intereſt) propoſes to the Prince to let me be ſent away, and to make the King believe he did it in obedience to his commands: The Prince made no difficulty of aſſenting; he was inwardly ſo aſhamed of what he had done againſt me, that my preſence was a continual reproach to him of his weakneſs. *Nugna Bella* ſpoke to him as ſhe had promiſed Don *Ramires*; they reſolved that upon the firſt occaſion the Prince ſhould ſend his Father word that he would no longer oppoſe my Baniſhment from Court, provided it ſhould be given out that it was done againſt his will.

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An occaſion ſoon offer'd it ſelf; the King was in paſſion againſt the Prince, for doing ſomething againſt his order, and accuſed me for adviſing him to it: The Prince not daring to come into the Kings preſence, pretended to be Sick, and kept his Bed for ſome dayes; the Queen (according to her cuſtom) endeavoured a reconciliation, ſhe came to her Sons Appartment to acquaint him with the King's complaints againſt him. Madam, theſe are not the true cauſes of the King's Anger, I know the reaſon, he has a ſtrange averſion againſt *Gonſalvo*, he accuſes him of all that diſpleaſes him, he deſires to ſend him away; He will never be well ſatisfied with me, as long as I oppoſe his abſence: I love *Gonſalvo* dearly, but I ſee I muſt be forced even againſt my will to conſent to his Baniſhment, and to deprive my ſelf of him, ſince I can purchaſe the Kings good will at no other rate. Tell him then Madam, if you pleaſe, that I conſent he ſhould be Baniſhed, but upon condition that none know I have conſented to it. The Queen was ſurpriſed at her Sons diſcourſe: It becomes not me (ſaid ſhe) to think it ſtrange that you ſhould have a deferrence to the King's will, but I muſt confeſs I wonder how you can conſent to *Gonſalvo*'s Baniſhment; the Prince alleadged ſome bad reaſons

ſons in his own defence, and turned his diſcourſe to another ſubject. Whilſt they were ſpeaking, one of the Queens Maids that was my Friend, and *Nugna Bella's* Woman, was by chance ſo near the Bed, that ſhe over-heard all that the Queen and Prince ſaid about me: She was ſo ſurpriſed, and ſo penſive to find out what might be the cauſe of ſo great a change in the Prince, that I came into the Room, and began to ſpeak to her before ſhe perceived me: I Laughed at her for her thoughtfulneſs: You ought to thank me for it, ſaid ſhe, I heard juſt now a thing that amazes me ſo much, that I cannot well comprehend it: *Elvire*, (for that was her name) then told me what ſhe had heard, and amazed me much more than ſhe had been; I made her tell it me over once more: As ſhe made an end, the Queen went out and interrupted our diſcourſe; I went out with her, and being not in a condition to remain with the Prince, I walked by my ſelf in the Garden of the Pallace, to make reflections upon ſo ſtrange an adventure.

It could not enter into my imagination, that a Prince that always uſed me ſo well, would cauſe me to be Baniſhed without ſome cauſe; I could not comprehend what ſhould induce him to wiſh my abſence; I could

not gueſs what ſhould make him profeſs a kindneſs for me, when he had none; nor could I believe that what I was told could be true, nor that Don *Garcias* could be ſo weak as to conſent to my Baniſhment: As I loved him paſſionately, his change pierced me unto the very ſoul; and being not able to endure what I ſuffered, I went to look out Don *Ramires*, to have the ſatisfaction to make my complaint to him.

As I was going towards the Pallace, I met one of the Officers of Don *Garcias*'s Chamber, whom I had placed with the Prince, and who was nearer to his perſon than any other. I bid him to go ſee if Don *Ramires* was not with the Prince, and to pray him to come to me preſently; this Officer made anſwer that he was not there, and that, without doubt, he would not come thither until his accuſtomed hour, when every body elſe was retired. I was extreamly aſtoniſhed at theſe words; I thought at firſt I had not well underſtood them, yet I was ſenſible enough of them: Many things came into my mind, that made me ſuſpect, that Don *Ramires* had ſome intelligence with the Prince, more than he ever told me; at another ſeaſon I ſhould not have ſuch a thought, but what I had heard of Don *Garcias*'s diſloyalty, obliged me to be-

believe that all the world might be false: I asked this Officer, if Don *Ramires* came often to Don *Garcias*, when none else was there: He told me, he wondered I should ask him such a question, and that he believed I knew well enough both their meetings and the subject of their private discourse; I replyed I knew neither, and that I found it strange he would not before then give me notice of it: He thought I did but counterfeit my ignorance of all things to discover whether he told me truth or no, and to let me see that he could conceal nothing from me, he told me the Prince's Love for my Sister, and what share Don *Ramires* had in the carrying it on; he told me he had often heard them speak of it when they thought none was in hearing; and they learnt all the rest from him that was intrusted to carry the Princess Letters to *Hermenesilde*; thus I understood all that passed, except what concerned *Nugna Bella*. I need seek no more, cryed I, (transported with rage) whence proceeds Don *Garcias* change; the Treachery he commits against me, makes my presence insupportable to him. How! Don *Garcias* Love my Sister, my Sister suffers it, and Don *Ramires* is their Confident: At these words I stop'd, being unwilling this Officer should take

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tice of my reſentment, and forbid him to tell any body what he had informed me. I went home ſo full of trouble, that I was beſide my ſelf: When I found my ſelf alone, I abandoned my ſelf to my rage and deſpair; I was fifty times in the mind to Stab the Prince and Don *Ramires*; I had all the tranſports of Fury and Vengeance that the exceſs of rage can ſuggeſt: At laſt, after recollecting my thoughts, to give my ſelf the time to chooſe the fitteſt courſe for my revenge, I reſolved to fight Don *Ramires*, and to perſwade *Nugna Bella* to go with me into *Caſtile*, to obtain leave of her Father to Marry her; and as he had the ſame deſign of revolting, as I had, to joyn with them and incourage them to declare War againſt the King of *Leon*, and to overthrow that Throne which Don *Garcias* was to aſcend; I fixed my reſolve upon this determination, though it was contrary to all my thoughts untill that hour, but my deſpair hurried me to it.

I was to have waited upon *Nugna Bella* that very Night; *I* expected the hour of going with great impatience, and the hope of finding her ſenſible of my Misfortune, was the only thing that could give me all the ſolace *I* was capable of: As *I* was preparing to go out, a Man that ſhe uſed to keep,

keep, and often brought me her Letters; came to me with one from her, and told me, that she was very sorry she could not see me that Night, for reasons, *I* should read in her Letter: *I* told him it was absolutely necessary that *I* should speak to her that Night, that *I* was going to write her an Answer, and prayed him to stay; with that *I* went into my Closet, opened *Nugna Bella*'s Letter, where *I* found these words.

The Letter.

I know not whether I should return you thanks for the leave you give, to shew Don Gonsalvo *some regret for his departure; I should rather have been glad that you had forbid it me, that I might have a reason not to do a thing that will give me so much constraint; though you have suffered through the manner I was oblidged to use in entertaining him since his return, I have suffered more than you; nor would you doubt of it, if you knew how hard it is for me to tell a man, that I Love no more, that I love him still; when I am out of my Witts, that I ever Loved, and that I would redeem with my Blood, never to have pronounced, but for you, all those words which I must say to him: You*

know

now when he is further off. all the injustice
on do me, and the joy you ſhall ſee me to have
t his departure, will better perſwade you than a-
y thing I can ſay. Hermeneſilde is angry
ith the Prince, becauſe he yeſterday did en-
rtain a perſon for a great while, for whom
e had already ſhewed ſome Jealouſie, which
as the reaſon ſhe went not along with the
ueen when ſhe had been at his Appartment,
muſt not tell her he knows any thing of
is, for I promiſed her to ſay nothing of it;
ſo truly Loves him, that my Letter was
terrupted in this place by a thing that puts
into a mortal fright. One of my Compa-
ns, to day, heard all the Prince ſaid to the
ueen about Gonſalvo, and told it him at
t very inſtant: She juſt now told me of
as a thing that doth both ſurpriſe and afflict
: It is impoſſible but that Gonſalvo ſuſ-
cts that you have known ſomething of the
inces deſignes, and will find out a great
rt of the truth; conſider what miſchief that
y do; this accident troubles me to that de-
e that I know not what I do: I am go-
to write to him that I cannot ſee him to
ght, for I cannot expoſe my ſelf to ſpeak
him, before you have ſeen him, and I know
m you what I muſt ſay to him; fare-well,
dge of my trouble.

I was in such a passion after the reading of this Leuer, that I knew not what I said, nor what I did; my Anger was raised to the utmost pitch of rage and fury at the discovery I had before made of so many Treacheries, but they were weak and inconsiderble to what chance had laid before me. I stood without speech or motion, and remained so for a long time; my thoughts were confused; my understanding was oppressed with weight of grief.

You are then Unfaithful *Nugna Bella* cryed I of a suddain; you joyn to your inconstancy the injury of deceiving me, and you consent I should be betray'd by those I loved above all the World, next your self; it is too much Cruelty at one time; my misfortunes are of the nature, that there were less shame to be overwhelmed by them than to resist them. I yield to the Cruelty of the most unfortunate chance that ever persecuted man; I had both the force and the design to be revenged of an Ungrateful Prince, and an unfaithful Friend; but I have neither against *Nugna Bella*, I thought my self more happy in her than in all the World besides: But since she forsakes me, I am indifferent to all things else, and renounce all thoughts of a revenge that can bring me no satisfaction: I was

long ſince, the firſt man of all the King-
dom, by my Fathers and my own proper
Grandeur, and by the favours of the Prince,
believed my ſelf well beloved by thoſe
whom *I* moſt eſteemed: Fortune forſakes
me, *I* am abandoned by my Maſter, *I* am
deceived by my Siſter, *I* am betray'd by
my Friend, *I* loſe my Miſtreſs, and *I* loſe
her by the contrivance of that Friend? Is
it poſſible, *Nugna Bella*, that you ſhould
leave me for Don *Ramires*? Is it poſſible
that Don *Ramires* ſhould deſire to take you
from a man that loved you ſo paſſionately,
and had ſo great a kindneſs for him? Muſt
you two joyn to rob me of one another, and
not leave me the poor conſolation of one
of you, to whom *I* might make my moan.
Such cruel reflections took from me the
uſe of my reaſon, the leaſt of thoſe misfor-
tunes that fell upon me in that one day,
was able to torment me mortally: This
great number of ſad accidents, put me out
of my ſenſes, *I* knew not which of them *I*
ſhould complain of moſt: He that brought
me Letter from *Nugna Bella*, ſent to tell
me that he ſtaid for my Anſwer; *I* waked
as it were out of a Dream at this meſſage,
and ſent him word *I* would ſend an Anſwer
the next day, and gave order none ſhould
come to me.

I again began to reflect upon my former conditon, ſo cruel an experience had *I* of the inconſtancy of Fortune, and the treachery of Men, inſpired me with the deſign of renouncing for ever to all worldly commerce, and go to end my Life in ſome remote Deſart; my grief ſuggeſted to me that *I* had no other choyce to make: I had no where to go but to my Father; I knew the deſign he had of taking Arms but for all my deſpairs, *I* could not reſolve to revolt againſt a King that had never done me wrong: If *I* had only been forſaken by Fortune, *I* ſhould take a delight to reſent her, and to make it appear *I* deſerved what ſhe had given me. But after having been deceived by ſo many perſons whom I ſo paſſionately loved, and of whom *I* thought my ſelf ſo aſſured, what was there left me? Could *I* ever ſerve a Maſter better, or more faithful than *I* did Don *Garcias?* Could I ever love a Friend better than *I* did Don *Ramires?* Or could *I* be more in love with a Miſtreſs than *I* was with *Nugna Bella*, and yet they have all betrayed me, *I* have nothing left but a reſolute retreat to withdraw my ſelf from the deceit of men, and the dangerous charms of Women.

As *I* was reſolving upon this courſe, I ſaw coming unto my Cloſet Don *Olmos*

a perſon of quality and worth, who always applyed himſelf to me; he was Brother to that *Elvire*, who gave me notice of the Princes betraying me, and had learnt from her juſt then what the Prince had ſaid to the Queen; he was much ſurpriſed to read in my face the marks of ſo great an agitation and extream trouble of mind; he knew me too well to think that Fortune alone could ſo much diſcompoſe me; nevertheleſs, he believed that *I* was grieved at the Princes infidelity, and began to uſe Arguments to alienate my trouble: *I* alway had an eſteem for Don *Olmond*, and ſerved him upon ſeveral occaſions, although *I* always prefer'd Don *Ramires* before him. The ingratitude of this latter, made me ſenſible of the injuſtice *I* did therein to Don *Olmond*: To make him amends, or rather to have the ſatisfaction of complaining of my Misfortunes, I told him the condition *I* was in, and all the Treacheries that had been committed againſt me: He could not chuſe but be amazed at it, but not ſo much as *I* expected of *Nugna Bella*'s infidelity; for he told me that his Siſter, when ſhe had informed him of the Princes Infidelity towards me, that *Nugna Bella* was without doubt changed, and that ſhe concealed many things from me: Behold, Don *Olmond*, ſaid *I*, ſhewing

him *Nugna Bella*'s Letter, her change, and see what she has conceal'd from me; she sent me this instead of that she intended for me, and it is easie to judge that this was meant for Don *Ramires*. Don *Olmond* was so concern'd to see me in that condition, and my Misfortunes seemed to him so great, that he would not undertake to condole with me, but thought it best to leave me to ease my sorrow by my complaints. Had not *I* reason, said I, to desire to know *Nugna Bella* well, before I should ingage my heart to love her; but I find I pretended to an impossibility, there is no diving into a Womans heart, they are even Strangers to themselves; it is opportunity alone that can decide the controversie of their disagreeing thoughts. *Nugna Bella* believed she Loved me, but it was my Fortune and not me she loved; and perhaps she loves only that in Don *Ramires*: Nevertheless (cryed I) she has said nothing to me this great while, but what he gave her leave to say, it was to my Rival I complained of the change he caused in her; he spoke to her for himself, when I believed he spoke for me: Is it possible they should make me the object of their deceit? How have I deserved this from them? That perfidious Man betray'd me with *Nugna Bella*

as he did with Don *Garcias*: I confided my Sister to their care, and they betray'd her to the Prince; this consent and union *I* found in them, which gave me much satisfaction, was but a blind to deceive me. O God (cryed *I*) for whom do you reserve your Thunder-bolts, unless it be for persons so unworthy to live?

After this violent transport of my grief, the Idea of *Nugna Bella* unfaithful, which left me nothing but indifference for all other misfortunes, put me into a sadness full of dispair; I acquainted Don *Olmond* with my resolution of leaving all things; he was surprised at it, he did what he could to diswade me from it; but *I* let him see that my resolutions were so fixt, that he thought it to no purpose to oppose them, at least in their first impetuosity. *I* took all my Jewels, and we got on Horseback, that we might get out of my House; before the King's Order for my departure could reach me; we rid untill Sun-rising: Don *Olmond* lead me to a House of one of his Servants, in whom he had great confidence; *I* pray'd him to leave me in that place, until Night, that *I* might take my Journey to the place whither *I* resolved to go: After a long contest he promised to leave me, provided *I* would not quit that place until he returned;

that in the mean time he would go to *Leon*, to know what effects my departure had wrought, that perhaps ſome alteration might have happened that might divert me from my ſad reſolution: He earneſtly beſought me to expect his coming, *I* conſented, upon condition he ſhould tell none that he ſaw me, nor know where *I* was: Yet though *I* conſented, it was rather out of an unvoluntary Curioſity, to know after what manner *Nugna Bella* ſpoke of me, then that there could happen any thing that might leſſen my Misfortunes.

Go my dear *Olmond* (ſaid *I*) ſee *Nugna Bella*, and if it be poſſible, know from your Siſter what her thoughts are; endeavour to learn, ſince what time ſhe ceaſed to Love me, and if ſhe has abandoned me only becauſe Fortune forſook me; Don *Olmond* aſſured me that he would do what I deſired. Two days after he returned with a ſadneſs that gave me to underſtand he had nothing to ſay to me that might oblige me to change my deſign.

He told me all were ignorant of the cauſe of my departure, that the Prince as well as Don *Ramires* ſeemed to be much afflicted at it; that the King believed I was gone with his Sons private conſent, and of intelligence with him: He told me he ſaw his Siſter

Sister; that all I believed was true; that the recital of the particulars would but increase my grief, and therefore desired to be excused from the telling it. I was not in a condition to fear the increase of my Misfortunes; and what he would have concealed was the only thing that could give me some curiosity; I prayed him therefore to hide nothing from me; I will not repeat all he told me, because I have already told you the most part, to put my Narrative in some order: It was from him I learnt all those things (of which I was ignorant) while they were transacting, as you might judge. I will only tell you that his Sister informed him that the Night before my departure, as she came back from the Queen, where *Nugna Bella* had not appeared that Night, she went to *Nugna Bella*'s Chamber, where she found her all bathed in her tears, with a Letter in her hand, that they were both surprised but for different reasons, that In fine, *Nugna Bella*, after a long silence, shut the Door, and told her that she would trust her with all the secrets of her Life, praying her to pitty her, and comfort her in the saddest condition that ever poor Maid was reduced to; that then she discovered to her all that had passed betwixt the Prince Don *Ramires*, my Sister, and her, just as I told

him *Nugna Bella*'s Letter, her change, and
ſee what ſhe has conceal'd from me; ſhe
ſent me this inſtead of that ſhe intended
for me, and it is eaſie to judge that this
was meant for Don *Ramires*. Don *Olmos*
was ſo concern'd to ſee me in that condi-
tion, and my Misfortunes ſeemed to him ſo
great, that he would not undertake to con-
dole with me, but thought it beſt to leave
me to eaſe my ſorrow by my complaints.
Had not *I* reaſon, ſaid I, to deſire to know
Nugna Bella well, before I ſhould engage
my heart to love her; but I find I pre-
tended to an impoſſibility, there is no di-
ving into a Womans heart, they are even
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as he did with Don *Garcia*: I confided my Sister to their care, and they betray'd her to the Prince; this consent and union *I* found in them, which gave me much satisfaction, was but a blind to deceive me. O God (cryed *I*) for whom do you reserve your Thunder-bolts, unless it be for persons so unworthy to live?

After this violent transport of my grief, the Idea of *Nugna Bella* unfaithful, which left me nothing but indifference for all other misfortunes, put me into a sadness full of dispair; I acquainted Don *Olmond* with my resolution of leaving all things; he was surprised at it, he did what he could to diswade me from it; but *I* let him see that my resolutions were so fixt, that he thought it to no purpose to oppose them, at least in their first impetuosity. *I* took all my Jewels, and we got on Horseback, that we might get out of my House; before the King's Order for my departure could reach me; we rid untill Sun-rising: Don *Olmond* lead me to a House of one of his Servants, in whom he had great confidence; *I* pray'd him to leave me in that place, until Night, that *I* might take my Journey to the place whither *I* resolved to go: After along contest he promised to leave me, provided *I* would not quit that place until he returned;

told you; and that Don *Ramires* had just then sent her back this Letter which she held in her hand, because it was not for him, but intended for me, and that I had received that Letter she meant for Don *Ramires*, that by that Letter I had found out all that she had concealed from me for so long time.

Elvire told her Brother that she never saw any person so afflicted and troubled as *Nugna Bella*: She apprehended that I should acquaint the King with the intregue that was betwixt the Prince and my Sister, and that I would cause Don *Ramires* and her to be Banished from the Court, that above all things she feared the shame of my Reproaches, and that the Treacheries she had committed against me, made her hate me mortally.

You may well think, that what I came to learn of Don *Olmond*, would no way lessen my displeasures, nor make me change my intention. He pressed me with all the earnestness imaginable, and all the marks of an extraordinary Friendship, to let him go along with me to the Desert I intended to go to: I opposed it so strongly, that at last we separated; he left me upon condition, that in what part of the World soever I should be, I should oblige my self to write to him. He

He returned to *Leon*, and I parted with design to Embarque my self at the first Port I should come to. But when I was alone, left to the reflections of my Misfortunes, the remainder of my days appeared so tedious to me, that I resolved to go seek my Death in the Wars that the King of *Navar* had against the *Moores*; *I* would be known by no other name but by that of *Theodirick*, and I was unhappy enough to acquire some glory which I did not look for, instead of that death which *I* sought after: The Peace was concluded, *I* reassumed my former design, and your re-encounter made me change that dismal Wilderness, whither *I* intended to go, into a most pleasant retreat. There *I* began to find that quiet and tranquility which *I* had lost, not but that Ambition has been busie sometimes to tempt my heart, but what *I* had already tasted of the instability of Fortune, render'd it contemptible to me; and the Love *I* had born *Nugna Bella*, was so totally blotted out of my heart by the contempt *I* conceived for her, that *I* might justly say, *I* had no Passion for any kind of thing, although *I* had yet a great deal of Sadness left in me; the sight of *Zayde* has ravished from me that sad tranquility which *I* enjoyed, & hurryes me into new Misfortunes,

fortunes, much more cruel than thoſe I have already experimented.

Alphonſo remained both Surpriſed and Charm'd with Don *Gonſalvo*'s ſtory; *I* confeſs (ſaid he) that *I* had conceived a large Idea of your Merits and Virtues, but I muſt acknowledge that what I have now heard, ſurpaſſes my former thoughts: *I* rather ought to fear (replyed Don *Gonſalvo*) that *I* have leſſened the good opinion you had of me, by letting you ſee how eaſie I was to be deceived; but *I* was young, I was ignorant of the Court-Artifices, *I* was incapable of practiſing to them: *I* never Loved any but *Nugna Bella*, and the Love *I* had for her would not let me imagine that that kind of Paſſion could ever have an end, ſo that nothing could lead me to a diffidence neither of Friendſhip nor of Love. You could not defend your ſelf, replyed Don *Alphonſo*, from deceit, unleſs you had been of a ſuſpicious Nature, and yet your ſuſpicions (though never ſo well grounded) would ſeem to your ſelf unjuſt, ſince you had not until then any cauſe given you of diffidence againſt any that might deceive you; and their deceit was carryed on with ſo much Art, that there was no appearance in reaſon of a fallacy: Let us ſpeak no more of my paſt Misfortune (replyed *Gonſalvo*)

(alvo) ſince I am no longer ſenſible of them. *Zayde* has taken from me, even the remembrance of them, and I wonder how I could call them to mind: But I could never believe that Beauty alone could make me in Love, nor be ſmitten by one that had other preingagements; and yet I adore *Zayde*, to whom I am ſo much a Stranger, that I know nothing of her, but that ſhe is handſome, and that her heart bleeds for ſome other: Since I was deceived in the opinion I had of *Nugna Bella*, whom I knew, what can I expect from *Zayde*, whom I do not know? But what ſhould I expect, or what pretenſions can I have upon *Zayde?* She is utterly unknown to me; Chance threw her upon this Coaſt; ſhe is impatient to be gone; I cannot keep her againſt her Will, without being both unjuſt and uncivil. Though I ſhould detain her, what ſhould I be the better for it, I ſhould ſee her every day bewailing the abſence of a Man that ſhe Loves, and remembring him as often as ſhe looks upon me. Ah, *Alphonſo*, what a miſchief is Jealouſie? Ah, Don *Garcia*, you had reaſon, that is the only paſſion that ſurpriſes us, and ſtrikes us of a ſuddain; all the other Paſſions are but Chains, by which we ſuffer our hearts willingly to be drawn away; all true inclinations plucks it from

from us in ſpight of us, and the Love I have for *Zayde* is a torrent that draggs me, without leaving me the leaſt power of reſiſting. But *Alphonſo*, I make you ſpend the Night here in entertaining you with my ſorrows; it is but reaſon I ſhould let you now take your reſt.

After theſe words Don *Alphonſo* went to his Chamber, and Don *Gonſalvo* paſſed the reſt of the Night without ſleeping one moment. The next day *Zayde* ſeemed to be taken up with the deſire of finding out what ſhe had already ſought after, but all her endeavours were to no purpoſe; *Gonſalvo* never parted from her, he forgot almoſt every moment that ſhe could not underſtand him; he asked her the cauſe of her grief, with the ſame reſpect and circumſpection, and fear of diſpleaſing her, as if ſhe had underſtood what he ſaid: When he recollected himſelf, and had the diſpleaſure of ſeeing ſhe could return him no Anſwer, he thought to comfort himſelf by ſaying to her all that his Paſſion could ſuggeſt.

I Love you fair *Zayde* (ſaid he) looking ſtedfaſtly upon her; *I* Adore you; *I* have at leaſt, the ſatisfaction to tell you ſo without offending you; all your actions tell me that none durſt declare it without incurring

your

your displeasure, but that Lover, for whom you weep, has spoken to you (without doubt of his Love, and you have used your self to hear him: How many doubts might you resolve me, fair *Zayde*, in one word?

When he spoke to her in this manner, she turned her self sometimes towards *Feline* with astonishment, as it were to make her take notice of a resemblance, which always surprised her: This was so piercing a smart for Don *Gonsalvo*, to imagine that he put her in mind of his Rival, that he would with all his heart renounce the advantages of his Beauty and good mean, to be rid of such a resemblance: This trouble was so insupportable to him, that he could hardly resolve with himself ever to see *Zayde* more, he had rather deprive himself of her sight, than to represent to her the Image of him she Loved; and her looks seemed so favourable to him, he could not endure them, he was so perswaded that they were not addressed to him; he would leave her, and spend whole Afternoons in the Woods, When he returned to her, he found her more angry than she used to be; he fancied consequently, that he saw some inequality in her behaviour towards him; but as he could not guess at the cause, he imagined

gined that the displeasure of being in an unknown place, caused the alterations that appeared in her humour; nevertheless he perceived that the Affliction she was in the first dayes of her abode there, begun to lessen. *Felime* was more Afflicted than *Zayde*, but her sadness was always alike; she seemed to be over-whelmed with grief, and endeavoured to be alone, to entertain her self with her sad thoughts. *Alphonse* took notice of it sometimes to *Gonsalvo* with amazement, and he wondered that the excess of her Melancholly did not tarnish her Beauty. In the mean time all Don *Gonsalvo*'s study was to please *Zayde*, and to give her all the Divertisements that Walking, Hunting, and Fishing could furnish; and she busied her self in all that could divert her; she spent her time, for some dayes, in making a Bracelet of her Hair, and when she had finished it, she fastened it about her Arm with that eagerness which people have for a thing they have finished. The same day that she put it on, she let it fall by chance in the Wood: *Gonsalvo* seeing her go out, went to follow her, and going along, he found this Bracelet, which he easily knew again: He was extream glad to have found it, and his gladness had been more compleat if he had received it from

rom the hands of *Zayde*; but as he had no opes of it, he thought himſelf happy to we it to Fortune. *Zayde* having miſſed it, as comeing back to look for it in the laces ſhe had paſſed; ſhe made ſignes to Don *Gonſalvo*, what ſhe had loſt, and ſeemd to be much afflicted at it: Though he as in pain to cauſe her diſquiet, he could ot reſolve to part with a thing that was precious to him; he made as if he lookd for it too, and at laſt obliged her to leave f her unneceſſary ſearch. As ſoon as he as gotten into his Chamber, he kiſſed this acelet a thouſand times, and faſtened to a buckle of Diamonds of great value: metimes he went out to walk before *Zayde* s up, and when he found himſelf in a ce where he believed no body could ſee m, he would untye this Bracelet the bet- to conſider it.

One Morning, as he was thus buſie, ſitting n a Beach that ſomewhat advanced in- the Sea, he heard ſome body behind him; turn'd about on a ſuddain, and was ſurſed to ſee it was *Zayde*: All he could do s to hide the Bracelet, but not ſo cley, but that *Zayde* perceived he had hid ething; he fancied ſhe ſaw what he had he obſerved ſo much coldneſs and diſtent in her looks, that he did no longer

doubt, but that she was angry with him for not restoring her Bracelet; he durst not look upon her, fearing least he should see her make signes to restore it her again, which he could not resolve to do: She seemed sad and out of order, and without looking towards *Gonsalvo*, she set her down, and turned her face towards the Sea; the wind blew away a Vail she had in her hand unknown to her; *Gonsalvo* rose to take it up, but in rising, he let fall the Bracelet, which he could not tye again for fear of discovering it. *Zayde* turned her head at the noyse *Gonsalvo* made, she saw her Bracelet and picked it up before *Gonsalvo* could turn that way; but he was infinitely troubled when he saw it in her hand, both for his concern of losing it, and for fear of her anger; nevertheless he took courage, seeing no more anger nor discontent in her Countenance, he rather fancied he saw somethin of sweet and pleasant: He was no le moved by the hope he conceived fro *Zayde's* countenance, than he was a mome before, by his fear of having displeased her She considered, with attention, the lustr of the Diamond Buckles that were fastene to the Bracelet; and after looking upon a while, she undid it, and gave it to *Gon salvo*, and put the Bracelet into her Pocke

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When *Gonſalvo* ſaw that *Zayde* returned him only his Buckles, he turned himſelf towards the Sea, and threw them in with a careleſs and melancholly ayre, as if he had let them fall in by chance. *Zayde* cryed out, and advanced her body, to ſee if there were no poſſibility of retrieving them, but he told her it was in vain to look after them; and becauſe ſhe ſhould make no longer reflection upon what he had done, he offered her his hand, to lead her further from that place: They walked without ſaying any thing to one another, inſenſibly towards *Alphonſo*'s Houſe, both of them ſo full of thoughts, that they ſeemed to deſire to ſeparate.

As ſoon as *Gonſalvo* had conducted her to her Chamber, he left her to think of his Adventure. Though *Zayde* did not ſeem to him as Angry as he had apprehended, he believed that the joy of finding her Bracelet had baniſhed her diſcontent; ſo that his diſpleaſure was nothing leſs, though he had a great mind to have the Bracelet; yet the fear of diſpleaſing *Zayde* kept him from asking it, and left him oppreſſed with that kind of grief, which Love without hope, gives; all his Conſolation was to declare his Grievances to *Alphonſo*, and to blame himſelf for his weakneſs in being in Love with *Zayde*.

You are unjuſt (in your Accuſations) a-gainſt your ſelf, *Alphonſo* would ſay ſome-times to him. It is not eaſie to defend one's ſelf in the middle of a Deſert, againſt the force of ſuch a charming Beauty as *Zayde*: It is all you could be able to do in a great Court, where other Beauties might make a diverſion, or where Ambition, at leaſt, would claim a ſhare in your heart: But did any Man ever Love without hope? Said *Gonſalvo* And how can I hope to be Be-loved, ſince I cannot ſo much as ſay I Love? How ſhall I be able to perſwade it, ſince I cannot utter it? which of my actions ſhall be convincing enough to induce *Zayde* to believe I Love her in a place where I ſee none but her ſelf, and where I cannot make her ſenſible I preſer her before all o-thers? How ſhall I baniſh out of her mind what ſhe Loves? by no other means but by her good liking of my Perſon: But my Mis-fortune has contrived it ſo, that the ſight of my face preſerves in her the memory of her Lover. Ah my dear *Alphonſo*, flatter me not; nothing but meer folly could make me in Love with *Zayde*; and ſo much in Love as to make me even forget that I was once before in Love, and was abuſed in it. I am of opinion (replyed *Alphonſo*) that you were never in Love before now, ſince you know

knew not what Jealouſie was, but ſince you Loved her. I had no cauſe of being Jealous of *Nugna Bella*, anſwered *Gonſalvo*, ſo well ſhe knew how to deceive me. When a Man is ſeriouſly in Love, ſaid *Alphonſo*, he is Jealous without cauſe; you ſee it by experience in your ſelf: make but a little reflections upon the diſquiet that *Zayde*'s fears does create you, and mark how Jealouſie has put it into your head, that ſhe laments the loſs of a Lover, and not that of a Brother. I am but over-perſwaded, (replyed *Gonſalvo*) that I Love *Zayde* much more than ever I did *Nugna Bella*; the Ambition of this laſt, and her Application to the Princes intereſt, often abated of my Love. All that I find in *Zayde*, oppoſite to my Love, for example to believe, that ſhe Loves another, and neither to know her heart nor her thoughts, cannot leſſen my paſſion for her. But *Alphonſo*, am not I a Mad-man to Love *Zayde* much more than ever I did *Nugna Bella*; the ſucceſs of the Love I bore *Nugna Bella*, was, I muſt confeſs, too cruel; yet every Man that is in Love, may have the like: There was no folly in Loving her; I knew her, & ſhe was in Love with no body elſe; I was acceptable to her, I might have Marryed her. But *Zayde*, *Alphonſo*. But *Zayde*, Who is ſhe?

What can I pretend in her? Does not every circumſtance elſe but her incomparable Beauty, condemn me of madneſs?

Gonſalvo did often entertain *Alphonſo* with ſuch like diſcourſes: In the mean time his Love increaſed daily; he could not refrain letting his eyes ſpeak after ſuch a charming manner, that he believed he ſaw by thoſe of *Zayde*, that their Language was underſtood; he found her ſometimes in a kind of ſurpriſe that confirmed him in this belief: She could not make her ſelf to be underſtood by her words, it was generally by her looks that ſhe made *Gonſalvo* comprehend part of what ſhe would ſay; but there was ſomething ſo paſſionate and charming in her looks, that *Gonſalvo* was all inflamed by them. Fair *Zayde*, he would ſay ſometimes, If thus you look upon thoſe you do not Love, What do you reſerve for that happy Lover, of whom, I am ſo unhappy as to put you in mind? If he had not been poſſeſſed with theſe thoughts, he would not believe himſelf ſo unfortunate, nor would the actions of *Zayde* perſwade him that he was indifferent to her.

One day, having left her for a while, he went to walk upon the Beach, and came back again to a Fountain that was in a pleaſant part of the Wood, where ſhe was

to go very often: As he came near it, he heard ſome noiſe, and he ſaw through the Boughs, *Zayde* ſitting by *Felime*; the ſurpriſe, occaſioned by this rencounter gave *Gonſalvo* as much joy, as if Fortune had brought him again to the ſight of *Zayde* after a whole years abſence: He approaches to the place where they were, and although he made a noiſe in walking, they talked with ſo much attention, that they did not hear him. When he was come before her, he ſeemed no leſs concerned than a perſon that had ſpoken aloud in a place where ſhe was affraid to be over-heard, and forgotten that *Gonſalvo* could not underſtand her: The agitation this ſurpriſe had put her in, had in ſome meaſure added to the luſtre of her Beauty: *Gonſalvo* having ſeated himſelf near her (being no longer able to contain himſelf) threw himſelf of a ſuddain at her feet, and ſpoke to her of his Love, in ſo paſſionate a manner, that ſhe might eaſily know what he ſaid without underſtanding his Language; and it was clearly ſeen by *Gonſalvo*, that ſhe underſtood him well enough; ſhe Bluſhed, and having made a ſign with her hand, as if ſhe would puſh him away, ſhe roſe with a cold kind of Civility, as if ſhe would have him riſe from a place where he might be incommoded. *Alphonſo*

happened to walk by in that very instant; and she went towards him, without so much as looking upon *Gonsalvo*: He remained in that place without being able to rise from thence.

Thus, said he to himself, am I treated, when I am not looked on as the picture of my Rival; but you turn your eyes towards me, fair *Zayde*, after such a manner as would charm and enflame the whole World, when my Countenance puts you in mind of his. But if I do but presume to let you see that I Love you, you will not daigne to cast away so much as an angry look upon me; for you think me unworthy of the least glance of your eye. If I could but make you sensible that I know you bewail a Lover, I should think my self happy, and I confess my Jealousie would be sufficiently revenged by the displeasure you should have to hear it. Is it not for this, that I seem to you to be perswaded that you love something, that I may have the satisfaction to be assured by your self, that you love nothing. Ah *Zayde*, my Revenge is concern'd, and had rather give you opportunity to satisfie my Curiosity, than in the least give cause of offence.

Being taken up with these thoughts, he steeres his course towards the House, to leave

leave the place where *Zayd* was, and that he might be alone in a Gallery, where he uſed to walk. He thought a long time upon the means how to make *Zayde* underſtand that he ſuſpected ſhe was in Love with ſome body elſe; but it was not eaſie to find a way, nor could it be well brought about, without the help of ſpeech. After he had wearied himſelf with thinking and walking, he was going out of the *Gallery*, when a Painter, whom *Alphonſo* employed to draw ſome Pictures, earneſtly begged of him to view his work; *Gonſalvo* would have been glad to be excuſed; but being unwilling to anger the Painter, he ſtood ſtill to look upon what he was drawing. It was a large piece, wherein *Alphonſo* gave him order to paint the Sea, as it appeared from his Windows, and to make it the more pleaſant, he repreſented therein, a Tempeſt; there appeared of one ſide, Ships foundring in the mid'ſt of the Sea; and on the other ſide, Ships daſhed againſt the Rocks: Men were ſeen, endeavouring to ſave their Lives by Swiming; others already drowned, whoſe Bodyes were caſt upon the Shore. This Tempeſt put *Gonſalvo* in mind of *Zayde's* Ship-wrack, and made him bethink him of a way to let her underſtand what he thought of her Affliction; He told

the

the Painter, he muſt add ſome more Figures to thoſe that he had already drawn; that he muſt in the firſt place, draw upon one of thoſe Rocks (in the Picture) a young fair Lady, with her Body bending forward, over the body of a Man ſtretched out dead upon the Shore; that he muſt paint the Lady weeping as ſhe looked upon this dead body; that there muſt be another Man drawn proſtrate at her feet, endeavouring to perſwade her to remove from this dead body; that this fair Perſon (without turning her eyes towards him that ſpoke to her) puſhed him away from her with one hand, and with the other wiped her Tears. The Painter undertook to draw *Gonſalvo*'s fancy, and began preſently to deſign it: *Gonſalvo* was well pleaſed, and prayed him to work upon it with all ſpeed, and ſo went out of the Gallery; he went to find out *Zayde*, not being any longer able (notwithſtanding his late diſpleaſure) to be ſeparated from her: But he was informed, that at her return from walking, ſhe was gone to her Chamber; and ſo he could get no ſight of her all the reſt of the day, for which, he was much Afflicted, and apprehended that ſhe had deprived him of her ſight on purpoſe to puniſh him, for preſuming to make her underſtand what he had done. The

next day ſhe ſeemed to him more ſerious than ſhe uſed to be; but the following dayes, he found her as ſhe was accuſtomed to be.

In the mean time the Painter went on to finiſh *Gonſalvo*'s deſign, which he with impatience expected: As ſoon as it was made an end on, he led *Zayde* into the Gallery, as it were to divert her, by ſhewing her the Painter at work; he at firſt ſhewed her all the places which were already finiſhed; after, he made her conſider with more attention that Sea-piece, upon which the Painter was yet at work; he made her look upon that young Lady that lamented the dead Man; and when he ſaw that her eyes were fixed upon it, and that ſhe ſeemed to know that Rock, whereon ſhe uſed to ſit ſo often; he took the Penſil out of the Painter's hand, and writ the name of *Zayde* over the young Lady, and that of *Theodoric* over the young Man that was upon his knees. *Zayd*, at the reading of what he writ, Bluſhed; and having looked upon him with eyes full of anger, ſhe took a Penſil and quite blotted out that dead Man's Figure, of whom ſhe thought *Gonſalvo* believed to be the ſubject of her Tears. Though he were ſenſible of the offence he had given *Zayde*, yet he was over-

joyed

joyed to ſee her blot out the Man he thought ſo much beloved. Although this action of *Zayde*'s might be judged rather an effect of her diſdain, than a proof that ſhe lamented no body; yet he found, that after the Love he had profeſſed for her, ſhe did him the favour not to let him believe that ſhe Loved any other; but the ſmall hope this belief gave him, could not deſtroy ſo many cauſes of fear which he believed he had reaſon to have.

Alphonſo, that was no way prepoſſeſſed with any Paſſion, made very different reflections upon the actions of this fair Stranger, from what *Gonſalvo*'s were. I find (ſaid he) that you have no reaſon to believe your ſelf unhappy; you are, without doubt, Wretched, to have placed your affection upon a Perſon which in all likelihood you cannot Marry, but not in the manner you fancy your ſelf to be; and all appearances are deceitful, if you be not truly beloved of *Zayde*: It is true (replyed *Gonſalvo*) that if I ſhould judge of her thoughts by her looks, I might flatter my ſelf with ſome hope: But as I have told you, ſhe never looks upon me, but for that reſemblance, which creates me ſo much Jealouſie. I know not, Anſwered *Alphonſo*, whether all that you think, be true or no; but

if

if I were in the place of him, you think ſhe laments, I ſhould not be very well ſatisfied, that my reſemblance ſhould make her look ſo kindly upon any man elſe, and it is impoſſible, that the Idea of another man ſhould produce thoſe ſentiments which *Zayde* has for you: It is very natural for Lovers to hope, if any of *Zayde*'s actions did already make him conceive any, *Alphonſo*'s diſcourſe confirm'd him in it; he begun to think that *Zayde* did not hate him, for which, he was extream glad; but this gladneſs was of no long continuance, for he imagin'd, if ſhe were a little inclined towards him, he ow'd it all to his Rivals; he fancied, that having already loſt the Man ſhe Loved moſt, ſhe had a favourable diſpoſition towards another that might be like him: His Love, his Jealouſie, and his Glory, could not be ſatisfied with an Inclination which he did not firſt create, but it proceeded only from that ſhe formerly had for another: He believed, that although *Zayde* ſhould Love him, ſhe would only Love his Rival in him: In fine, he ſaw he ſhould be wretched, though he ſhould be ſure to be beloved: Notwithſtanding, he could not avoid being well pleaſed to ſee in this fair Strangers manner of proceedings, an ayre very different from that ſhe had at firſt; and his

Paſſion

Paſſion for her was ſo ſtrong, that let the marks of her Inclination proceed from what cauſes ſoever, he could not chuſe but receive them with great tranſports.

One day, it being very fair weather, ſeeing ſhe came not out of her Chamber, he went in to know if ſhe would walk: She was writing; and though he made a noiſe as he entred the Chamber, yet he came near her without being perceived by her, and ſtood looking upon her as ſhe writ; ſhe turned her head by chance, and ſeeing *Gonſalvo*, ſhe Bluſhed, and hid what ſhe had writ, with ſo much haſt, that it cauſed no ſmall trouble in *Gonſalvo*; for he believed ſhe could not have ſo much application, and be ſo much ſurpriſed for a Letter which had not ſomething of miſtery in it: This thought put him upon the wrack; he retires, and goes to find out *Alphonſo*, to reaſon with him an adventure which gave him imaginations very different from thoſe he hitherto had: Having ſought him a great while in vain, of a ſuddain, an impulſe of Jealouſie made him return to *Zayde*'s Chamber; he enters, but found her not there; ſhe was gone into a Cloſet where *Felim* uſed to ſit: *Gonſalvo* ſaw a piece of written paper half folded, upon the Table, he could not refrain taking it up; and opening it,

it, he made no queſtion, but that it was the ſame paper he had ſeen *Zayde* write a little before; he found in it the Bracelet of hair which ſhe had formerly taken from him; ſhe enters as he held the Paper and Bracelet; ſhe advances towards him, as if ſhe meant to take them from him: *Gonſalvo* retires a ſtep or two back, as it were, to view them; but with a ſubmiſſive action, that ſeemed to beg her permiſſion: *Zayde* made ſignes that ſhe would have them, but with an ayre ſo full of authority, that it was impoſſible for a Man (as much in Love as he) not to obey; he returned them into the hands of *Zayde*, but with the greateſt regret imaginable, becauſe he believed them deſigned for another: He was not able to command his Paſſion, he goes abruptly out of her Room to his own, where he found *Alphonſo*, who came to him, having been told that he had been looking for him. So ſoon as they were ſeated; I am far more unhappy my dear *Alphonſo* (ſayes he) than I thought; that Rival, of whom I was ſo Jealous, was dead as I believed him, certainly is not dead; juſt now I found *Zayde* writing to him, and ſending him that Bracelet which ſhe took from me; ſhe muſt needs have heard from him. There is certainly ſomebody hid here, that muſt carry her Letters

to

to him. In fine, all thoſe hopes of felicity, which I had, are but imaginary, and proceeded only from explicating *Zayde*'s actions wrong. She had reaſon to blot out that dead Man, for whom I made her conceive that ſhe grieved: She knew too well, that he (for whom ſhe wept) was not dead; ſhe was in the right, to be angry to ſee that Bracelet in my hands, and to be over-joy'd when ſhe got it again, ſince ſhe had made it for another. Ah *Zayde*! it is cruelty to let me conceive any hope; for you have given me leave to hope, and your fair eyes did no way forbid it me. *Gonſalvo*'s grief was ſo great, that he could hardly end theſe words. When *Alphonſo* had given him time to recollect himſelf, he pray'd him to tell him how he came to know all this; and whether *Zayde* had in a moment found out ways to make her ſelf to be underſtood. *Gonſalvo* told him what he had ſeen, how *Zayde* was diſcompoſed when he had catched her Writing; how he found the Bracelet in the ſame Letter ſhe had been writing, and how ſhe took it from him; In fine, *Alphonſo*, added he, none can be ſo concerned for an indifferent Letter: *Zayde* has no Commerce nor affair here, ſhe can write of nothing with ſo much attention, but what paſſes in her own heart, nor was it

to

to me that she was writing; and now what would you have me think of what I saw? I would not (said *Alphonso*) have you think things so unlikely, which causes your so much disquiet: Because *Zayde* blushed when you surprised her a writing, you believe she writ to your Rival: For my part I believe she Loves you well enough, to blush every time she is surprised with seeing you near her; perhaps she writ what you saw, only to divert her self; she would not let you have it, because it would availe you nothing, since you cannot understand it; and I declare, I am not at all surprised that she took her Bracelet from you; for though I am perswaded she Loves you, I do believe her too discreet to give a Bracelet of her hair to a man that is a mere Stranger to her.

Nor can I comprehend what grounds you can have to believe that she intends to send them to another; we have scarce been from her since her coming hither, no body has spoke to her, and even those that might speak to her, understand her not; how then would you have it, that she has heard from that Lover which creates you so much Jealousie, or send to him? I confess to you, said *Consalvo*, that I do torment my self more than I need, but the incertainty where-

in I am is insupportable to me; the incer-
tainties of others are but small, they believe
themselves more or less beloved, and I
pass from the hope of being beloved of
Zayde, to the belief that she loves another;
nor am I sure one moment, whether what
I perceive by her, ought to make me hap-
py or wretched: *Alphonso* (said he) you
take a pleasure in deceiving me; say what
you will, she could write to no body but a
Lover, and I should think my self happy,
if (after what I have seen) I had that un-
certainty, of which I complain, as of the
greatest of all evils. *Alphonso* gave him
so many reasons that his disquiet was ill
grounded, that at last he brought him in
some measure to himself, and *Zayde*, whom
they found walking, fully confirmed him.
She saw him at a distance, and came to-
wards them with so much sweetness, and
with such obliging looks for *Gonsalvo*, that
she dissipated a part of those troubles which
she a little before gave him. The time
which he set to this fair Stranger for her
departure, which was the same that the
great Vessels used to part from *Tarragon*
for *Africk*, began to approach, which gave
him mortal afflictions; he could not resolve
to be instrumental in depriving himself of
Zayde; and though he saw it a great
just

juſtice to detain her, he had need of all his reaſon & his vertue to keep him from it: How (ſaid he) to *Alphonſo*, ſhall I for ever deprive my ſelf of *Zayde*? this will be a farewell without hopes of returning: I ſhall never know in what part of the Earth to find her; ſhe is reſolved to go into *Africk*, but ſhe is no *African*, and I know not in what part of the world ſhe was Born.

I will follow her *Alphonſo* (continued he); though in following her, I do not hope for the happineſs of ſeeing her any more. Though I know that neither her Vertue nor the Laws of *Africa* will permit me to live with her, yet I am reſolved to go to end my ſad dayes in the places of her abode; it will be at leaſt ſome comfort to me to breath the ſame ayre ſhe does; happen what will, I am wretched, I have no certain Country, Chance ſtaid me in his place, and Love will oblige me to leave it. *Gonſalvo* ſtill confirmed himſelf in this reſolution, notwithſtanding all the pains *Alphonſo* took to diſſwade him from it; he was more perplexed than ever, for not being able to underſtand *Zayde*, nor be underſtood by her: He reflected upon the letter he ſaw her writing, and he fancied it was written in Greek Characters, though he was not very certain of it: The deſire

he had to be ſatisfied, made him think of going to *Tarragon* to find out ſomebody that might underſtand the Greek tongue; he had already ſent ſeveral times to find Strangers that might be his Interpreters, but as he was ignorant what Language *Zayde* ſpoke, it was not eaſie to know of what Nation he deſired to have; therefore the Journeys of all thoſe he had ſent, proving ineffectual, he reſolves to go himſelf; and yet it was not eaſie for him to take this reſolution, for he muſt have expoſed himſelf in a great Town, to the hazard of being knovvn; and vvhat vvas more irkſome, he muſt leave *Zayde*; but the deſire he had to be able to explain himſelf to her, made him paſs over all difficulties; He indeavoured to make her underſtand that he was going to fetch an Interpreter, and ſo parted for *Tarragon*. He diſguiſed himſelf as well as he could, he went into thoſe places which Strangers frequented; he found a great many, but their Language was different from that which *Zayde* ſpoke: At laſt he inquired if there were none that underſtood the Greek tongue; he that he ſpoke to, anſwered him in *Spaniſh*, that he was of one of the Iſles of *Greece*. *Gonſalvo* pray'd him to ſpeak his Language, he did, and *Gonſalvo* knew that was *Zayde*'s Language: *By* good

fortune this Stranger had no great buſineſs to ſtay him at *Tarragon*, he very willingly followed *Gonſalvo*, who gave him a greater reward than he durſt ask or hope for. They began their Journey the next day very early, and *Gonſalvo* thought himſelf more happy in his Interpreter, than if he had the Crown of *Leon* upon his head.

As they went along, he begun to learn the Greek; the firſt thing he learnt, was, *I love you*: When he thought that he could ſay it to *Zayde*, and that ſhe ſhould underſtand him, he believed he could be no longer unhappy; he arrived betimes at *Alphonſo*'s Houſe, he found him walking, he made him partaker of his joy, and asked him where *Zayde* was; *Alphonſo* told him that ſhe had been gone out a good while to walk towards the Sea ſide: He haſtens thither with his Interpreter, he went ſtraight to the Beach where ſhe uſed to be; he was ſurpriſed not to find her there, but he ſuſpected nothing; he walked after her as far as the Port, whither ſhe was ſometimes uſed to go; he came back to the Houſe; he went into the Wood, but all in vain; he ſent to all the places where he thought ſhe might be; but when ſhe could not be found, he began to have ſome fore-thoughts of his Misfortune: Night came on without

any tidings of her, he was in diſpair to have loſt her, he was afraid ſome ill accident had befallen her, he blamed himſelf to have left her; in a word, there was no grief comparable to his, he was all the Night with Flambeaus up and down the Fields, and even when he was out of hopes to find her, he would not give over looking for her; he had been already ſeveral times at the Fiſher-mens Hutts to know if none of them had ſeen her, but could learn no news of her. About break of day, two Women that were coming from a place where they lay all Night, told him, that as they came out of their Cabbins, they ſaw *Zayde* and *Felime* walking by the Sea-ſide, that the mean while a Shallop had put into the Shore, that ſome Men Landed out of the Shallop; that *Zayde* and *Felime* went back at the ſight of theſe Men; but being called by theſe men, they came back to them, and that after having talked together a great while, and ſhewed by their geſtures that they were glad to ſee them, they went all into the Shallop together and put to Sea.

At this relation, *Gonſalvo* looked upon *Alphonſo* with an ayre that expreſſed his grief far better than he could do with all his Eloquence. *Alphonſo* knew not what

ſay to him that might moderate his ſorrow; when all thoſe that attended upon them were withdrawn, *Gonſalvo* broke ſilence, I loſe *Zayde*, ſaid he, and I loſt her in the very inſtant that I was able to make my ſelf to be underſtood by her! I loſe her *Alphonſo*, and it is her Lover that takes her from me, as may eaſily be conjectured by what theſe Women ſay; cruel Fortune, thou would'ſt not let me be ignorant of the only thing that could increaſe my ſorrow for loſing *Zayde*! I have loſt her then for ever, ſhe is now in the Armes of a Rival ſhe loves: It was to him, without queſtion, ſhe was writing that Letter which I ſurpriſed; and it was to inform him of the place where he ſhould find her. It is too much, cryed he of a ſuddain, it is too much, my Afflictions are great enough to make thouſands wretched at once; I confeſs I am too weak to bear them all; and after having forſaken all things, I cannot endure to be more tormented in the mid'ſt of a Deſart, than I have been in the mid'ſt of a flouriſhing Court: It is ſo *Alphonſo*, added he, the only loſs of *Zayde* has poured down a thouſand Misfortunes upon me, far greater than any I have ever yet felt; is it poſſible that I muſt never more hope to ſee *Zayde*? If I knew, at leaſt, whether I

was acceptable, or whether I was indifferent to her, my misery would not be so insupportable to me, and I should know to what kind of Melancholly I should abandon my self. If I was pleasing to *Zayde*, how can I think of forgetting her? ought not I to spend my dayes in running over all the parts of the Earth until I find her; but if she loves another, ought not I to use all my endeavours to forget her for ever? *Alphonso*, take pitty of me, endeavour to make me believe that *Zayde* loved me, or perswade me that I am indifferent to her: How, said he, should I be beloved of *Zayde* and not endeavour to see her for evermore, that Misfortune would be greater than being hated by her: But, no, I cannot be unhappy if *Zayde* loved me, Alas! I should have found that out in that very moment in which I lost her; what-ever precaution she had taken, I should have dived into her thoughts, I should have known the cause of her Tears, her Country, her Fortune, her Adventures, and I should know now whether I ought to follow her or not and where to find her.

Alphonso knew not what to answer to *Gonsalvo*, so hard it was to resolve what to say that might calme the violence of his sorrow: At last, having represented to him that

that he was not in a condition to determine any thing at that inſtant, and that he muſt make uſe of his reaſon to ſupport his Misfortunes, he obliged him to go along with him home. So ſoon as *Gonſalvo* was in his Chamber, he cauſed his Interpreter to be called to expound ſome words that he remembred to have heard *Zayde* ſpeak; the Interpreter told him the meaning of many words, and among others, thoſe which *Zayde* uſed to ſpeak to *Felime* when ſhe looked upon him; he interpreted them ſo, as *Gonſalvo* was ſure that he was not miſtaken; when he believed ſhe ſpoke of a reſemblance, and he no longer doubted but that it was the Lover of *Zayde* whom he reſembled. Upon this he ſends for thoſe Women that had ſeen *Zayde* go away, to know of them, if among thoſe Men that carryed her away, they had not obſerved any that was like him; there was no ſatisfying his Curioſity, for theſe Women were at too great a diſtance from them to mark any ſuch reſemblance; they told him only there was one whom *Zayde* embraced. *Gonſalvo* was ſtruck to the heart at theſe words, in ſo much, that he was upon the point of precipitating himſelf into the deſign of following *Zayde* to kill her Lover before her face. *Alphonſo* told him, that his deſign

was

was as unjuſt, and it was impoſſible, that he had no juriſdiction over *Zayde*, that ſhe was engaged to this Lover before ſhe had ſeen him; that he might be perhaps her Husband; that he knew not in what part of the world to look for her; that if by chance he ſhould find her, it was likely it muſt be in ſome Country where this Lover would have power enough to hinder him from executing the enterpriſe which his rage prompted him to. What would you have me do then, replyed *Gonſalvo*? can you imagine it is poſſible for me to continue in the ſtate I am in? I could wiſh you would bear this Misfortune which regards only your paſſion, as you have already ſupported that which concerned your Love and your Fortune: I have ſuffered too much already, Anſwer'd *Gonſalvo*, to be able to ſuffer any more; I will go in queſt of *Zayde*, to ſee her, to know from her own mouth that ſhe is in Love with another, and to dye at her feet; and yet I will not, for I ſhould deſerve all my Misfortunes, if I went to look after *Zayde*, after having left me as ſhe did; the reſpects and ſubmiſſions I had for her, might have ingaged her at leaſt to ſend me word ſhe was going to leave me, ſhe was bound in gratitude to have done it; and ſince ſhe did not do it, I muſt conclude

clude that she adds contempt to her indifference for me; I have flatter'd my self too much, when I fancied that she did not hate me; I must never think of following or looking after her; no *Zayde*, I will not follow you. *Alphonso*, I submit to your reasons; I see I must pretend to nothing else, but to end as soon as I can the remainder of a wretched life.

Gonsalvo seemed fixed in this resolution, and his mind was more calme; he was nevertheless in such a deep Melancholly as would draw pitty from all that saw him; he would spend whole dayes in the places where *Zayde* used to be, and seemed to look for her there still: He kept his Interpreter with him to learn the Greek Tongue; and though he was perswaded he should never more see *Zayde*, yet he took delight in assuring himself, that if ever it should be his fortune to see her, he should be able to understand her; he learnt in few days what others are many years a learning; but when he had no longer this occupation, which seemed to have some relation to *Zayde*, he fell into a deeper Melancholly than ever.

He made frequent reflexions upon the severity of his destiny, which after having over-whelmed him at *Leon* with so many Misfortunes, made him now sensible of one far

far greater than all the reſt, in depriving him of the only perſon of the World, which alone was dearer to him than the Fortune, the Friend, and the Miſtreſs which he had loſt. In making this ſad difference betwixt his preſent and his paſt unhappineſſes, he remembred him of a promiſe he made to Don *Olmond* to write to him, and whatever difficulty he found to think of any thing but *Zayde*, he judged he owed this mark of acknowledgement to a man that had ſhewed him ſo much Friendſhip; he would not let him know preſently the place where he was, he only deſired him to write to him to *Tarragon*, that his abode was not far from thence, that he found himſelf void of all Ambition, that he bore no Anger againſt Don *Garcias*, nor hatred for Don *Ramires*, nor love for *Nugna Bella*, and yet he was more unfortunate than when he parted from *Leon*.

Alphonſo was very ſenſible of *Gonſalvo*'s condition, he ſeldom parted from him, and endeavor'd all that he could to allienate his Affliction. You have loſt *Zayde*, ſaid he to him one day, but you were no way acceſſary to her loſs; and as unhappy as you are, there is one kind of unhappineſs which your Deſtiny has kept you a Stranger to, to be the occaſion of your own wretched-

wretchedneſs, is that evil which is yet unknown to you, and which for ever ſhall be my punishment. If you can find any Conſolation (continued he) to learn by my example, that you might be more unhappy than you are, I am willing to inform you of the accidents of my life, whatever grief ſo ſad a Narrative may cauſe me. *Gonſalvo* could not chuſe but ſhew a great earneſtneſs to know the reaſons that had obliged him to confine himſelf to a Deſert: Thereupon *Alphonſo*, to ſatisfie his Curioſity, and to let him underſtand that he was leſs wretched than himſelf, thus began the Hiſtory of his diſpleaſures.

The History of Alphonso *and* Bellasire.

MY Lord, you know my name is *Alphonso Xymenes*, and that my Family is of some esteem in *Spain*, being descended of the first Kings of *Navarre*; my design being only to acquaint you with the History of my last Misfortunes, I will not trouble you with that of my whole life, although there be many remarkable passages in it; but since, from that time I intend to speak of, I have been unfortunate only by the fault of other people, and not by my own, I will pass it over in silence; you shall only know that I have experimented all that the Infidelity, and the Unconstancy of Women can inflict of vexatious and troublesome, in so much, that I had no stomack to be in Love with any of the Sex; the commerce of Love seemed to me the greatest punishment, and though there were many handsome Women in the Court, who might have a kindness for me, I had none for them, but only those sentiments of respect which are due to their Sex. My Father, who was yet alive, and had a great desire to see me Marryed out of that

Chimera

Chimera, ſo ordinary to all man-kind to propagate their name. I was not utterly averſe to Marriage, but the knowledge I had of Women, made me reſolve never to Marry a handſome one; and having been ſo much perplexed by Jealouſie, I was not willing to expoſe my ſelf to the hazard of being plagued with that of a Lover and a Husband together. I was in this diſpoſition, when one day my Father told me that *Belaſire*, the Daughter of the Count of *Gueuarre* was come to Court, that ſhe was a conſiderable Match both by Birth and Fortune, and he did heartily wiſh to have her for his Daughter-in-Law: I told him, his wiſh was vain; that I had already heard ſpeak of *Belaſire*, and that I knew none could ever pleaſe her yet; that I knew likewiſe that ſhe was very handſome, and that was enough to take from me all inclination to Marry her. He asked me if I had ſeen her: I anſwered him, that every time ſhe had been at Court, it was my Fortune to be in the Army, that I knew her only by hear-ſay. Very well (replyed my Father) if I were as ſure that you would be acceptable to her, as I am perſwaded that ſhe will make you change your reſolution of never Marrying a handſome Woman, I ſhould not doubt of your Marriage. Some

few

few dayes after, I found *Bellaſire* with the Queen; *I* asked her name, ſuſpecting it might be ſhe; and ſhe asked my name, believing alſo me to be *Alphonſo*. We both gueſſed what we inquired after, and we told one another ſo; we ſpoke to one another with more freedom than we ſhould have done, or then is uſual in the firſt Converſation: I found the perſon of *Bellaſire* very charming, and her Witt far beyond what I thought it. I told her I was out of Countenance not to be better acquainted with her, and for all that, that I ſhould be glad to know her no more than I did; that I was not ignorant how vain it was to endeavour to pleaſe her, and how hard a matter it was not to deſire it. I added, that as difficult a thing as it was to make her ſenſible, I could not refrain from forming the deſign; if ſhe ceaſed to be leſs handſome, but that while ſhe was as I then ſaw her, I would never think more of her; nay more, I prayed her to aſſure me that it was impoſſible to pleaſe her, fearing leaſt a vain expectation ſhould make me change the reſolution I had taken, never to ingage myſelf in affection to any handſome Woman. This Converſation that was ſomething extraordinary, pleaſed *Bellaſire*; ſhe ſpoke favourably enough of me, and I ſpoke of her

as

s of a perſon in whom I found ſo much me-
it, and ſo much agreeableneſs above all o-
her Women: I made ſtricter inquiry after all
hoſe that had made their addreſſes to her, with
nore application than ordinary: I learnt that
he Count of *Lare* was deſperatly in Love with
er, and that his paſſion to her laſted a long
ime; that he was kill'd in the Army; that
e run headlong into dangers when he had
ſt all hope of Marrying her: I was told
oreover, that many other perſons had en-
avoured to win her favour, but to no pur-
oſe; and that all people had given her o-
r, becauſe they thought it an impoſſible
ing to thrive in their purſuit. I took no
all delight in thinking of overcoming
s impoſſibility; and for all that I had no
ſign to endeavour it. But I ſaw *Bella-*
as often as I could poſſible; and as the
ourt of *Navar* is not ſo ſtrict as that of
on, it was not hard for me to find occa-
ns of ſeeing her, and yet there was no-
ng of ſerioufneſs betwixt her and me: I
ke to her, laughing at the diſtance that
were at, and of the joy I ſhould have,
ſhe would change her face and her opini-
: I imagined that my Converſation was
unpleaſant to her, and that ſhe was ſa-
ied with my Wit, becauſe ſhe found I
w the depth of hers: Finding ſhe had a

Confidence in me, that gave me full liber-
ty to ſpeak to her; I prayed her to tell m
the reaſons why ſhe did ſo obſtinately re-
ject all thoſe that made their addreſſes
her. I will tell you ſincerely (ſaid ſhe)
I was born with a natural averſion againſt Ma
riage, the tyes whereof have alwayes ſeem
ed to me very harſh, and I believed th
nothing but a paſſion ſtrong enough
blind me, could make me tread under
all thoſe reaſons that ſeem to oppoſe
engagement. You will not Marry for L
(ſaid ſhe) and for my part, I cannot co
prehend how any can reſolve to Marry wi
out Love, and that a very violent one;
from having a paſſion, I never had
leaſt inclination for any Man. So that,
phonſo, if I am not Marryed, it is becau
never Loved any Man well enough to
gage me to it. How Madam (Anſwe
I) no man ever pleaſed you? Your h
has never received any impreſſion, it
never been diſcompoſed at the ſight
mention of thoſe that adored you?
(ſaid ſhe) I am utterly a Stranger to all
impulſes of Love: How! And of Jeal
too, ſaid I? I, and of Jealouſie too, rep
ſhe. Ah Madam (ſaid I) if that be,
perſwaded that you never had any inc
tion for any Man. It is true (ſaid ſhe)

no man ever pleased me; no, I never found any bodyes humour agreeable, or any way like my own: I know not what effects the words of *Bellasire* wrought upon me; I know not whether *I* was already in Love without knowing it: But the Idea of a heart like hers, that never received any impression, seemed so wonderful, and so new to me, that *I* was in that very instant struck with a desire to please her, to gain the glory of touching a heart that all the world believed insensible. *I* was no longer that Man that begun to speak without design: I ruminated upon all that she had said, and believed that at the same time she told me she never found Man that could please her; she excepted me. In fine, *I* had hope enough to compleat my intanglement, and from that moment *I* became more in Love with *Bellasire* than ever *I* had been with any before: *I* will not repeat to you how *I* took the freedom to declare my passion to her; *I* began to speak to her by a kind of Rallery, for it was hard to talk seriously to her; and this Rallery gave me occasion to tell her things that *I* should not have durst tell of a long time, so that *I* was in Love with *Bellasire*, and was happy enough to touch her heart, though not so happy as to be able to perswade her that *I* Lov'd

her: She was naturally diffident of all Mankind, though she considered me far above all those that she had ever seen, and by consequence, more than I deserved, yet she would not give credit to my words; but her manner of proceeding with me, was different from that of all other Women, and I found something so noble and so sincere in her ways, that I was altogether surprised at it: It was not long e're she confessed to me the inclination she had for me; she would tell me from time to time what progress I made in her heart; and she concealed nothing from me that was for my advange, so likewise she told me what was against me; she would say, that she could not believe that I Loved Cordially, and that she would never consent to Marry me untill she was better satisfied of my Love: I cannot express the pleasure I took in finding that I had made an impression upon a heart that never was sensible of any before; and to see the confusion she was in, to find her self ingaged in a passion, which till then, was altogether unknown to her: how charming it was to me to know the astonishment *Bellasire* was in being no longer Mistress of her self, and having any more power over her own thoughts. I tasted in these beginnings

delights beyond my hope or imagination; and he that has not known the delight of making a perſon violently in Love with him, that has never been ſenſible of Love, may ſay he never knew the true pleaſures of Love. If I had great tranſports of pleaſure to find out the inclination *Bellaſire* had for me, I was alſo in terrible anxieties for the doubt ſhe was in of my paſſion for her, and the impoſſibility I ſaw of perſwading her to believe it.

When theſe thoughts diſturbed me, I recall'd to mind the opinion I had of Wedlock, I found I was going to precipitate my ſelf into the misfortunes which I ſo much apprehended: I thought I ſhould have the affliction of not being capable of aſſuring *Bellaſire* of the paſſion I had for her, or that if I did convince her, and that ſhe would be truly in Love with me, I ſhould be expoſed to the Misfortune of being no more beloved paſſionately. I ſaid to my ſelf, that Wedlock would diminiſh the paſſion ſhe had for me, and that ſhe would give me no more than as far as duty required, and that perhaps ſhe would Love ſome body elſe: The horror of being Jealous was ſo impetuous upon me, that notwithſtanding the eſteem and paſſion I had for her, I had almoſt reſolved to quit the

reſolution I had taken; and I preferr'd the Misfortune of living without *Bellaſire* before that of enjoying her without being beloved of her. *Bellaſire's* thoughts were almoſt as diſtracted as mine, ſhe concealed nothing from me, no more than I did from her; we debated the reaſons we had, not to engage one anothers Affections; we ſeveral times reſolved to break off, and we took leave of one another, with intention to execute our reſolutions, but our *Adieus* were ſo tender, and our inclinations ſo ſtrong, that we were no ſooner out of one anothers ſight, but we were contriving how to ſee one another again. In fine, after many irreſolutions on both ſides, I at laſt overcome all *Bellaſires* doubts, and ſhe clear'd all mine; ſhe promis'd to conſent to our Marriage as ſoon as our Friends had agreed upon all things that was requiſite for the conſummating thereof: Her Father was forc'd to leave the Court before all things were concluded, for the King commanded him his way to the Frontires to ſign a Treaty with the *Mores*, and we were forc'd to wait his coming back: I was in the mean time the happieſt Man in the World; the Love I bore *Bellaſire*, took up all my thoughts, and ſhe loved me as paſſionately: I eſteemed her beyond all the Women in the world

and believed my ſelf upon the point of poſſeſſing her.

I enjoyed all the freedom that a Man that was ſoon to Marry her could take. One day it was my Misfortune to pray her to tell me all that her Lovers had done for her: I took delight to obſerve the difference betwixt her manner of proceeding with them, and that ſhe uſed with me. She named me all thoſe that Loved her, ſhe told me what they had done to pleaſe her; ſhe ſaid that thoſe that were moſt conſtant in their purſuit, were thoſe ſhe leaſt cared for; and that the Count of *Lare*, who Loved her to his death, was never acceptable to her. After what ſhe had told me, (I know not for what reaſon) but I had a greater curioſity to know what concern'd the Count *de Lare* than all the reſt; his long perſeverance touch'd my imagination: I pray'd her once more to repeat what paſſed betwixt them; ſhe did ſo, and though ſhe ſaid nothing that could diſpleaſe me, I was ſeized with a Jealouſie; I found, that although ſhe had ſhewed no inclination, ſhe had ſhewed a great deal of eſteem for him; a ſuſpicion took me in the head, that ſhe did not tell me all the ſentiments ſhe had for him; I would not let her know what I thought, but retired home in a worſe hu-

mour than I uſed to be; I ſlept little, I could not reſt untill I ſaw her again the next day, and made her tell over again all ſhe had told me the day before, it was not poſſible for her to tell me in an inſtant all the circumſtances of a Paſſion that had laſted many years; ſhe told me ſome things that ſhe had not thought on before, and I believed ſhe did it out of deſign of concealing them from me: I asked her a thouſand queſtions, and I beg'd of her upon my knees to anſwer me with ſincerity; but when what ſhe anſwered was as I would have it I thought ſhe ſaid it only to pleaſe me; if ſhe ſaid any thing that was advantagious for the Count of *Lare*, I thought ſhe concealed more than ſhe would tell of him: In fine, Jealouſie, with all the horrors that accompany it, ſeized upon my underſtanding; I afforded her no reſt, I could no longer ſhew her either love or kindneſs; I could ſpeak of nothing to her, but of the Count of *Lare*, and yet *I* was out of my Wits for making her remember him, and recall to mind what he had done for her ſake; I reſolved never more to ſpeak to her of him, but I alwayes found that I had forgotten to make her explain her ſelf upon ſome circumſtance or other. As ſoon as I had begun this diſcourſe, I was as it were

in a maze, I could never get out of it, and my affliction was equally great in ſpeaking of the Count *de Lare*, or not ſpeaking of him.

I paſſed whole Nights without ſleep, *Bellaſire* was no more to me the ſame perſon: How, ſaid *I*, what was the charm of my paſſion? Was it not the belief I had that *Bellaſire* never lov'd any thing, nor never had Inclination for any body? And yet by what ſhe tells me her ſelf, ſhe had no averſion for the Count *de Lare*, ſhe had too much eſteem for him, and ſhe uſed him with too much reſpect: If ſhe had not been in Love with him, ſhe would have hated him for the long Perſecutions that he and his Friends raiſed againſt her. No *Bellaſire*, you have deceived me, you were not ſuch as I believed you; *I* adored you as one that had never loved any thing, that was the foundation of my Love. *I* find no ſuch thing, it is juſt therefore *I* recall all the Love *I* had for you: But, ſaid *I* to my ſelf again, If ſhe had told me truth, what a notorious injuſtice do *I* do her? And how much *I* plague my ſelf in robbing my ſelf of all the happineſs *I* enjoyed in her Love.

While *I* was in theſe thoughts, *I* reſolved to ſpeak once more to *Bellaſire*; *I* believed *I* ſhould tell her better what grieved me, and

ſhould

ſhould ſatisfie my ſelf in all doubts more clearly than ever: I did what I reſolv'd; I ſpoke to her, but it was not for the laſt time, and the next day I took up the ſame diſcourſe with more heat than I had done the day before: But *Bellaſire*, who thitherto, with a moſt unwearied patience, and wonderful ſweetneſs, had endured all my ſuſpicions, and had endeavoured to clear them, begun to be tired with the continuance of a Jealouſie ſo violent and ſo ill-grounded.

Alphonſo (ſaid ſhe, one day to me) I perceive you have got a Capricio in your head that will deſtroy the paſſion you had for me; but know, at the ſame time that it will inevitably ruine the Love I had for you. Conſider, I beſeech you, about what it is that you torment me and your ſelf too about a dead Man whom you cannot fancy that I Lov'd ſince I did not Marry him; for if I had had but the leaſt inclination for him, my Parents would have Marryed me to him, for there was nothing elſe that could hinder it. It is true Madam, that I am Jealous of a dead Man, and that is it that breaks my heart: If the Count of *Lare* were yet living, I ſhould judge by your manner of uſage to him, how you did uſe him formerly; and what you do for me would

would convince me that you did not Love him; I ſhould have the pleaſure in Marrying you, to deprive him of the hopes you have given him, notwithſtanding all you can tell me; but he is dead, and dyed perhaps in an opinion, that if he had lived, you might have loved him. Ah Madam, I cannot but be unhappy every time I ſhall think that any other but my ſelf could fancy that you could Love him. But *Alphonſo* (ſaid ſhe) if I had Lov'd, why did not I Marry then? Becauſe (anſwered I) you did not love him enough, and that the averſion you had for Marriage, could not be overcome by a weak Inclination. I know you love me much better than ever you loved the Count of *Lare*; but let your love for him have been never ſo little, it has deſtroyed all my happineſs, ſince I am no more the only Man that has pleaſed you, nor am not the firſt that has made you ſenſible of Love; your heart has been fill'd with other thoughts than thoſe I ſupplyed: In a word, Madam, it is no more what made me the happieſt Man in the World, neither are you to me of that value I firſt ſet upon you. Pray tell me, *Alphonſo*, how you could live at eaſe with thoſe you formerly were in Love with all? I would fain know whether you found in them a heart that never be-

fore

fore had felt any paſſion: I never ſought for any ſuch, Madam, ſaid I, nor did I ever hope to find any; I never looked upon them as Women that could love nothing elſe but me; I was ſatisfied to believe that they loved me far beyond all others that they had had any Inclination for: But for you, Madam, it is not the ſame, I always looked upon you as one that was above the reach of Love, and who would never have known what it was, had it not been for me. I thought my ſelf not only happy, but proud to have been able to make ſo extraordinary a Conqueſt: For pitty ſake leave me not in the uncertainty in which I am; if you have concealed any thing from me concerning the Count *de Lare*, confeſs it; the owning it, and your ſincerity will perhaps, leſſen the trouble which I may conceive for it: Clear my ſuſpicions, and do not let me ſet a higher value upon you than I ought, or a leſs than you deſerve. *Bellaſire* made anſwer, If you had not loſt your ſenſes, you would eaſily judge that ſince I did not perſwade you, I would never go about it; but if I could add any thing to what I have already told you, it would be an infallible ſign that I never had any inclination for the Count of *Lare*, being I ſay I had not. If I had loved him,

nothing

nothing ſhould make me deny it; I ſhould believe my ſelf guilty of a hainous Crime if I ſhould renounce any kindneſs I might have for a dead man who had deſerved it; ſo that you may be aſſured, *Alphonſo*, that I never had any that may diſpleaſe. Convince me then of it, Madam, cryed I, tell it me a thouſand times over, write it to me; In fine, reſtore me again to the pleaſure of loving you as I did, and above all, pardon me the vexation I give you; *I* torment my ſelf more than *I* do you, and if *I* could redeem my ſelf out of the ſtate *I* am in, *I* would do it at the hazard of my life.

Theſe laſt words made an impreſſion upon *Bellaſire*, ſhe clearly ſaw *I* was not Maſter of my ſenſes; ſhe promiſed me to write down all that ever ſhe thought or did for the Count *de Lare*; and though they were things that ſhe had already told me a thouſand times, yet *I* felt a certain pleaſure to think that *I* ſhould ſee them written with her own hand. The next day ſhe ſent me what ſhe promis'd, *I* found an exact Narrative of all that the Count of *Lare* had done for her, and all ſhe did to cure him of his paſſion, with all the reaſons that might perſwade me to believe what ſhe alledged to be true. This Narrative was made after a manner that ought to have

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cur'd me of all my Caprichio's; but it wrought a contrary effect upon me: *I* begun with being angry with my ſelf, for having forced *Bellaſire* to ſpend ſo much time in thinking of the Count *de Lare*: Thoſe parts of her Narrative, where ſhe particulariſed his actions, were inſupportable to me; *I* thought ſhe had too good a memory for the actions of a man that was indifferent to her; thoſe which ſhe related curſorily, perſwaded me that there was ſomething more behind which ſhe durſt not own to me. In fine, *I* made a bad conſtruction of all, and came to ſee *Bellaſire* more enraged and more deſperate than ever: She, that well knew *I* ought to be very well ſatisfied, was much offended to ſee me ſo unjuſt, which ſhe made me underſtand with more force than ſhe uſed to do. *I*, on the other ſide (as angry as *I* was) began to excuſe my ſelf as well as *I* could; *I* ſaw *I* was in the wrong, but it was not in my power to be in a right ſenſe: *I* told her that my extream nicety in what ſhe might have thought of the Count *de Lare* was a true mark of the great paſſion and eſteem *I* had for her, and that the great value *I* ſet upon her heart, made me ſo apprehenſive of any body elſe having a ſhare in it; *I* ſaid all *I* could think of to make my Jealouſie

louſie more excuſable. *Bellaſire* would not admit of my reaſons; ſhe told me that ſlight doubts might ariſe from what *I* had told her, but ſuch a long and obſtinate Jealouſie could be produced from nothing elſe, but from an ill humour, inſomuch that ſhe began to be apprehenſive of living with me, and that if *I* continued in this manner, ſhe ſhould be forced to change her opinion. Theſe Words made me tremble, *I* threw my ſelf at her feet, *I* aſſured her *I* would never more ſpeak to her of my ſuſpicions; and *I* believed within my ſelf, that *I* ſhould be able to be as good as my promiſe; but it was for a few dayes only, *I* quickly begun again to vex her, *I* often ask'd her pardon, and as often made her think that I ſtill believed ſhe had loved the Count of *Lare*, and that this thought would render me eternally unhappy.

I had a long Friendſhip with a man of quality, called *Don Mauriques*, he was a Man of extraordinary merit; the tyes that were betwixt us, had created a great confidence betwixt *Bellaſire* and him, their amity was never diſpleaſing to me, nay, *I* took pleaſure in making it greater; he took notice ſeveral times of the ill humour *I* had been in of late. Though *I* concealed nothing from him, *I* was ſo much aſhamed of my Caprichio,

Caprichio, that *I* durſt not own it to him? He came one day to viſit *Bellaſire*, where *I* was more unreaſonable than ever, and ſhe more weary of my Jealouſie than ſhe uſed. *Don Mauriques* knew by the changing of our Countenances, that we had ſome little quarrel. *I* always begged of *Bellaſire* never to tell him of my weakneſs, and pray'd her again, as *I* ſaw him enter, to ſay nothing of it; but ſhe was reſolved to put me out of Countenance, and without giving me time to oppoſe her, ſhe told Don *Mauriques* all the cauſe of my diſquiet; he ſeemed to be ſo aſtoniſhed at it, he found it ſo ill grounded, and he handled me ſo ſeverely for it, that he put me quite beſides my ſelf: You ſhall be Judge Sir, whether *I* was not mad, and how prone *I* was to Jealouſie; for it ſeemed to me that Don *Mauriques*, after the manner he condemned me, was prepoſſeſs'd by *Bellaſire*: *I* perceived well enough, that *I* paſſed the limits of reaſon; but *I* could not believe that he would be ſo ſevere in his Condemnation, unleſs he were in Love with *Bellaſire*. *I* fancied then that Don *Mauriques* had been ſo a great while, and that *I* ſeemed too happy to him for being beloved by her, that he did not think *I* ought to complain, though ſhe had loved another. *I* believed likewiſe that

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Bellasire her self perceived that Don *Mauriques* had more than an ordinary Friendship for her. I fancied she was glad to be adored (as all Women for the most part are) and without suspecting her of Infidelity; I was Jealous of the Friendship which she had for a Man whom she believed her Lover. *Bellasire* and Don *Mauriques* seeing me thus distracted, were far from imagining what caused the disorder of my mind; they endeavoured with all the industry they could, to bring me to my self again, but their discourses rather aggravated my vexation. I left them, and when I was alone I represented to my self this new Misfortune, which I fancy'd far beyond the other; I found then my want of reason in apprehending danger from a Man that was no more in a condition to do me any harm. I found Don *Mauriques* every way a formidable Man, he was handsome; *Bellasire* had a great esteem and friendship for him, I used to see him often; she was weary of my ill humours and Caprichios, and me thought she was glad to make her self merry with him upon my score; that she would insibly give him the place which I held her Love; to say all, I was now more Jealous of Don *Mauriques* than I had been

before of the Count of *Lare.* I knew he had been in Love with another Lady a great while; but this Lady was in all things ſo far inferiour to *Bellaſire*, that his paſſion for her was no ſecurity to me. However as my genious would not utterly abandon me ſo to my Caprice, but that there re-mained to me ſtill, Witt enough to keep me in ſuſpence; I was not ſo unjuſt, as to be-lieve that Don *Mauriques* endeavoured in any wiſe to defeat me of *Bellaſire:* I fanci-ed he fell in Love with her unknown to himſelf, and without deſiring to be ſo, and that he ſtrove to reſiſt his paſſion, becauſe of the friendſhip that was betwixt us, and that although he ſaid nothing of it to *Bel-laſire*, yet he gave her to underſtand that he Loved her without hoping a return. I thought I had no reaſon to complain of Don *Mauriques*, ſince I believed it was for my ſake he forbore to declare his paſſion. In fine, as *I* was Jealous of a dead Man without knowing why, ſo likewiſe *I* was Jealous of my Friend, and believed him my Rival, without thinking that *I* had cauſe to be angry with him. It were in vain to tell you what *I* ſuffer'd by ſuch extravagant thoughts, being it is eaſie to imagine. When *I* met Don *Mauriques, I* excuſed

ſelf for concealing from him the diſquiet the buſineſs of the Count of *Lare* had created me, but told him nothing of my new Jealouſie; nor to *Bellaſire*, fearing leaſt, if ſhe knew it, ſhe ſhould utterly forſake me. Being alwayes perſwaded that ſhe ſtill Loved me very much, *I* believed if *I* could command my paſſion, and keep my ſelf within the bounds of Reaſon, ſhe would not leave me for Don *Ramires*, ſo that the intereſt of my Jealouſie oblig'd me to conceal it: *I* begged *Bellaſires* pardon, and aſſured her that I had perfectly recover'd my right ſenſes; ſhe was glad to ſee me in that opinion at leaſt, though the perfect knowledge ſhe had of my humour, made her eaſily perceive that I was not ſo calme within as *I* outwardly ſeemed to be.

Don *Mauriques* continued his viſits to her as he uſed to do, and ſomewhat more frequently, by reaſon of the freedom they uſed to one another in diſcourſing of my Jealouſie. *Bellaſire* having taken notice that I was offended at her for telling him of it, took care to ſpeak no more of it in my preſence; but if ſhe ſaw me in an ill humour, ſhe would complain to him, and pray him to help her to cure me. It was my ill Fate to take notice two or three times that ſhe broke off her diſcourſe with Don

Mauriques, at my coming into the Room; you may judge what such a thing would produce in a head as jealous as mine: For all this, I found *Bellasire* so kind to me, and seemed so glad as often as she saw me in a good humour, that *I* could not believe that she loved Don *Mauriques* so passionately as to hold a correspondence with him; neither could *I* fancy that Don *Mauriques* ever had a design to engage her to him, since *I* saw all his care was to hinder us from falling out; so that *I* could not well find out what their thoughts were for one another; many times *I* did not know my own; so in a word, *I* was the wretchedest of all Man-kind. Upon a time, as *I* came into the Room, she was whispering something to Don *Mauriques*, but so, as if she would not have me percieve that she spoke to him. *I* remembred then that she threatned me several times, when *I* persecuted her about the Count of *Lare*, to make me jealous of a living Man, to cure me of that *I* had of the dead; *I* belived it was to make good that promise, that she used Don *Mauriques* so kindly; and let me take notice, that there was a secret correspondence betwixt them. This opinion lessen'd my trouble, and made me forbear for some dayes to speak

ſpeak to her of it; but at laſt, *I* reſolv'd to declare my mind.

I went to ſee her with this reſolution, and caſting my ſelf down at her feet, I ſaid to her, *I* confeſs Madam that the deſign you had to afflict me, has had the ſucceſs you expected: you have given me all the diſquiet you can wiſh; you have made me feel, as you have promis'd, that the jealouſie which is conceived of the living, is much more cruel than any we can have of the dead. *I* deſerved to be puniſhed for my folly, and you have done it ſufficiently: If you did but know how *I* have been tormented for thoſe very things which *I* believed you did of purpoſe, you would quickly ſee that you may make me unhappy when you pleaſe to go about it: What would you ſay, *Alphonſo* ſaid ſhe? You fancy, *I* deſign'd to make you Jealous; do not you know that I have been too much afflicted for that you had againſt my will, to deſire you ſhould be any more ſo? Ah! Madam (ſaid *I*) leave tormenting me, once more *I* tell you, *I* have ſuffer'd enough; and though *I* ſaw that your manner of converſing with Don *Ramires*, was only to execute the promiſe you made me, for all that, it was to me a moſt ſenſible affliction:

Alphonſo, replyed *Bellaſire*, either you are out of your Wits, or elſe you have a deſign to torment me; you ſhall never perſwade me that *I* ever intended to create you the leaſt Jealouſie, nor ſhall you convince me that you could have any. *I* would have you, added ſhe, looking upon me, after having been Jealous of a dead Man whom *I* never loved, to be Jealous of a living Man that does not love me. How, Madam, ſaid *I*, you had no intention to make me Jealous of Don *Mauriques*; you only plainly follow your inclination in doing what you do; was it not to give me cauſe of ſuſpicion, your leaving of whiſpering to him, or changing your diſcourſe when *I* come into the Room? Ah Madam, if that be ſo, *I* am more unhappy than *I* thought my ſelf; nay, *I* am the moſt unfortunate of all Man-kind. You are not the moſt unhappy (replyed *Bellaſire*) but the moſt unreaſonable of all Man-kind; and if *I* ſhould follow the dictates of reaſon, *I* ſhould break off with you this very moment, and never ſee you more: But is it poſſible, *Alphonſo*, added ſhe, that you can be Jealous of Don *Mauriques*? How can I be otherwiſe, Madam, ſaid I, when you keep a correſpondence with him which I muſt not know. I conceal it from you,

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ſaid ſhe, becauſe you were angry when I ſpoke to him of your ſtrange imaginations; and that I had no mind you ſhould know that I ſpoke to him ſtill of your ill humours, and of the diſſatisfaction I receive from them. How Madam (ſaid I) you complain of my humours to my Rival, and you think ill of me for being troubled at it? I complain to your Friend (ſaid ſhe) and not to your Rival. Don *Mauriques* is my Rival (replyed I) and I cannot think that you can avoid acknowledging it; and I (ſaid ſhe) cannot believe you dare tell me he is ſo, knowing as you do, that he ſpends whole dayes in praiſing you to me. It is very true (ſaid I) that I do not ſuſpect that Don *Mauriques* does any way endeavour to undermine me; but that does not hinder but he may be in Love with you; nay more, I do believe he never yet ſpoke to you of his Love; but after the manner you uſe him, he will not be long before he ſpeaks to you of it, and the hopes that your proceedings give him, will make him without ſcruple of Conſcience paſs over all the tyes and obligations of the Friendſhip that was betwixt us. Can any Man be ſo void of reaſon as you are, anſwer'd *Bellaſire*? Mark well your own words, you tell me Don *Mauriques*

ſpeaks for you to me, that he is in Love with me, and that he does not ſpeak to me for himſelf; where will you find things ſo contradictory? Is it not true, that you believe I love you, and that you are convinced Don *Mauriques* does ſo too? It is very true, anſwered I, that I believe both the one and the other. If you believe it, cryed ſhe, how can you imagin that I can love you and love Don *Mauriques* too? Or that Don *Mauriques* can be in love with me, and love you ſtill? *Alphonſe*, I am infinitely troubled to find the diſorders of your mind to be ſo exorbitant; I now perceive your diſeaſe is incurable, and that in reſolving to Marry you, I muſt at the ſame time reſolve to be the moſt miſerable Woman of the world. Aſſuredly I love you very much, but not ſo much as to purchaſe you at ſo dear a rate; the Jealouſie of Lovers is troubleſome, but the Jealouſie of Husbands is inſupportable; you make me ſo plainly ſee what I am like to ſuffer, that I believe I ſhall never be Marryed to you: I love you too well not to be ſenſibly afflicted to ſee that I ſhall not (as I hoped) ſpend my dayes with you. Leave me alone I conjure you, your words and your ſight do but increaſe my ſorrow.

At theſe words ſhe roſe without giving me time to anſwer, and went to her Cloſet, and lockt the door, which ſhe would not open upon no intreaty. I was forced to go home ſo deſperate, and ſo irreſolved in my own thoughts, that I wonder I did not run out of the little wit I had left me: I came next day to ſee *Bellaſire*, whom I found ſad and afflicted; ſhe ſpoke to me without any manner of ſharpneſs, nay, with great ſweetneſs, but without ſaying any thing that might make me apprehend that ſhe would abandon me; I thought ſhe ſtudyed whether ſhe ſhould or no, as we eaſily flatter our ſelves, I believed ſhe would not remain long in the mind ſhe was in: I asked her pardon for my folly as I had done a hundred times before; I prayed her to ſay nothing to Don *Mauriques*; I Conjured her upon my knees to change her conduct with him, and not to treat him for the future ſo well as to give me diſquiet of mind. I will not tell Don *Mauriques* (ſaid ſhe) any thing of your folly, but I will alter nothing of my way of living with him; if I thought he Lov'd me, I would never ſee him more, though you had never been concerned at it, but he has only a Friendſhip for me; nay more, you know he loves elſe-where; I eſteem him, I love him, you have conſented

I ſhould; therefore the diſquiet you receive upon his ſcore, proceeds from your folly and diſorder of mind: If I ſhould ſatisfie you, you would quickly pick a quarrel with me upon ſome other Mans account, as you do upon his; therefore do not vex your ſelf about my conduct with him; for aſſuredly, I ſhall not change it. I am willing to believe (ſaid I) that all you ſay is true, and that you do not believe that Don *Mauriques* loves you; but I believe it Madam, and that's enough; I know you have only a Friendſhip for him, but it is a Friendſhip ſo tender, ſo full of confidence, eſteem and liking, that although it ſhould never riſe to the heighth of a paſſion, yet I have reaſon to be jealous of it, and to apprehend that it may too much affect your heart: The refuſal you make of altering your way of proceeding with him, gives me to underſtand that I do not fear him without cauſe. To ſhew you (ſaid ſhe) that the refuſal I make you, does not concern Don *Mauriques*, but your Caprice only; if you deſired me not to ſee the Man of the world which is moſt deſpicable to me, I would deny it you, as I do, to leave off having a Friendſhip for Don *Mauriques*. I believe you Madam (ſaid I) but I am not Jealous of the Man of the world you deſpiſe moſt; it is of a Man, whom

whom you love well enough to prefer him before my quiet; I neither ſuſpect you of weakneſs or change, but I muſt confeſs I cannot ſuffer that your heart ſhould entertain any kindneſs for any man but my ſelf; I am grieved alſo that you do not hate Don *Mauriques*, though you know he loves you, and I think it belongs to me alone to have the advantage over all others to love you without being hated, ſo that you muſt grant my requeſt without being offended at my Jealouſie. I ſaid all I could think of, to induce her to grant what I deſire, but all to no purpoſe.

Though I had been a long time Jealous of Don *Mauriques*, yet I had ſo much power over my paſſion, as to hide it from him; and *Bellaſire* was ſo diſcreet, as to ſay nothing to him of it; but made him believe that my Chagrin was ſtill cauſed by the Jealouſie I had of the Count of *Lare*; notwithſtanding, ſhe held on in her old way of entertaining Don *Mauriques*; and he being ignorant of my thoughts of him, converſed ſtill with her as he uſed to do, ſo that my Jealouſie increaſed daily, and was grown to that height, that I perſecuted *Bellaſire* without intermiſſion.

After I had thus perſecuted her a long time, and that this fair Creature had in vain

vain tryed all wayes to cure me of my Caprice: She fell ſick, and was ſo ill, that for two dayes I could not be admitted to ſee her; the third day ſhe ſent for me, I found her much alter'd, but I thought that was cauſed by her indiſpoſition: She made me ſit down near a pallet Bed on which ſhe lay; and having been ſilent for a good while, *Alponſo* (ſaid ſhe) I believe you have perceived eaſily this good while, that I have been endeavouring to reſolve abſolutely to break off with you; yet for all I had many convincing reaſons to induce me to it, I do not believe I ſhould be able ever to do it, if you had not given me ſtrength by the ſtrange extravagancies of your proceedings. If this extravagancy were not ſo great, and that I could believe it were poſſible to cure you of it by a diſcreet behaviour, or the auſtereſt way of living, my paſſion for you was ſtrong enough to make me embrace it with joy; but ſince I ſee that this diſorder of your underſtanding is incurable, and that although you have no cauſe of being troubled, you fancy things that never were, nor ever will be, I am forced for your peace and mine, to let you know that I abſolutely reſolved to break off with you, and never to Marry you. I do tell you moreover, this time, which ſhall be the

the last that we shall have any particular converse together, that I never had any inclination for any man but for your self, and you alone were capable of making me in Love. But since you have confirmed me in the opinion *I* have, that none can be happy that is in Love with any man: You, whom *I* thought the only man worthy of Love, may be assured, that *I* will never be in Love with any Man more; and that those impressions which you have made in my heart, have been, the only, and shall be the last it shall ever receive; nor would *I* have you believe that *I* have too much Friendship for Don *Mauriques*, *I* refused to change my conduct with him, to see if you would not recover your right senses again, and to give my self room to bestow my self upon you once more, being once assured that your distemper was capable of being cured; but *I* was not so happy, and this was the only reason that kept me from giving you that satisfaction: This reason being no more, *I* do sacrifice Don *Mauriques* to your desire, and therefore have prayed him never to see me more: *I* ask you pardon for telling him of your Jealousie, for *I* could not avoid it, and he would have found it out himself by the rupture betwixt us. My Father arrived last night, *I* acquainted him with my reso-

reſolution, he is gone at my requeſt to inform your Father of it; ſo that, *Alphonſe*, you muſt think no more of making me change this reſolve: *I* have told Don *Mauriques*, what was requiſite to ſtrengthen my reſolution before *I* told you of it; *I* have deferr'd it as much as *I* could, more perhaps for the love of my ſelf, than for the love of you; and believe it, none ſhall ever be ſo abſolutely, nor ſo faithfully beloved as you have been.

I know not whether *Bellaſire* continued her diſcourſe, but as my ſurpriſe was ſo great from the time ſhe begun, that *I* had not power to interrupt her; ſo all my ſtrength left me at thoſe laſt words which *I* told you, and ſwooned away: *I* know not what *Bellaſire* or her Servants did, but when *I* came to my ſelf, I found my ſelf in my Bed, and Don *Mauriques* by me, as much in deſpair as I was.

When all the Servants were with-drawn, he omitted nothing that might juſtifie him againſt all the ſuſpicions *I* had of him, and that might ſhow me how much he was afflicted for being the innocent cauſe of my Misfortune: As he had a great Love for me, ſo likewiſe he had a great feeling of my condition; *I* fell deſperately ill; *I* then, (but too late) found out the injuries *I* did my

my Friend; I conjured him to pardon me, and to visit *Bellasire* to beg for pardon for me, and to endeavour to pacifie her. Don *Mauriques* went to her House, but was told she was not to be seen; he went every day while my sickness lasted, but to no purpose; as soon as I was able, I went thither my self, but I had the same answer: The second time I came, one of her Women came and told me from her, that I should come no more thither, for she would not see me. I was in despair when I saw no more hopes of seeing *Bellasire*; yet I alwayes believed that the strong passion which she had for me, would make her return again if ever I had but the opportunity to speak to her once more: But seeing she would not consent to speak to me, I lost all hope; I must confess, that to hope no more to possess *Bellasire*, was a most cruel pain to one that was so near it, and lov'd her so passionately. I sought all wayes to see her, she avoided me as carefully, and lived so retired, that it was altogether impossible for me to see her.

All the content I had, was to go and pass whole Nights under her Window, but I could not obtain so much as the satisfaction of seeing them open. I believed one night, as I came there to hear them open, the next Night

I fancied the ſame thing. In fine, I flattered my ſelf with the thought that *Bellaſire* had a Curioſity to ſee me, without being ſeen; and that ſhe came to her Window when ſhe heard me going away. I reſolved to feign as if I were going away, and to return abruptly again, to ſee if ſhe would not appear; I did ſo: I went to the end of the Street, as if I were going away, and I heard the Window open diſtinctly: I came back again preſently; I thought I perceived *Bellaſire*: but in coming neater ſaw, a Man creeping cloſe to the Wall under her Window, as if he would hide himſelf: I thought, I knew not how, in ſpight of the Darkneſs, that it was Don *Mauriques*; this thought put me quite out of frame, I preſently Imagined that *Bellaſire* lov'd him; that he was there to ſpeak to her, that ſhe open'd her Windows for him; to be ſhort, I believed Don *Mauriques* had gained *Bellaſire* from me: In the fury I was in, I drew my Sword, and we began to fight with a great deal of heat. I found I had wounded him in two places, but he ſtill defended himſelf; at the Noiſe we made, or elſe by *Bellaſire* Order, people came out to ſeparate us. Don *Mauriques* knew me by the light of the flambeus, he went back two or three ſtepps, I ſteppt forward to take his Sword from him;

but

but he let fall the point, and told me with a feeble Voice, is it you *Alphonſo*? And is it poſſible that *I* have been ſo unfortunate as to fight againſt you? Yes Traytor, ſaid y, and it is *I* that will pluck out this Heart, for Robbing me of *Bellaſire*, you paſs the Nights at her Window, while they are kept ut for me. Don *Mauriquies*, who was leaning againſt the Wall (ſupported by ſome that ood about him) being he could not well and, looking upon me with Eyes full of ears, ſaid, *I* am unfortunate allways in Creaing your diſcontent, the cruelty of my Deſtiy is ſome conſolation to me for the Death ou give. I die ſaid he, and the condition am in, ought to perſwade the Truth of y laſt words; *I* ſwear unto you, that *I* ner had a thought for *Bellaſire* that could ſpleaſe you; the love *I* have for another, d which I have not concealed from you, rried me abroad this Night; I beeved I was watched and dog'd; I walkvery faſt, I run through ſeveral ſtreets, l at laſt I ſtopt in the place where you und me without knowing that it was *Belſire's* Houſe: This is the Truth, my dear *phonſo*, I conjure you not to be troubled my Death; I forgive you with all my rt, he continued ſtretching out his Arms embrace me: at this he loſt his Sence,

and fell dead upon thoſe that held him up.

I want words, my Lord, to expreſs the ſtate I was in, and the Rage I had againſt my ſelf; I was twenty times upon the point of running my ſelf through, then eſpecially when I ſaw Don *Maurques* expiring. They drew me away from him; the Count of *Guavarre* Father to *Bellaſire*; who came out, hearing Don *Mauriques*, and my Name carried me home and put me into my Fathers Hands. They would not leave me alone by reaſon of the Fury I was in, but their care had been fruitleſs, if my Religion had left me the liberty of killing my ſelf. The grief I knew *Bellaſire* was in for the accident that hapned upon her ſcore, and the noiſe it made in the Court, made me mad. When I conſider'd that all the afflictions ſhe had, and all the torments I indured, befell all through my fault, I was in a fury that cannot be expreſſed. The Count of *Guavarre* who had retained a great friendſhip for me, came very often to ſee me, and attributed the noiſe and buſtle I had made, to the extremity of my paſſion for his Daughter. I underſtood by him, that ſhe was not to be pacified, and that her grief exceeded the bounds of reaſon: I was too well acquainted with her humour, and her extream tenderneſs

her reputation, not to know without being told, all that ſhe could feel for ſo unhappy an accident. Some dayes after this miſadventure, they told me there was a Gentleman from *Bellaſire* that deſired to ſpeak to me from her: I was tranſported at the name of *Bellaſire*, who was ſo dear to me; I bid him be call'd in, he gave me a Letter, wherein I read theſe words.

A Letter from *Bellaſire* to *Alphonſo*.

OUr ſeparation has made the world ſo unſupportable to me, that I could no longer live in it with any content, and that late accident gave ſo deep a wound to my Reputation, that I cannot ſtay in it without diſhonour. I will withdraw my ſelf unto a retreat, where I ſhall not be forced to bear the blame of hearing the divers deſcants that ſhall be made upon me; thoſe which you made, have occaſioned all my misfortunes, and yet I would not reſolve to leave the world without taking my leave of you, and without acknowledging to you that I love you ſtill, as Brutal as you are; the inclination I had for you, and the remembrance of yours for me, will be the laſt Sacrifice I ſhall offer up to God when I

give my ſelf to him; the Auſterities of the life I am going to lead, will ſeem eaſie to me, for nothing can be tedious to one that has felt the ſmart of tearing her ſelf away from what paſſionately loved her, and ſhe loved above all things. I will own further, that no other way of living could ſecure me againſt the inclination which I have for you; and that ſince our ſeparation, you never came to that fatal place where you committed ſuch violence, but I was ready to ſpeak to you, and tell you that I could not live without you; I am not certain whether I *had not told it you that very Night that you aſſaulted* Don Mauriques, *and gaveſt me new Teſtimonies of thoſe ſuſpicions which cauſed all our Misfortunes. Farewel* Alphonſo, *remember me ſometimes, and wiſh for my quiet, that* I *may never remember you.*

There was nothing wanting to complete my Misfortunes, but to be aſſured that *Zaſire* loved me ſtill, and that happily ſhe had beſtowed her ſelf upon me again, if ſhe had not been hindered by my own extravagancy; and that the ſame Accident that made me Kill my beſt Friend, made me looſe my Miſtreſs too, and forced her to render her ſelf unhappy all the reſt of her dayes.

I asked him that brought me the Letter, where *Bellaſire* was; he told me he had conducted her unto a Convent of Nuns, of a very ſtrict Order, which came out of *France* lately; and that as ſhe entred, ſhe gave him a Letter for her Father, and another for me; I ran to this Monaſtery, I deſired I might ſee her, but in vain: I met the Count of *Guavarre* comeing out from thence; all his Authority, and his Intreaties to change her reſolution, were to no purpoſe, ſhe took upon her the habit a little after: During her year of probation, her Father and I uſed all our endeavours to perſwade her to come out, and I would not leave *Navarre* (as I had reſolved) untill I loſt all hopes of ſeeing *Bellaſire* once more: But the day that I knew ſhe had engaged her ſelf for ever, I came away without ſaying a word to any body; my Father was dead, and there was none that could hinder me; I came into *Catalonia* with intention to take Shipping for *Africa*, to ſpend my dayes in the Deſerts of that Country. I happen'd by chance into this Houſe, I lik'd it, I found it retir'd and ſolitary, and ſuch as I could wiſh for my purpoſe; I bought it: Here I have liv'd this five years paſt, as melancholly a life as a man ought to do that kill'd his Friend, that made the

amiableſt perſon in the world the moſt unhappy, and that by his own fault, loſt the pleaſure of ſpending his life agreeably with her. Now Sir, will you continue ſtill in your belief, that your Misfortunes are comparable to mine.

Alphonſo left off here, and ſeemed to be ſo over-charged with ſadneſs, by renewing the grief which the remembrance of his Misfortunes paſt cauſed him, that *Gonſalvo* ſeveral times believed he was going to breath out his laſt. He ſaid all the things to him that he thought capable of giving him eaſe; but he could not deny within himſelf but that thoſe Misfortunes he heard related, might at leaſt come in competition with thoſe he had ſuffer'd.

In the mean time his grief for the loſs of *Zayde* increaſed every day; he told *Alphonſo* he was reſolved to leave *Spain*, and to go ſerve the Emperour in his War againſt the *Sarazens*, who having gotten poſſeſſion of *Sicily*, made daily incurſions into *Italy*. *Alphonſo* was not a little afflicted at this reſolution; he uſed all the arguments he could think of, to diſſwade him, but his endeavours proved ineffectual.

The diſquiet which Love creates, would not let *Gonſalvo* reſt in this ſolitude; he was prompted to leave it by a ſecret hope,

to

to which he gave no great heed himſelf, that he ſhould once more ſee *Zayde*. He reſolves therefore to leave *Alphonſo*; never was there ſo ſad a ſeparation: They repeated over all the ſad adventures of their life; to which they added that, of never hoping to ſee one another again; after promiſing mutually to write to one another, *Alphonſo* remained in his ſolitude, and *Gonſalvo* went to lye at *Tortoſa*.

He liv'd in a Houſe, the Garden whereof, was the greateſt Ornament of that Town; he paſſed all the Night in walking; ſome part whereof, he ſpent upon the Banks of of the River *Elbe*: Being wearied with walking, he ſate down at the foot of one of the Terraſſes of this fine Garden; it was ſo low, that he cold hear ſome that were walking there, talk: This noyſe did not preſently awake him out of his Dreaming; but at laſt he was ſtartled by the ſound of a voice like *Zaydes*, which gave him (whether he would or no) both attention and curioſity; he roſe up that he might come near to the Terraſſe: At firſt he heard nothing, becauſe the Alley in which they walked abutting upon this Tarraſſe, they were fain to turn back again, and go further off from him. He ſtood in the ſame place waiting their return; they came back as he hop'd

they would, and he heard that ſame voyce again, which ſurpriſed him before. *There are too many Contrarieties* (ſaid ſhe) *in the things that might make me happy; I cannot hope to be ſo, but* I *ſhould think my grief leſs, if* I *could but have made him underſtand my meaning, and be aſſured of his.* After theſe words, *Gonſalvo* could not well diſtinguiſh what they ſaid, becauſe they that ſpoke began to go further off; they came back the ſecond time, ſpeaking, *It is true,* (ſaid ſhe) *that the force of our firſt inclinations may excuſe that which* I *have ſuffered to grow in my heart; but what a ſtrange effect of chance would it be* (*if it ſhould fall out*) *that this inclination which ſeems to agree with my deſtiny, ſhould ſerve one day to make me follow it with regret.* This was all that *Gonſalvo* could underſtand; the great reſemblance this voice had with that of *Zayde's* amazed him, and perhaps, he had ſuſpected her to be the ſame, if he had not heard her ſpeak Spaniſh: Though he found that ſhe that ſpoke, had the accent of a Stranger, yet did not reflect upon that, becauſe it was upon the borders of *Spain*, where they do not ſpeak ſo exactly as in *Caſtile*; he pityed her that ſpoke, and her words made him judge that there was ſomething of extraordinary in her Fortune. The next day he parted

parted from *Tortoſa*, with deſign to take Shipping: He had not gone far when he ſaw in the middle of the River *Iber* a Barge very richly ſet out, cover'd with a magnificent Tilt tucked up of all ſides, and in it ſeveral Women, amongſt whom he ſaw *Zayde*, ſhe was ſtanding up as it were to ſee the ſweetneſs of that River, and yet ſhe ſeemed to be in a profound ſtudy. Here it were requiſite to have loſt a Miſtreſs without all hopes of retrieving her, to be able to expreſs what *Gonſalvo* felt at the ſight of *Zayde*: His ſurpriſe and his joy were ſo great, that he knew not where he was, nor what he ſaw; he looked earneſtly upon her, and knowing again all the lineaments of her face, he was afraid to miſtake; he could not preſently imagine that ſhe (whom he believed ſeparated from him by ſo many Seas) could be within the breadth of one little River of him; and yet he had preſently a mind to go to her, and ſpeak to her, and make her take notice of him; but he was apprehenſive of offending her, and ſo durſt not make himſelf to be remark'd, or teſtifie his joy before thoſe that were with her. So unexpected a happineſs, and ſo many different thoughts would not let him fix upon a reſolution; but at laſt, having recollected himſelf, and being aſſured that he

was

was not deceived, he decrees within himself not to discover himself to *Zayde*, but only to follow her Barge to the Port, where he hoped to find some opportunity of speaking to her in private; he believed at least to find out, what Country she was, and whether she was going; he fancied likewise by seeing those that were in the Barge, to be able to find out whether that Rival whom he believed like him were with her or no; in fine, he thought himself now near the end of all his uncertainties, and that at least he might inform *Zayd* of the love he had for her. He would gladly have wish'd that her eyes had been turned that way, but she was in such a deep thoughtfulness that her looks continued still fixed upon the water. In the midst of his Joy he remembred the person that he heard speak in the Garden of *Tortosa*, and though she spoke Spanish, the accent of a stranger which he observed in her speech, and the sight of *Zayd* so near the same place, made him Imagin it might be she her self. This thought troubled the pleasure he took in seeing her again; he remembred what he had heard her say of a former inclination; and notwithstanding the Disposition he might have to flatter himself, he was too well perswaded that *Zayd* lamented the losse of a lover whom she loved, who might have

a part

a part of that inclination; but her other following words which he ſtill remembred gave him ſome hope; he imagin'd that it might not be impoſſible, but that there was ſome thing writ of advantage for him; he then began to doubt whether it was *Zayd* he had heard or not; and found it very unlikely that ſhe could learn the Spaniſh Tongue in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time.

The diſquiet theſe uncertainties cauſed in him was diſſipated by the joy he felt for having found *Zayd* again; and without thinking whether he was beloved or nor, all his mind was taken up with the pleaſure he hoped ſhortly to have of being once more ſeen by *Zayds* fair Eyes; in the mean time he walked ſtill along by the River ſide following the Barge; and though he Rid a great pace, ſome people that followed on Horſeback paſſed by him; he went ſome paces out of the way that they might not ſee his Face; but as one of them came behind the reſt alone, the curioſity he had to learn ſomthing of *Zayde*, made him forget his ordinary caution, and asked him if he did not know who they were that Sailed in that Barge. They are ſaid he, people of Quality amongſt the *Moores*, that have been for ſome dayes at *Tortoſa*, and are going to Ship themſelves in a great Veſſel to go for their own

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Country. In saying these words, he looked with much attention upon *Gonsalvo*, and so Galloped to over-take his Companions. *Gonsalvo* was somewhat surprised at this relation, and was no longer in doubt, but that it was *Zayde*, whom he heard talk in the Garden, since he knew that she lay at *Tortosa*: a turning which the River made in that place where the way was very craggy, made him lose sight of *Zayde*. At that very instant all those Horse-men that passed by him, returned back to him; he found they knew him, he endeavoured to go out of their way, but they so beset him, that there was no going from them; he knew him that was at the head of them to be *Oliban*, one of the chief Commanders of the Prince of *Leons* Guards; he was infinitely troubled to be known by him: but his trouble was the more, because this Officer told him, that he had been many dayes in quest of him, and that he had order from the Prince to bring him to Court. How! The Prince is not satisfied with his Usage to me, but he must moreover robb me of my Liberty! It is the only Treasure I have left me, and I'le perish before I will suffer it to be taken from me. At these words he drew his Sword, and without considering the number of those that environed

roned him, and flew with ſuch extraordinary Courage upon them, that he laid two or three of them flat, before they were able to put themſelves in a poſture of Defence. *Oliban* commanded the Guards to ſeize him only, and not to attempt any thing againſt his Life; they obeyd him with difficulty, for *Gonſalvo* run at them with great Fury, that they could no longer defend themſelves without offending him; but their Captain amazed at *Gonſalvos* Wonderful Actions, and being fearful of not being able to fulfil the Princes Orders, alighted from his Horſe, and with one thruſt kill'd *Gonſalvo's* Horſe; the Horſe in his fall ſo intangled his Rider, that it was impoſſible for him to diſengage himſelf, his Sword alſo was broke in the fall; all his aſſailants encompaſſed him, and *Oliban* with much civility repreſents to him the impoſſibility of being able to reſiſt ſo many, *Gonſalvo* was two ſenſible of it; but he thought it ſo great an unhappineſs, to be conducted to *Leon* that he could not ſubmit to it: *Zayd* but juſt found, and now going to be loſt, fill'd his Soul with bitterneſs and deſpair; he was in ſuch a ſad taking that Don *Garcias* his Officer, believed that his apprehenſion of being ill treated made him have ſuch a repugnacy to go to Court; My Lord, ſaid he, you muſt needs be

be ignorant of what had pas'd at *Leon* of late to have ſuch an apprehenſion of returning thither; I am ignorant of all things, replyed *Gonſalvo*, I only know that you would do me a far greater favour, in taking away my Life, than in forcing me to ſee the Prince of *Leon*. I would tell you more, replyed *Oliban*, if I had not been expreſly forbidden by the Prince; let it only ſuffice, that I aſſure you, that you need not fear any thing. I hope the Affliction I receive by being compelled to return to *Leon* againſt my will, will hinder me from being in a condition to ſatisfie Don *Garcias* cruelty when I come there. As he ſaid theſe laſt words, he ſaw *Zaydes* Barge again, but could not ſee her face, for ſhe was ſate down with her Face turned from him. What a deſtiny is mine, ſaid he within himſelf! I loſe *Zayde* at the very inſtant I found her; when I ſaw her, and ſpoke to her in *Alphonſo*'s houſe, ſhe could not underſtand me; when I met her at *Tortoſa*, and might be underſtood by her, I did not know her again; and now that I ſee her, that I know her, and that ſhe might underſtand me, I cannot ſpeak to her, and hope no more to ſee her; he remained for ſome time agitated betwixt theſe various thoughts; then on a ſudden turning himſelf towards thoſe that led him, I do not think,

ſaid

ſaid he to them, you fear that I can make my eſcape: I beg the favour of you, to let me go nearer to the River, to ſpeak but one word or two to ſome that I ſee in that Barge; I am infinitly troubled, anſwer'd *Oliban*, to have Orders ſo contrary to your deſires, for I am forbidden to let you ſpeak to any Soul alive, and you muſt give me your pardon if I follow my Orders; *Gonſalvo* was ſo nearly touched at this denial, that the Officer obſerving the violence of his Paſſion, and fearing he would call to his aſſiſtance thoſe that were in the Barge, he commanded his men to lead him further off from the River; which they did immediately, and carried Don *Gonſalvo* to the next place of convenience to lodge that night; the next day they took their journey to *Leon* and marched with ſo much ſpeed that they arrived there in few days. *Oliban* ſent one of his people to acquaint the Prince that they were arrived, and ſtayed for his comming back two hundred Paces from the Town; he that was ſent, brought Order that *Gonſalvo* ſhould be conducted into the Pallace by a by-way, and brought ſtraight into Don *Garcia's* Cloſet; *Gonſalvo* was ſo ſad, that he let them carry him whither they would, without ſo much as asking them whither they lead him.

The End of the firſt Part of Zayde.

Books Printed and Sold by William Cademan, *this* Michaelmas-Term, 1677.

SPaniſh Hiſtory, or a Relation of the Differency that happened in the Court of *Spain*, between Don *John* of *Auſtria* and Cardinal *Nitard*, &c. *Octavo.*

Engliſh Princeſs: or, the Dutches-Queen, a Novel, being *Engliſh* and *French* Adventures.

Zayde, a *Spaniſh* Hiſtory, a Novel. *Oct.*

The Opinion of the Heathen, concerning the Immortality of the Soul, by *Ch. Blunt*, Gent.

Reflections on Antient and Modern Phyloſophy.

PLAYS.

The Rival Kings, or the Loves of *Oroondates* and *Statira*, a Tragedy.

The Conſtant Nymph, or the Extravagant Shepherdeſs: A Paſtoral.

The Counterfeit Bridegroom, or the Defeated Widdow: A Comedy.

The French Conjurer: A Comedy.

The Witts led by the Noſe: A Comedy.

ZAYDE,

A

Spaniſh Hiſtory.

Being a Pleaſant and Witty

NOVEL.

The Second and Laſt Part.

Originally Written in *French*,

By Monſieur *SEGRAY*.

ne into *Engliſh* by *P. PORTER*, Eſq;

LONDON,

nted by *T. M.* for *William Cademan*, at
e *Pope's-Head* in the Lower-Walk of the
ew-Exchange, in the *Strand*, 1678.

ZAYDE,

A

Spaniſh Hiſtory.

A NOVEL.

THE SECOND PART.

WHEN *Gonſalvo* found himſelf in the Court of *Leon*; the ſight of a Place where he had been ſo Happy, renewed in him the Remembrance of his paſs'd Fortune, and awa-ened his Hatred againſt Don *Garcia*: The egret of having loſt *Zayde*, gave place or ſome Moments) to the Impetuoſity his Rage: All his Thoughts were fill'd th a Deſire to let that Prince know, w little he valued all the bad Uſage he ght receive from him.

While his Mind was buſied about theſe Thoughts, he ſaw *Hermeneſilde* coming into the Room, followed by the Prince of *Leon*; The ſight of both theſe preſent together, in ſo private a Place, and at Midnight, did ſo ſurprize him, that he was not able to conceal it: He went back ſome Steps; and his Aſtoniſhment did ſo plainly appear, that his Countenance betray'd the variety of Thoughts that crowded into his Imagination: In-ſo-much, that Don *Garcias*, breaking Silence, told him; I am miſtaken, my dear *Gonſalvo*, if you are not yet ignorant of all the Alterations that happened in this Court: Do you doubt my being Lawful Poſſeſſor of *Hermeneſilde*? I am truly, added he; and there is nothing wanting to compleat my Happineſs but your Conſent, and your being a Witneſs of it: With that, he Embraced him; *Hermeneſilde* did the like; and both of one, and the other, pray'd him to [illegible] them the Misfortunes which they had caused him. Sir, ſaid *Gonſalvo* (throwing himſelf at the Prince's Feet) I must ought to beg Pardon of you, for the bad Suſpicions I had of you; though, the ſame time, I muſt confeſs, I could have any other of your Courtſhip to my Siſter; but, I hope, you will be pla[illegible]

grant it to the firſt Impulſe of ſo extraordinary a Surprize, and to the little Appearance I ſaw of the Favour you have done to my Siſter. You might expect better things from her Beauty, and my Love (Replyed Don *Garcias*): I Conjure you, to pardon what ſhe has done without your Conſent, for a Prince whoſe Heart ſhe knew ſo well. Sir, anſwered *Gonſalvo*, Succeſs has ſo well juſtified her Conduct, that ſhe has cauſe to blame me, for endeavouring to oppoſe her Happineſs. After this, Don *Garcias* told *Hermilde*, that, being it was late, ſhe would (perhaps) be glad to retire; and, that he would be glad alſo, to ſtay ſome Moments with *Gonſalvo* alone.

When they were by themſelves, he Embraces *Gonſalvo* with great Demonſtrations of Friendſhip. *I* dare not hope (ſaid he) you can forget what is paſſed: *I* only intreat you to remember the Friendſhip that was betwixt us, and to think, that if *I* have been wanting to what I owe you, it was by the Faſcination of a Paſſion, which bereaves a Man of his Reaſon. *I* am ſo full of Surprize, Sir, (ſaid *Gonſalvo*) that *I* can make you no Anſwer: *I* ſuſpect my own Eyes, and cannot believe myſelf ſo Happy, as to find again that

ſame Goodneſs, which *I* have heretofore experimented in you: But, my Lord, give me leave to ask you, who it is, to whom *I* owe this happy Return? You ask too many Queſtions at once (Replyed the Prince; yet, though *I* need a longer time to ſatisfy your Curioſity, *I* will tell you, in few Words; for, *I* will not put off, for the leaſt time, what may juſtify my Proceedings towards you.

Then he went about to tell him the beginning of his Paſſion for *Hermeneſilde*, and the ſhare Don *Ramires* had in it: But *Gonſalvo*, to ſave him that Labour, told him, That he had learnt all that had paſſed to the Day of his parting from *Leon*, and, that he was only ignorant of what had happened ſince that time.

The HISTORY of Don *Garcia* & *Hermeneſilde*

DOubtleſs, the Information you received of my Weakneſs, in conſenting to your Baniſhment from Court, made you go away as you did: After your firſt

out, by *Nugna Bella*'s Miſtake of ſending you the Letter ſhe writ to Don *Ramires*, what me, with ſo much Induſtry, endeavoured to keep from your knowledge: Don *Ramires* received the Letter which was directed to you, and ſoon perceived the Miſtake; for which, he was extreamly perplexed; *I* was no ſs troubled; we were equally Guilty, ho in a different manner. But the News f your Departure, gave him no ſmall oy; nor was *I*, then, ſorry for it: But, hen *I* reflected upon your Condition, nd that I was the Cauſe of your Diſpleaure, I was infinitly troubled at it; *I* ſaw, was much in the wrong, to have ſo ſtruſly conceal'd from you the Paſſion *I* ad for *Hermeneſilde*: My Opinion was hen, That the Nature of my Inclination r her, was not to be blam'd or conemn'd: It came into my Thoughts ſeral times, to ſend after you; and *I* had mainly done it, if *I* had been the only erſon in Fault; But the Intereſt of *Nug-a Bella*, and Don *Ramires*, were invincible ſtacles to your Return. *I* concealed my houghts from them, and made uſe of all yes poſſible, to make me forget you: ur Departure made a great Noiſe; and was variouſly talked of, according to Peos Inclinations. When *I* found my ſelf

loose from the stay of your Counsels, and gave my self over to Don *Ramires* his Advice, who thought it his Interest to [illegible] me more Absolute; I fell at open Variance with the King; who then found he was mistaken in the opinion he had that it was you that put me upon doing those things, which had been so displeasing to him; our Mis-understandings grew Publick; the Queen's Endeavours proved fruitless; and Things were come to that pass that all believed I meant in good Earnest to form a Party. Nevertheless, *I* believe I should not have taken that Resolution were it not for your Father, who (by the means of some People that he had placed about your Sister, understood the Love I had for her) sent me word, that, if I would Marry her, he would Raise me a considerable Army, and furnish me with what Mony and strong Places, that might be necessary to compel the King (my Father) to give me a share in the Soveraign Government: You know, what Influence my Passions have upon me; and what Power Love, and Ambition, have over my Heart: Both the one, and the other, were answered by the Offers that were made me; and my Vertue was too feeble, to resist their Temptations, being no longer [illegible]

[illegible] port

pointed by the Strength of your Advice. I accepted, with Joy, his Offers; but, before I would fully resolve to engage my self, I desired to know, who were to be of the Party I intended to Head? I was told, there were many Persons of great Quality; amongst others, the Father of *Nugna Bella*, one of the Counts of Castile: I found also, that *Nugnes Fernando*, and he, required I should own them as Soveraign Princes: This Proposition surprized me; and I was ashamed, to consent to an Act so prejudicial to the State, out of over eagerness to Reigne: But Don Sancho his Interest made me pass over all: He assured those that treated for the Counts of Castile, they should prevail with me, to do what they desired, upon condition, that I might be secured to have *Nugna Bella*. He brought me to demand her for him; I did it with Joy, and it was granted me; so that, our Treaty was concluded in few dayes. I could not resolve to put off my Joying *Hermeneſilde*, until the end of the War; and therefore, I sent word to *Nugnes Fernando*, that I would carry her away with me, at my going from Court: She consented to it: Now, all my care was only, how I should bring it about; Don *Ramires* was as much concern'd as I;

becauſe Don *Diego Porcellos* thought it ne-
ceſſary that *Nugna Bella* ſhould be con-
veyed away at the ſame time. We re-
ſolved (when the Queen ſhould go out
of the Town to take the Aire) to make
the Coach-man that was to drive *Nugna*
Bella and *Hermeneſilde*, to leave that Road
the Queen ſhould take, and to drive di-
rectly to *Palence*, a Town that was in my
power, and where I was to meet *Nugnes*
Fernando.

All which, was executed with more
ſucceſs than we hoped for: I Married *Her-*
meneſilde that very Night, for ſo, Decen-
cy, and my Love required; beſides that
it tyed *Nugnes Fernando* more cloſe to my
Intereſt; In the mid'ſt of our Merriment
we ſpoke of you with Regret: I confeſſed
to your Father what occaſion'd your de-
parture, we lamented our Misfortune in
being Ignorant in what part of the world
you were gon to. I could not ſatisfie my-
ſelf without you, and I was unconſolable
for your loſs; I looked upon Don *Ramire*
with horror, as the cauſer of my ſtay.
His marriage was put off, becauſe *Nugna*
Bella would ſtay for her Father, who ſtayed
behind in *Caſtile*, to gather the Troops
which were raiſed there.

In the mean time, moſt part of the Kingdom declared for me, for all that, the King had a conſiderable Army, and made Head againſt me, many Battels we refought; in the firſt of which, Don *Ramires* was Kill'd upon the Spot; for which, *Nugna Bella* appeared very much Afflicted; your Siſter was witneſs of her Grief, and took pains to comfort her. In leſs than two months I made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, that the Queen deſpairing of better ſucceſs, perſwaded the King to come to an Accomodation: She came towards the place where I was; ſhe told me the King was reſolved to ſeek out a quiet Retreat, and to depoſe himſelf, and reſigne his Throne to me; that he would only reſerve to himſelf the Soveraignty of *Zamara*, to paſs the reſt of his days in, and that of *Oviedo*, to beſtow upon my Brother. It were hard to reject ſuch advantagious offers: I accepted of them; all things neceſſary for the accompliſhment of this Treaty we performed: I came to *Leon*, where I ſaw the King; he reſigned to me his Crown, and parted that very day for *Zamara*.

Give me leave Sir, interrupted *Gonſalva*, to tell you my wonder at all this: Stay a little, ſaid Don *Garcia*, untill I have told you

you what became of *Negro Bella*: I know not whether what I am going to tell you will make you glad or sorry, for I am ignorant of your thoughts of her. I have none Sir, answered *Gonsalvo*, but a calm indifference for her. Then you will hear me out, without much pain, replyed the King: Presently after the Peace was concluded, She came to *Leon* with the Queen; she seemed to wish for your return: I spoke to her of you, and I found in her a hearty Repentance for her Infidelity to you. We resolved to make a diligent search after you, though we found it difficult, not knowing to what corner of the Earth you were gon to: She told me, if any one could give me light in it, it must be Don *Olmond*: I sent for him at that very instant; I conjur'd him, to tell me where you were: He told me, That since my being Marryed, and the Death of Don *Ramires*, he had often a great mind to speak to me of you; judging, that the reasons that caused your absence, might now be ceased; but that being not well form'd of the place of your abode, he did believe it to no purpose: Lastly, that he had very lately received a Letter from you wherein you gave him no account of your Residence, but desired him to write to

you

you to *Tarragone*, which made him judge that you were not out of *Spain*: I immediatly diſpatched away ſeveral Officers of my Guard to go look for you; I found by the Letter, you writ to Don *Olmond*, that you knew nothing of the alterations that happen'd: I gave them order not to let you know any thing of the ſtate of the Court, or my intentions; for I fancied to my ſelf an extream pleaſure in being the firſt that ſhould inform you both of the one and the other: Some days after, Don *Olmond* parted likewiſe in queſt of you, with an opinion that he ſhould find you ſooner than thoſe I ſent. *Magna Bella* ſeem'd extreamly ſatisfied with the hope of ſeing you again; but her Father, whom I acknowledged as Soveraign Prince (as well as your Father) ſent to the Queen to beg ſhe might be ſuffered to come to him: Though *Magna Bella* was infinitly grieved at this ſeparation, yet ſhe could not avoid it; ſhe went away: As ſoon as ſhe was Arrived in *Caſtile*, her Father marryed her againſt her will to a *German* Prince, whom Curioſity, or Devotion had brought into *Spain*: He fancied an extraordinary merit in this Stranger, and therefore made choyce of him for his Son-in-law; he may be both Wiſe and Valiant, but

but neither his Humour nor his Perſon are agreeable; and in a word, *Nugna Bella* is moſt unhappy.

Thus have you, ſaid the King, all that has happen'd here ſince your departure; and if you are no more concern'd for *Nugna Bella*, and Love me ſtill, I have nothing more in the world to wiſh for, ſince you may be as happy as ever you were, and I ſhall be ſo likewiſe by the return of your Friendſhip. You Confound me Sir, with ſo many, and ſo great favours, anſwered *Gonſalvo*, I fear I ſhall not be able to make you ſenſible enough of my joy and acknowledgments; for my Misfortunes, and my Solitude have ſo accuſtomed me to ſadneſs, that I cannot of a ſuddain ſhake off their impreſſion, which clouds the chearful thoughts of my heart.

After this, the King withdrew, and *Gonſalvo* was Conducted to an Apartment which was prepared for him in the Court. When he ſaw himſelf alone, and made ſome reflection upon his own inſenſibility, of ſo advantagious a change, he was angry with himſelf for having ſo intirely given himſelf over to Love.

O *Zayde*, it is you alone, ſaid he, that hinders me from enjoying the return of my Fortune, and of a Fortune ſo far above

what

what I loſt: My Father is a Soveraign Prince, my Siſter is a Queen, and I am revenged of all thoſe that betrayed me; and yet am Unfortunate, and would purchaſe at the hazard of all theſe advantages, the occaſion I have loſt of following you, and ſeeing you once more.

The next day, all the Court was full of *Gonſalvo*'s return; the King thought he could never ſhew enough, how much he eſteemed him, and took all the care imaginable to give publick demonſtrations of it, to Repair, in ſome meaſure, what had paſs'd: So great a favour could be no Conſolation to this Lover for the loſs of *Zayde*; nor was it in his power to conceal his Affliction. The King took notice of it, and preſſed him ſo hard to declare the cauſe of it, that *Gonſalvo* was fain to tell it him. After having informed him of his Paſſion for *Zayde*, and all that had befallen him ſince his departure from *Leon*. Thus Sir, ſaid he, have I been puniſhed for daring to maintain againſt you, that none ought to Love, but after a long acquaintance: I was deceived by a Perſon, whom *I* believed *I* knew well, and this experience could not defend me againſt *Zayde*, whom *I* did not know at all, nor know not yet; and for all this, diſturbs the happy ſtate

in

in which you are pleased to place me. The King was too sensible of Love, and had too great a feeling of all that concern'd *Gonsalvo*, not to be touched at his Misfortune, he began to consult with him of the means how to learn some tidings of *Zayde*; they resolved to send to *Tortosa*, to the House where he heard her voyce, to endeavour to be informed of her Country at least, and whether she might be gon. *Gonsalvo*, who had a design to let *Alphonso* know all that had happen'd to him since he left his Solitude, laid hold of this occasion to write to him, and to renew the assurances of his Friendship towards him.

In the mean time, the *Mores* taking their time, when the Kingdom of *Leon* was in these disorders, had surprized several Towns, and continued still to enlarge their bounds without so much as declaring War. Don *Garcias*, prompted by his natural Ambition, and fortified by *Gonsalvo*'s Valour, resolves to Invade their Country, and retake from them all those places which they had Usurped. His Brother Don *Ordogno* joyned himself to him, and betwixt them, they brought a powerful Army into the Field, whereof Don *Gonsalvo* was made General. He made a very considerable Progress in

a very short time, he took divers Towns; he had the better in several Battels, and at last, Besieges *Talavera*, a place of great Importance, considerable for its Scituation and Greatness. *Abderam*, King of *Cordova*, who succeeded *Abdala*, came in Person, to oppose the King of *Leon*: He came towards *Talavera*, with hopes to force them to raise the Siege. Don *Garcia*, and the Prince *Ordogno*, having left *Gonsalvo* with part of the Army to straighten the Town, Marches with the rest of the Army to meet him in order to fight him. *Gonsalvo* was extream glad of the employment; for, his assurance either to win or dye, would not let him fear any ill success. Having no news of *Zayde*, he was more afflicted than ever, with the passion he had for her, and his great desire of seeing her; so that in spite of his Fortune and Glory, being not able to hope for any thing but a miserable kind of life, he run head-long into all occasions of ending it.

The King Marches against *Abderame*, whom he found Incamped in an advantagious post, within a days March to *Talavera*; they passed some days without action, for the *Moores* would not come out of their Post; and Don *Garcia* did

no

not think himſelf ſtrong enough to Attack them: In the mean time, *Gonſalvo* judged it impoſſible to continue the Siege, becauſe his Forces being not numerous enough to encompaſs the whole Town, and Parties getting into the Town every Night, might put the Beſieged in a poſture of making ſtronger Sallies than he could ſuſtain; and therefore having made a conſiderable breach, he reſolved to hazard a general Aſſault, and to endeavour by ſo bold an attempt, to carry the Victory, which otherwiſe was deſperate. He put this reſult into execution; and after giving all neceſſary orders, he begun the Attack before day, but with ſo much reſolution, and hope to overcome, that he inſpired the ſame courage into all his Men: They performed incredible things, and at laſt in leſs than two hours, *Gonſalvo* carryed the Town: He did what was poſſible to hinder the Souldiers from Plundering, but it was impoſſible to ſtop an Army from it, whom the hope of Plunder encouraged more than any other motive whatever.

As he run about the Town himſelf, to prevent the diſorder (which upon ſuch occaſions are too frequent) he ſaw a man alone, defending himſelf with incredible Valour againſt a great many; he endeavour

voided by Retreating, to get into a Caſtle which held out ſtill: Thoſe that attacked him, preſſed him ſo home, that he had been infallibly kill'd, if *Gonſalvo* had not thrown himſelf betwixt them and him, and commanded them to withdraw: He made them aſhamed of the action; they excuſed themſelves, by telling him that, the man they Aſſaulted, was Prince *Zu-*, who had kill'd abundance of their men, and was endeavouring to throw himſelf into that Caſtle. This Name was too famous, by the greatneſs of this Prince, and the general Command he had amongſt the *Mores*, not to be known to *Gonſalvo*: He advances towards him; and this Valiant Man ſeeing it impoſſible any longer to defend himſelf, deliver'd his Sword, with ſo noble and ſo bold an aire, that *Gonſalvo* could no longer doubt, but that he well deſerved the great Reputation which he had gain'd: He gave him to be kept Priſoner to ſome Officers that followed him, and marches to Summon the Caſtle: He promiſ'd Quarter to all that were in it. The Gates were opened for him; he was told (as he enter'd) that there were many *Arabian* Ladies, who caſt themſelves into it for ſafety. He was Conducted to the place where they were; he enters a

ſpacious Appartment, richly furniſhed after the Moriſh faſhion; ſeveral Ladies lying a long upon Carpets (by their melancholly ſilence) made appear how ſad they were for their Captivity: they lay at ſome diſtance, out of reſpect to a Lady Magnificently Arrayed, that was ſitting upon a Pallet, with her head leaning upon one of her Hands, and with the other wiping her Tears, and hiding her Face, as it were to keep her ſelf for ſome moments from being ſeen by her Enemies: At laſt (at the noiſe which thoſe that followed *Gonſalvo*, made) comeing into the Room, ſhe turned her Head, and let *Gonſalvo* ſee it was *Zayde*: But *Zayde*, far more beautiful than he had ever ſeen her, in ſpite of all the grief and trouble that appear'd in her Face. *Gonſalvo* was ſo ſurpriſed that he ſeemed more troubled than *Zayde*, and *Zayde* ſeemed to take courage, and loſe ſome part of her trouble, at the ſight of *Gonſalvo*: They advanced towards one another; and beginning both to ſpeak at once, *Gonſalvo* making uſe of the Greek Tongue, asked her pardon for appearing before her like an Enemy: At the ſame time *Zayde* ſaid in *Spaniſh*, ſhe fear'd no more thoſe Misfortunes which ſhe apprehended, and that this was not the

danger in which he had relieved her: they were ſo amazed to hear each other ſpeaking their Language, and their ſurpriſe repreſented to them, ſo plainly, the reaſons why they learnt thoſe Languages, that they both Bluſh'd, and remained ſilent for ſome time. At laſt *Gonſalvo* broke ſilence, and continuing to make uſe of the Greek Tongue, ſaid, I know not (Madam) whether I had reaſon to wiſh as much as I have done, that you might underſtand me, perhaps I ſhould not be leſs unhappy: But happen what will, ſince I have the Joy of ſeeing you once again, after having ſo often loſt all hope of you, I will never more complain of my Fortune. *Zayde* ſeemed ſomewhat puſled at what *Gonſalvo* ſaid; and looking upon him with thoſe fair eyes, wherein (nevertheleſs, he could read nothing but Melancholly. I know not yet (ſaid ſhe to him in her own Language, being not willing to ſpeak any more *Spaniſh*) whether my Father has eſcaped with his Life, amid'ſt ſo many dangers, to which he has expoſed himſelf this day; you will excuſe me if my concern for him hinders me from making Anſwer to what you ſaid. *Gonſalvo* cauſed ſome of thoſe that were about him, to enquire after what ſhe de-

fired to know: He had the pleaſure to learn that the Prince (whom he ſaved) was *Zayde's* Father; and ſhe ſeemed to be over-joy'd to know by what happy means her Fathers Life came to be ſav'd. After this, *Gonſalvo* was oblig'd to pay his reſpects to the reſt of the Ladies that were in the Caſtle: He was not a little ſurpris'd to find Don *Olmond* in that Caſtle, of whom there had been no tydings ſince he went from *Leon* to ſeek him out. Having performed the Civilities that were due to ſo faithful a Friend, he returned to the place where *Zayde* was. As he began to ſpeak to her, word was brought that the Confuſion and Diſorder was ſo great in the Town, that nothing but his Preſence could put a ſtop to it. He was fain to go where his Duty call'd him; he gave the orders that were neceſſary to appeaſe the tumult which the Avarice of the Souldiers, and the terror of the Inhabitants had cauſed. After which, he ſent away an expreſs to the King, to acquaint him with the taking of the Town, and ſo came back with what haſt he could to *Zayde*.

All the Ladies that were with her, were by chance, at ſome diſtance from her. *Gonſalvo* was reſolved to take the advantage of this favourable moment, to ſpeak

to her; but as he was going to entertain her with the declaration of his Paſſion, he felt in himſelf an extraordinary Irreſolution, and found that it is not enough at all times to be in a capacity of being underſtood, to make a man reſolute enough to declare his mind; he was fearful, nevertheleſs, of loſing an opportunity which he ſo much long'd for; and after, having for ſome time admir'd the Caprice of Chance, that made them be ſo long together, without being able to be acquainted, or to ſpeak to one another: We are now (ſays *Zayde*) far from falling into the ſame difficulty, ſince *I* underſtand *Spaniſh*, and you know my Language. *I* fancied my ſelf ſo unhappy (replyed *Gonſalvo*) in not knowing it, that *I* have learnt it, even when *I* was out of hope, that it ſhould ever be uſeful to repair what *I* have endured for not underſtanding it. For my part, (Anſwered *Zayde*, Bluſhing) *I* have learnt the *Spaniſh* Tongue, becauſe it is hard to live in a place without acquiring the Language thereof, that one may not be always in trouble how to make themſelves underſtood.

I often underſtood you, Madam, (ſaid *Gonſalvo*) and though *I* knew not your

Language, yet *I* could give a very exact account of ſome of your Sentiments. *I* am likewiſe perſwaded you ſaw mine much better than *I* did yours. *I* aſſure you (Anſwered *Zayde*) *I* am not ſo quick of Apprehenſion as you take me to be; and that all *I* could judge of you, was, that you were ſometimes very ſad. I alſo let you know the cauſe thereof (replyed *Gonſalvo*;) and *I* am perſwaded, that although you knew not the meaning of my words, you could not chuſe but underſtand me: Go not about to deny it Madam, for you have Anſwered me with a Severity that may pleaſe you; but ſince I found your indifference, how could you avoid finding out Sentiments which appear much more plainly than indifference, and which expound themſelves often even againſt our will? Yet *I* muſt confeſs *I* obſerved ſometimes thoſe bright eyes turned towards me, after a manner that might give me Joy, if at the ſame time I did not believe my ſelf beholding to ſome other, for what was of obliging in them *I* will not diſ-own, (Anſwered *Zayde*) but that *I* did fancy you like one; but you would have no cauſe to be angry at me if you knew how often *I* wiſhed you the ſame Perſon whom you reſembled.

know

know not Madam (Anſwered *Gonſalvo*) whether I ſhould fancy what you have ſaid, to be to my advantage; nor can *I* thank you for it, unleſs you did explain your ſelf better: I have told you too much (replyed *Zayde*) to need any further Expoſition; and my laſt words oblidge me to keep it as a ſecret: Sure *I* am reſerv'd for nothing but Misfortunes, (Anſwered *Gonſalvo*) ſince *I* cannot underſtand what you ſay, even when you ſpeak to me in *Spaniſh*: But Madam, can you yet be ſo Cruel, as to add more incertainties to thoſe in which I have liv'd ſo long? *I* muſt dye at your feet, or you muſt tell me who it was you wept ſo much for in *Alphonſo*'s Solitude; who it is that my good or bad Fortune has made me reſemble: Doubtleſs my curioſity would not ſtop at theſe two things, if the reſpect I bear you, did not with-hold it; but *I* will wait with patience, until time and your goodneſs will give me leave to ask you more.

As *Zayde* was going to anſwer, ſome *Arabian* Ladies that were in the Caſtle, deſired to ſpeak to *Gonſalvo*, and there came afterwards ſo many other People in, that (with the care the Princeſs took to avoid a particular Conference, it was im-

poſſible for him to find any further opportunity.

He ſhut himſelf up alone, to abandon himſelf to the pleaſure of having found *Zayde* again, and in a place where he had the ſole command. He believed alſo to have obſerved ſome joy in her eyes when ſhe ſaw him; he was very glad that ſhe had learnt the *Spaniſh* Tongue; and ſhe made uſe of his Language with ſuch readineſs and promptneſs, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, that he flatter'd himſelf with the opinion that he had a great ſhare in the care ſhe took to learn it; at leaſt, the ſight of *Zayde*, and the hope he had, not to be hated by her, made *Gonſalvo* feel all the pleaſure that a Lover (that is not aſſured of the affections of his Miſtreſs) can be ſenſible of.

The return of Don *Olmond* from the Caſtle, whether he had ſent him to place ſome of his Troops, interrupted his thoughts; as he found him in the ſame place with *Zayde*, he thought he might inform himſelf of that fair Princeſſes Birth and Adventures; but he apprehended that he might be in Love with her, and his fear of finding a Rival in the Man he believed his Friend, retarded for a long time his Curioſity; but could not forbear, at laſt,

laſt, asking Don *Olmond*, by what Accident he was brought to *Talevera*. After he had learnt that he was taken Priſoner, going to look after him at *Tarragon*, he ſpoke to him of *Zulema* firſt, the better to bring on the diſcourſe of *Zayde*.

You muſt know (ſaid Don *Olmond*) that he is Nephew to the *Caliph Oſman*, and that he ſhould have been in the place of *Carmadan*, that reigns at this day, if he had been as fortunate as his Merit deſerves; he holds yet a conſiderable rank among the *Arabians*: He came into *Spain* to be General of the King of *Cordoua*'s Army, where he has lived with ſo much Honour and Grandeur, that I was ſurpriſed at it. At my Arrival here, I found a very agreeable Court: *Belleny*, the Wife of Prince *Oſmin*, *Zulema*'s Brother, was then here; this Princeſs was no leſs reſpected for her Virtue, than her high Birth: She had with her the Princeſs *Felime*, her Daughter, whoſe Wit and Beauty are full of Charms, though there appears (in both) ſomething of Languiſhing and Melancholly. You have ſeen the incomparable Beauty of *Zayde*, and you may judge how great my Aſtoniſhment was to find at *Talevera* ſo many Perſons worthy of Admiration. It is true (replyed *Gonſalvo*) that

that *Zayde* is the moſt accompliſh'd Beauty I ever ſaw; and I queſtion not, but ſhe has a great number of Admirers here, *Alamire*, Prince of *Tharſus*, is paſſionately in Love with her, anſwered Don *Olmond*; he began to be in Love with her in *Cyprus*, and came along with her from thence: *Zulema* ſuffer'd Shipwrack upon the Coaſt of *Catalonia*; he is come (ſince that) into *Spain*, and *Alamire* came to *Talevera* to find out *Zayde*.

Theſe words of Don *Olmond*, ſtruck Don *Gonſalvo* to the heart; they confirm'd him in all his Suſpicions, and he found in an inſtant that all his Imaginations were true; the hopes of being deceived (with which he had ſo often flatter'd himſelf) quite left him; and the Joy which he received in his laſt Converſation with *Zayde*, ſerved only to augment his grief. He was no longer in doubt, but that thoſe Tears which ſhe ſhed at *Alphonſo*'s, were for *Alamire*, that it was him he was like; and that it was he that carryed her away from the Coaſt of *Catalonia*: Theſe thoughts gave ſo much diſquiet to his mind, that Don *Olmond* believed he was Sick, and gave him to know that he was much concern'd thereat. *Gonſalvo* concealed the cauſe of his Affliction, and was aſhamed

to own that he was in Love after what he had already ſuffer'd by it: he told him he ſhould be well again in a little while, and ask'd him if he had ever ſeen *Alamire*, whether he was worthy of *Zayde*, or whether ſhe Loved him? I never ſaw him (replyed Don *Olmond*) for he was gone to joyn with *Abderam*, before *I* was brought to this Town; his Reputation is great, but *I* know not whether *Zayde* Loves him or not; but *I* believe it is not eaſie for her to deſpiſe the Application of a Prince, ſo deſerving as he is given out to be, and he appears ſo aſſiduous about her, that it is hard to ſay, that he ſhould be altogether neglected by her; the Princeſs *Felime*, with whom *I* have contracted a ſincere Friendſhip, in ſpight of the reſervedneſs, in which the People of her Country and Quality live, has often ſpoke to me of *Alamire*, and to judge of him by what ſhe ſays, there cannot be a more accompliſh'd Perſon, or a more paſſionate Lover than he is. If Don *Gonſalvo* had followed the impulſe of his thoughts, he had ask'd many more queſtions of Don *Olmond*; but he was with-held by the fear he had of diſcovering to him what he ſtudied to conceal; he only asked him what became of *Felime*: Don *Olmond* told him,

that

that ſhe was gone after the Princeſs her Mother, to *Oropeſe*, where *Oſmin* commanded a Body of an Army.

After this, *Gonſalvo* withdrew, pretending to take ſome reſt; but in reality, to be at Liberty to Afflict himſelf, and to reflect upon the ſtubbornneſs of his invincible Misfortunes. Why did not *I* know that *Zayde* was in Love with *Alamire*, before I found her again? If I had been aſſured of that, when I loſt her, I ſhould have been leſs afflicted for her abſence; I ſhould not be ſo joyful for having found her, nor ſhould I endure now the cruelty of loſing all the hopes ſhe came from giving me. What kind of Deſtiny is mine, that even the ſweetneſs of *Zayde* muſt create me nothing but Misfortune? Why ſhould ſhe ſeem to Countenance my Love, if ſhe approves *Alamires* paſſion? Or what means that wiſh of hers, that I might be the man I reſemble?

Theſe kind of reflections augmented his Grief; and the next day, which he ought to have wiſhed for with impatience, and which ought to be to him ſo grateful, ſince he was ſure to ſee *Zayde*, and to ſpeak to her; ſeemed to him the moſt frightful of all his Life; for he fancyed, that in ſeeing her, he could hope for no other

other thing, but the Confirmation of all his Diſaſters.

About Mid-night, the Meſſenger whom he had ſent to the King, to acquaint him with the taking of the Town, came back with Orders, for *Gonſalvo* to March away at that very inſtant, with all his Cavalry, to joyne the Army. Don *Garcias* knew that the *Moors* expected a conſiderable Recruit; and as ſoon as he knew that *Gonſalvo* had taken *Talevera*, he thought it expedient, by the benefit of this Victory, togeather all his Forces, and to fall upon the Enemy before they were re-inforced by their new Succours.

Though *Gonſalvo* ſaw the difficulty of executing his Majeſties Orders, by the trouble he ſhould find to make his Souldiers March, being ſcarce refreſhed after the Fatigue of the precedent Night; yet the ardent Deſire he had to be at the Battle, made him uſe ſo much Diligence, that he put his Men in a very ſhort time, in a readineſs to March; and he did himſelf the cruel Violence of parting with *Zayde*, without taking his leave of her. He ordered *Zulema* to be brought into the ſame Caſtle where the Princeſs was; and commanded him that was Governour of it, to acquaint her with the Reaſons that obliged him to leave *Talavera* in ſuch haſt. At

At Break of Day he put himſelf in the Head of his Cavalry, and began to March with a Sadneſs proportionable to the cauſe of his imagined Grief. When he came near the Camp, he met the King that came out to receive him: He alighted, and went towards him, to give him an account of what paſſed at the taking of *Talavera*. After he had diſcourſed with him about what concern'd Martial Affairs, he ſpoke to him of his Love: He told him how he had found *Zayde*; but that he had likewiſe found out that Rival, whoſe only Shaddow had created him ſo much trouble. The King told him how much he was concerned in all that touched him, and how much he was ſatisfyed with the Victory he had gained. After this, *Gonſalvo* went to quarter his Men, and to put them into a Condition, by a few Hours Reſt, to be ready for the Battle which was intended to be given: They had not yet reſolved upon it; for the advantagious Poſt in which the Enemy was, their Number, and the length of the March to them, render'd this Reſolution hard to be embraced, and dangerous to be put in Execution. Nevertheleſs, *Gonſalvo* was for giving Battle; and the hope he had of meeting *Alamire* in the Combat, made him maintain his

his Opinion with so much earnestness, that the giving Battle was resolved upon the next Day.

The *Arabians* were Encamped in a Plain, within sight of *Almeras*; their Camp was encompassed by great Woods; insomuch, that there was no Access to them, but by such narrow wayes, that it did seem unsafe to attempt it; notwithstanding, *Gonsalvo* in the Head of the Horse, begun first to pass the Wood, and appeared first in the Plain, followed by some Squadrons. The *Arabians* were so started to see their Enemies so near, that they employed the time of Fighting, in consulting what they had best to do; so that, they gave the *Spaniards* the leasure to March all their Men through the Wood, and draw them up in *Battalia*, on the Plain. *Gonsalvo* Marched directly towards them, with the left Wing, beat back their Battalions, and put them to a disorderly Rout: He did not amuse himself to pursue those that fled; but seeking up and down, the Prince of *Tharsus*, and fresh Lawrels, turns short upon the *Arabian* Infantry: But the right Wing did not fare so well; for, the *Arabians* routed it, and beat it back to the main Body, which was Commanded by the King of *Leon*; But the King put a stop to

their

Fury, and repulſed them even to the very Gates of *Almaras*; ſo that, the Foot only was left Commanded by *Abderame*, and ſtoutly attacqued by *Gonſalvo*: This Body of Infantry ſtood firm to their Ground, and opening their Battalions to the Right and Left, made way for their Archers; which ſo terribly gall'd the *Spaniard*, that they could not abide it: *Gonſalvo* Rallied his Men, and Charged them the ſecond and third time; and, at laſt, ſurrounded them on all ſides: But *Gonſalvo*, moved with Compaſſion to ſee ſo many Gallant Men knocked on the Head, commanded Quarter to be given to all: The *Arabians* laid down their Arms, and came flocking about him, to admire his Clemency, after having felt the ſmart of his Valour. Then likewiſe came the King of *Leon* up to *Gonſalvo*, and gave him all the Praiſe that was due to his Courage. They underſtood that King *Abderame* was Retreated during the Shock, and was gotten into *Almaras*.

The Glory which *Gonſalvo* acquired in this Dayes Action, might have given him cauſe to rejoyce; but he felt no other, than Grief of having ſurvived it, and not to meet with *Alamire*.

He

He underſtood afterwards, by ſome of the Priſoners, that this Prince was not in the Army; that he commanded the Re-inforcement, which the Enemy expected; and, that it was the Hope of this Succour, that made them endeavour to avoid coming to a Battle.

But the *Arabians*, having Rallied a part of their Army, and being Re-inforced by the Addition of thoſe Succours which *Alaire* brought to them, and lying under the Walls of a ſtrong City; the King of *Leon* could hope for no other Advantage by his late Victory, but the Glory of having gained it. Nevertheleſs, *Abderame*, under pretence of Burying the Dead, deſired a Truce for ſome few dayes, with deſigne to Commence a Treaty of Peace.

During the time of this Ceſſation, *Gonſalvo* paſſing from one Quarter of the Army to another, ſaw upon a little Emmence, two of the Enemies Horſe-men, defending themſelves againſt a good number of the *Spaniſh* Cavalry, who by their multitude, were upon the point of deſtroying them: He was amazed to ſee this Combat, during the Truce, at ſo much inequality: He ſent ſome of his Guards, with all ſpeed, to interpoſe, and to know the reaſon of this: They brought him back word,

that theſe two *Arabian* Horſe-men had endeavour'd to paſs their outmoſt Guards, that the Centries were rude in ſtopping them; that they drew their Swords thereupon; and that the reſt of the Guard fell upon them. *Gonſalvo* ſent an Officer to beg theſe two Cavaliers excuſe, and to conduct them whither they deſired to go beyond all the Guards: This done, he continued his way, viſiting all the Quarters as he went towards the Kings; ſo that, it was late before he came back. The next Morning, the Officer that was ſent to Conduct the two *Arabians*, came to him, and told him, That one of thoſe whom they Conducted, gave him in charge to tell him That he was ſorry, that an important Affair, which concerned not the War, hinder'd him from coming to return his Thanks; and that he was willing he ſhould underſtand, that it was the Prince *Alamire*, that owed him his Life. When *Gonſalvo* heard the Name of *Alamire*, and believed, that this Rival, whom he had ſo great a mind to ſeek all over the World even when he did not ſo much as know his Name, nor his Country, was then paſſed through his Camp, & in his own ſight, without all doubt, to go to find out *Zayde*; he was in a maze; all he had power to do, was

y to ask, which way he ſteer'd his Courſe? Being told, towards *Talavera*; he diſmiſſed all that were in his Tent; and remain'd alone full of deſpair, for not having known that it was *Alamire*.

How? He has not only eſcaped my Fury and Revenge, but I muſt likewiſe open him the way to go ſee *Zayde!* This moment he ſees her; he is with her; he tells her by whoſe means he has paſſed through this Camp: It was only to inſult over me, and up-braid me with my Misfortunes, that he ſent me back word, that he was *Alamire*: But may be, he may not long Regale himſelf at the Excellence of my Misfortunes; and I will force my grief, with the pleaſure of being reveng'd.

He reſolves at that very inſtant, to ſteal out of the Camp, and to go to *Talavera*; by his Preſence, to interrupt *Alamire*, and *Zayde*'s Interview, and take away his Rival's Life, or dye before the Princeſſes Eyes. While he was muſing how to execute his Deſign, News was brought him, That ſome of the Enemies Troops appeared not far off of the Camp, and that the King Commanded he ſhould go to diſcover them; he was forced to obey, and to defer the Execution of his Purpoſe: He got a Horſe-

back; and after he had Rid a little way, word was brought him, as he came out of a Wood, that they were only some few *Arabians*, that came from Conducting a Convoy. He commanded the Cavalry that were with him, to return to the Camp; and followed by a few of his Servants, he Rid on ſlowly, on purpoſe to ſtay in the Wood until his Cavalry were at ſome diſtance, that he might directly go undiſcover'd to *Talavera*. Being in the middle of a great Walk, he met with an *Arabian* Cavalier, of an excellent Preſence and Meine, that came ſadly along the way: Thoſe that were with *Gonſalvo*, by accident, pronounced his Name; at the ſound of which, this Cavalier, that ſeemed plunged in ſome ſerious and deep ſtudy, came to himſelf; and asked them, if he that Rid before alone, were *Gonſalvo*? As ſoon as they anſwered, It was: I ſhall be glad (ſaid he, loud enough to be heard by *Gonſalvo*) to ſee a Man of ſo extraordinary a Merit, and to thank him for the Favours I have received from him: With this he advances towards *Gonſalvo*, lifting up the Beavoir of his Helmet to Salute him: But ſo ſoon as he had viewed his Face, he cryed out, O Gods! Is it poſſible this ſhould be *Gonſalvo*? And looking ſted:

ſtedfaſtly upon him, he remained without Motion, like a Man that had been Planet-ſtruck, and divided within himſelf, with very different Imaginations: After remaining thus for ſome time; *Alamire* (cryed he of a ſuddain) muſt not let him live for whom *Zayde* is deſign'd, or for whom ſhe reſerves her ſelf. *Gonſalvo*, who appear'd aſtoniſht at this Strangers firſt Words and Action; and who, nevertheleſs, expected the Event with a great Calmneſs, was likewiſe ſtruck with an Extraordinary Amazement, when he heard the Names of *Zayde*, and *Alamire*; and ſaw before him this formidable Rival, whom he was going to find out with ſo much Hatred, and deſire of Revenge. I know not (replyed he) whether *Zayde* be deſigned for me; but if you be the Prince of *Tharſus*, as you make me believe you are, you muſt not hope to poſſeſs her but by my Death: Nor you, but by mine, anſwered *Alamire*; and your words too clearly inform me, that you are the Perſon, that cauſes my Misfortune. *Gonſalvo* heard but confuſedly theſe laſt Words: He went back ſome Paces, and with-held his impatience to Fight, only to hinder that their Combat might not be interrupted: He commanded thoſe that followed,

to go further off; but with ſuch an Au-
thority, that they durſt not diſobey: Bu
they with all ſpeed, Rid after the Part
that left *Gonſalvo*, to call back ſome of th
principal Officers of the Army, wh
could not yet be far gone from them. In th
mean time, *Gonſalvo* and *Alamire* began
Combat; where Courage and Reſolution
made appear all that could be *Heroick* an
Wonderful: *Alamire* was wounded in ſo ma-
nyPlaces, that his Strength begun to fail him:
and though *Gonſalvo* was ſo too, the Pro
ſpect of an approaching Victory, ſupplye
the Defects of his Ability with new Vi
gour which made him Maſter of this Prin
ces Life. The King, who by chance wa
not far from this Wood, drawn thither b
the Noiſe and Out-cryes of thoſe that Go
ſalvo Commanded away, arrived in thi
place, and ſeparated the Combatants: H
underſtood by *Alamire*'s Squire, who cam
in at that inſtant, his Maſter's Name; an
Gonſalvo ſeeing *Alamire* bleed in great abun
dance, gave order to help him.

If the King had followed the firſt Im
pulſe of his angry Thoughts, he had give
contrary Orders; but he contented him
ſelf with the Command, that the Prin
of *Tharſus* ſhould be forth-coming, an
turn'd all his care towards the Preſervatio

of his Favourite. He cauſed him to be carryed to the Camp; *Alamire* was not in a Condition to be carryed ſo far, but was brought to a Caſtle that was not far off. As ſoon as *Gonſalvo* was arrived, the King deſired to know what the Phyſitians thought of his Wounds: They aſſured him, there was no danger of his Life. Don *Garcias* would not leave him, until he had known from his own Mouth, the occaſion of this Fight. *Gonſalvo*, who had nothing in reſerve from the King, told him the whole Truth: The King being apprehenſive, that too long a Diſcourſe would be hurtful to *Gonſalvo*'s Health, would have left him to take his Reſt: But *Gonſalvo*, holding him, ſaid; Leave me not, Sir, to the diſorder and confuſion of my Thoughts; Help me to diſ-intangle my ſelf from the new Trouble, which the Actions, and the Words of *Alamire* has put me into: He met me without ſeeming to look for me; He accoſts me like one that would Complement and Thank me; and of a ſuddain, I ſee him ſurpriz'd, troubl'd, and ready to draw upon me: What could he learn in ſeeing me? Who made him alter his Intentions? Who made him fancy, that *Zaïde* was deſtin'd for me, either by *Zulema*, or by her ſelf? He could not

know from any but her ſelf, that I was his Rival: And if ſhe has given him an account of my Love, it was not to make him fear my Pretenſions: He alſo knows very well, that ſhe is not deſtin'd for me by *Zulema*, who knows me not, who is ignorant of my Paſſion for his Daughter, and whoſe Religion is oppoſite to mine. Wherefore, upon what are his Words grounded? and, by what reaſon ſhould my Countenance provoke his Anger, rather than my Name? It is hard, my dear *Gonſalvo* (anſwer'd the King) to dive into this Myſterious Adventure: I think ſeriouſly of it, but cannot find any ſatisfactory Reaſon: Is it not perhaps (ſaid he, of a ſuddain) for having ſeen you in *Alphonſo*'s Solitude, when you went by the Name of *Theodoric*, and ſo, knew you again by your Countenance, to be his Rival? Ah Sir (replyed *Gonſalvo!*) that Thought came into my Imagination too; I found it ſo funeſtous to me, that I cannot fancy it to be that: Can it poſſible be, that *Alamire* could be hidden in that Deſart? Or, Can it poſſible happen, That the Joy which appeared ſometimes to me to be in *Zaydes* Eyes, and which cauſed all my Happineſs, was only the Remains of what the ſight of *Alamire* had produced in them? But Sir,

continued he, I ſcarce ever was from her: I ſhould have ſeen this Prince, if he had ever come to *Alphonſo*'s: More-over, this Princeſs knows who I am; he comes now from her; there is no doubt, but that ſhe has told him; and ſo, muſt needs have known *Gonſalvo* to be the Lover of *Zayde*, when he met me. I cannot comprehend what ſhould cauſe ſo ſuddain a Change; and I find nothing but Impoſſibilities in all that I can imagine. Are you ſure (ſaid the King) that *Alamire* has ſeen *Zayde*? He paſs'd thorow our Camp Yeſter-day very late; You met him this Morning; it ſeems to me hard to believe, that he was at *Talavera*, and came back in ſo ſhort a time: But, it is no hard matter to know the Truth of this; for, two of my Officers have aſſur'd me, that they lay laſt Night where this Prince did; and we ſhall know from them, where they met him. The King commanded theſe Officers to be ſent for preſently; and when they were come, he asked them, in what Place, and what Time they met with *Alamire*.

One of theſe Officers made Anſwer; Sir, We were coming Yeſter-day from *Arobisbe* whither we were ſent; we made a Halt in the Evening in a great Wood, that

that is three or four Leagues from the Camp; we lighted, and lay down to ſleep in this Wood: I over-heard a Noiſe that waked me; I ſaw at a diſtance (thorow the Trees) this *Arabian* Prince ſpeaking to a Lady that was Magnificently Dreſs'd: This Lady, after a long Conference, left him, and came to ſit down by another Lady, not far from the Place where I lay: They ſpoke loud enough; but I could not underſtand what they ſaid, becauſe they ſpoke a Language that I knew not, and which is not the ſame that the *Arabians* uſe: They named *Alamire* divers times; and, tho their Backs were turn'd ſo to me, that I could not ſee their Faces; yet my thought, that ſhe who ſpake to *Alamire*, wept bitterly. After this, they went away: I heard Waggons, and a great Noiſe of Horſes going towards *Talavera*: I awaked my Comrade, and purſued our Way: We ſaw *Alamire* at a diſtance, lying under a Tree, as if he had been indiſpoſed; his Squire asked me, whether they could reach the Camp of the *Arabians* by Day-light? I told them, they could not; ſo they came, and lodged in the ſame Village where we lay.

The King repented him to have examin'd theſe Officers: As ſoon as they were gone,

gone, *Gonſalvo* ſaid; You ſee, Sir, whether I was in the wrong to believe, that *Alamire* had ſeen *Zayde*. But, can you imagine, that it was poſſible (ſaid the King) for her to come out of the Town, being ſhe is a Priſoner? My ill Fate (Replyed *Gonſalvo*) never lets me fail of any thing that can prejudice me: I gave order at my coming away, That *Zayde* might have the Liberty of going out of the Town to take the Aire, as often as ſhe would: She expected *Alamire* in theſe Woods: He had reaſon to ſend me word, That an Affair of importance, that concerned not the War, hinder'd him to make any ſtay in this Camp. He has ſeen her then Yeſter-day; She wept when he was gone: It is true then, that *Zayde* is in Love with *Alamire*; and now I am no longer in doubt. Leave me Sir! Caſt off your Care of a Man, that is too much perſecuted by ill Fortune, to deſerve your Eſteem: I am aſhamed to be prized and beloved by you, being ſo Wretched.

Don Garcias was ſenſibly touched at the Condition *Gonſalvo* was in, and endeavoured to comfort him by the Aſſurances he gave him of his Affection and Friendſhip.

The

The next Day, word was brought, that the Prince of *Tharſus*, his Wounds were very dangerous; his Feaver was ſo violent the enſuing Dayes, that there was little hopes of his Recovery. *Gonſalvo* imagin'd, that as ſoon as *Zayde* ſhould come to know the danger this Prince was in, ſhe would ſend to know how he did: He gave order to one of his Servants, in whom he confided, to go every day to the Caſtle where *Alamire* was kept, to diſcover whether any came to try if they could ſee him: He would fain have known, likewiſe, Whether there were any of that Reſemblance betwixt them, which cauſed in him ſo much Curioſity: But the Extremity, to which this Prince was reduced, hinder'd all Diſcoveries of that Nature; few or none of the Features of his Face being now diſtinguiſhable.

He that was commanded to go to the Caſtle, acquitted himſelf of his Commiſſion with Induſtry: For, he told *Gonſalvo*, That ſince *Alamire* had been there, none had deſired to ſee him; but that certain People, whom he knew not, came every day to know the ſtate of his Health, without telling who ſent them. Although *Gonſalvo* doubted no longer of *Zaydes* Love to *Alamire*; yet every little Circumſtance that

that assured him of it, gave him new trouble and disquiet: the King came into his Tent, as he was agitated with the fresh Affliction he had received; and apprehending that so many Displeasures would hazard his Life, he forbid all those that came about him, to speak to him of *Alamire*, or the Princess *Zayde*.

In the mean while, the Truce was ended, and the two Armies fell to Action: *Abderame* Besieged a little Place, where he expected no great Resistance, by reason of the Inconsiderableness and Weakness of the Place: But it happened, that the Prince of *Gallicia*, nearly related to Don *Garcias*, who by chance was carryed to this Place, the more commodiously to be cured of some Wounds he had received in the last Battle, undertook the Defence of it, with more Rashness than Courage: At which, *Abderame* was so enraged, that, as soon as the Town was surrender'd, he caus'd his Head to be struck off. It was not the first time that the *Moors* abused their Victories, and treated the bravest of the Nobility of *Spain*, with a barbarous & unparallel'd Inhumanity. Don *Garcias* was extreamly incensed at the News of the Death of the Prince of *Gallicia*: The *Spanish* Army was no less; they lov'd the Prince; and, already

ready weary of ſo many Cruelties, for which no publick Satisfaction was made or required; they came in Troops, to Petition the King, that *Alamire* might be uſed as the *Moors* had done the Prince of *Gallicia*. The King conſented to their Deſires; becauſe it was dangerous to refuſe to pleaſe an Army ſo much incenſed: He ſent word to the King of *Cordova*, That he would cauſe the Prince of *Tharſus* his Head to be cut off, ſo ſoon as he ſhould be in a better condition of Health; and that his Wounds would permit him to be made a Publick Example off, without leaving Cauſe to report, that he had only haſten'd his End.

Gonſalvo, by the King's Order, was ignorant of what had been tranſacted, touching *Alamire*. Some Dayes after, they brought him word, that a *Gentleman* belonging to Don *Olmond*, deſired to ſee him: He order'd him to be admitted. This Gentleman, after having told him, That his Maſter was extreamly troubled, that the King's Order did detain him at *Baragel*, and hinder'd him from coming in Perſon, to ask him how he did, gave him ſeveral Packquets. *Gonſalvo* open'd that which was addreſſed to him, and read in it theſe Words.

THE

The LETTER of DON *OLMOND* TO DON *GONSALVO.*

IF I were not well assured of the Inclination you have to do great Actions, I would not send you the Inclosed; and should believe it to no purpose, to intreat you in the behalf of your Enemy: But I am too well acquainted with your generous Soul, to doubt of your kind Entertaining the Request I am desired to make to you. However just it may appear to treat the Prince of Tharsus, *as the Prince of* Gallicia *has been used; it will become you to preserve a Man of the Merit and Quality of* Alamire: *I think, moreover, you ought to allow some Pity to a Passion that is not altogether unknown to you.*

The Name of *Alamire*, and the last Words of this Letter, caused a very great Disorder in *Gonsalvo*: He asked the Gentleman, What his Master meant, by what he writ concerning the Prince of *Gallicia*? Although this Gentleman ought not to think

think, that *Gonſalvo* was ignorant of what had been done; nevertheleſs, he informed him in few words, of the whole Matter. *Gonſalvo* Read the Letter which Don *Olmond* had incloſed, which contained theſe Words:

The LETTER of *FELIME* to Don *Olmond.*

YOU have a great Power with Gonſalvo; *order it ſo, that he preſerve the Life of* Alamire *from the King of* Leon's *Fury: In ſecuring him from the Death which is intended him, he will not ſave his Life; his Wounds will ſoon bereave him of that: And* Gonſalvo *is already ſufficiently Revenged of this wretched Prince, ſince we are obliged to have Recourſe to him for his Preſervation. I conjure you, to uſe all your Intereſt in this Matter: You will ſave more than one Life, in ſaving* Alamires.

Ah *Zayde*, cryed *Gonſalvo! Felime* do's but write by your Order: And you command me by this Letter, to preſerve your *Alamire:* How Inhumane is your Cruelty? To what Extreams do you reduce me? Are not my Misfortunes great enough?

Muſt

Muſt I be obliged more-over, to labor for his Preſervation, that creates them? Muſt I oppoſe the King's Pleaſure? His Reſolution is juſt: He has been driven to it againſt his Inclination: I had no ſhare in it: I ought to let *Alamire* periſh, though I were ignorant of his being my Rival, and being beloved of *Zayde*; But I know it: And this Reaſon, as Cruel as it is, will not let me conſent to his Ruin. What kind of Law is this that I impoſe upon my ſelf? What manner of Generoſity is it, that obliges me to ſave *Alamire*? Is it becauſe I know he robs me of *Zayde*, that I muſt ſave his Life? Ought I to pretend, that the King in granting me this Requeſt, ſhould expoſe himſelf to the hazard of making his Army Revolt? Shall I forſake the Intereſts of Don *Garcias*, to tear from my own Heart, thoſe ſweet Hopes with which the Death of *Alamire* flatters me? This only Man ſtands betwixt me and *Zayde*; and, how-ever ſhe may be preſſeſs'd in his Favour; if ſhe were never more to ſee him, I might promiſe my ſelf to be Happy.

After theſe Words, he remain'd a great while, as it were, buryed in a profound Silence: At laſt, he ſtarts up of a ſuddain; and, though he was extream weak, he

cauſed himſelf to be carryed to the King's Tent: This Prince was ſtrangely ſurprized when he ſaw him, and more when he underſtood what he came to ask.

Sir, ſaid *Gonſalvo*, if you have any kindneſs for me, be pleaſed to grant me *Alamire*'s Life: I cannot live if you make him dye. What is this you ſay *Gonſalvo*, replyed the King? By what Accident do's the Life of the Man that makes you miſerable become ſo neceſſary to your Quiet? *Zayde*, Sir, commands me (ſaid he) to preſerve it; I muſt endeavour to anſwer the good Opinion ſhe has conceived of me: She knows I Adore her, and ought to hate this Prince; and yet ſhe has ſo much Confidence in me, that ſhe believes me ſo far from conſenting to his Death, that I will endeavour to ſave him from the Death that I intended him. She is willing to owe me the Life of her Lover; I beg it of you by all your Goodneſs. I muſt not hear (ſaid the King) ſuch Deſires, which a blind kind of Generoſity inſpires, and a Paſſion that leaves you not the uſe of your Reaſon: I muſt Act purſuant to my own Intereſt and yours. The Prince *Tharſus* muſt dye, to teach the King of *Cordoua*, to make better uſe of the Law of Arms; and to appeaſe my Troops, who

are ready to Mutiny: He muſt dye likewiſe, to leave you ſole Poſſeſſor of *Zayde*, and to hinder him from diſturbing your Quiet hereafter. Ah Sir! ſhall I find any Quiet (replyed *Gonſalvo*) in ſeeing *Zayde* diſpleaſed with me? and in deſpair for the Death of her Lover? I muſt think no more of diſputing *Zayde* with *Alamire*, whether he lives or dyes; I muſt not render my ſelf worthy of the ill uſage of Fortune, by an unreaſonable Obſtinacy: I will make *Zayde* pity me, ſince ſhe could not love me; nor will I leave it in her Power, either to deſpiſe or hate me. Take time (ſaid the King) to examine what it is you ask me; and conſider with your ſelf, whether you ought to deſire it. No Sir (replyed *Gonſalvo*) I will not have the leaſure to change my Opinion; nor to be expoſed to oppoſe a ſecond time, thoſe vain and flattering Hopes, which the thought of *Alamire*'s Death has already given me; nor would I give *Zayde* room to believe, that I was any way irreſolute in the Choiſe I make: And I beg of you the Favour, to declare even now, That you have granted me this Princes Life. I do promiſe you (replyed the King) to give him to your Diſpoſal; But you muſt conceal it yet a while from the Knowledg

of the World. You know our Deſigne upon *Oropeſe*; the Inhabitants are this Night to open us the Gates; If the Enterprize ſucceeds, the Joy of the happy Succeſs, may perhaps diſpoſe the Army to milder Thoughts: *Felime* will be in our Power; know of her, whether *Alamire* be beloved of *Zayde*: Dive into the Secrets of your Deſtiny, before you decide the Fate of this Prince; and put your ſelf into a Condition of taking ſuch Reſolutions, whereof you may not Repent hereafter. But Sir, perhaps *Felime* may not be willing to diſcover the Sentiments of *Zayde* to me. To oblige her to it (interrupted the King) ſend word to Don *Olmond*, that you will not undertake what ſhe deſires, unleſs you know the true Reaſons why ſhe is ſo much concerned for the Preſervation of *Alamire*. It is Don *Olmond*, that is ordered to enter *Oropeſe*, and you will know by him, all that concerns you to learn. I ſubmit, Sir, (anſwered *Gonſalvo*) upon Condition, that you will permit me to oblige the Army, to come of themſelves to you, to beg *Alamire*'s Life at the ſame time, that the News of the taking *Oropeſe* is Publiſhed: And as *Felime* ſhall be our Priſoner, Don *Olmond* may conceal from her the Grace you

tend, until ſhe has diſcovered all that concerns this Prince. *Zayde* ſhall know, that I have obeyed her Commands, at that very inſtant, that I received them; and ſhe ſhall judge by this blind Obedience, that if I renounce the Pretenſions I had to her Affections, I was not unworthy to poſſeſs them.

The King granted all that Don *Gonſalvo* deſired; but, at the ſame time, commanded him to write to Don *Olmond* about what they had reſolved: The King ſpent part of the Night with his Favourite, who began to ſink under the Violence he had uſed againſt himſelf, in ſacrificing to an exact Generoſity (from which he expected no Advantage) all the Hopes of a Paſſion, which poſſeſs'd his whole Heart.

The next Day, Don *Garcias* received Letters of the Proſperous Succeſs of their Enterprize upon *Orcpeſe*: he ſent the News of it to *Gonſalvo*; and, at the ſame time, ſent him word, that he gave him Liberty to uſe his Endeavours for the ſaving of *Alamire*'s Life. *Gonſalvo* cauſed himſelf to be carryed into the Camp, with the ſame Alacrity and Earneſtneſs of Mind, as if the Succeſs of his Undertaking were to aſſure the Conqueſt of *Zayde*: And with

the ſame Countenance, and the ſame Voyce, which he ſo often had made uſe of, to inſpire Courage into his Souldiers, to follow him to Victory, ſhewed them what a ſhame they went about to cauſe him, in deſiring to take away a Princes Life, who had not been in their Power, but for his ingaging with him: He told them, That by this Death (of which he ſhould ever be thought the Author) they made him loſe all the Honour he had won with them in ſo many Battles: That he was at that inſtant, going to the King, to lay down his Commiſſion, and the Command he had of the Army, in order to his Departure out of *Spain:* That he left it to their Choyce, either to be Witneſſes of his taking his leave of the King; or elſe, to go at that inſtant, and beg *Alamire*'s Life. Scarce did the Souldiers give him leave to make an end of his Speech; but thronging about him (as it were), to hinder him from going away, followed him to Don *Garcias* his Tent; ſo animated by the General's Words, that it ſeem'd now as dangerous to refuſe them *Alamire*'s Life, as ſome Days paſt not to grant them his Death.

In the mean time, Don *Olmond*, amidſt ſo many Troubles he had in the ſetling a Town newly taken, bethought him of

Gonſalvo

Gonſalvo, whoſe Intereſt requir'd he ſhould entertain *Felime*: He ſent to deſire leave to ſpeak to her, with the ſame Reſpect, as if the Law of Arms had not given him a free and full Diſpoſal of her: He found her in a deep Melancholly, for, what happen'd that Day, as well as a great Fit of Sickneſs, which her Mother had for ſome time, ſeemed the Cauſes thereof.

So ſoon as they could talk without being heard; Well (ſaid ſhe) Don *Olmond*, Have you prevail'd with Don *Gonſalvo*, to ſave *Alamire*'s Life? Madam (anſwered he,) that Princes Deſtiny is in your Hands. In my Hands, cryed ſhe? Alas, by what Accident can it be in my Power to do any thing, that may preſerve him? I'le ſecure you his Life, replyed he: But to make me able to keep my Word; you muſt inform me of the Reaſons that move you ſo eagerly to work his ſafety: You muſt tell it to me truly, with all the Circumſtances, and every thing you know concerning this Prince. Ah, Don *Olmond* (replyed ſhe!) what is this you ask me? At this, ſhe remain'd ſilent for a while; then, of a ſuddain, ſaid; Do not you know, that he is *Oſmin* and *Zulema*'s near Kinſ-man? That we have been acquainted with him a great while? That he is

a Perſon of extraordinary Merit? Is not this enough to make me concern'd for his Life? But, Madam, (replyed Don *Olmond*), the concern you have for his Safety, has other more preſſing Reaſons: If you think it too much trouble to let me know it, you are free to let it alone; but you muſt be content to free me from the Ingagement I gave you. How Don *Olmond* (ſaid ſhe?) Muſt this be the Ranſom of *Alamire*'s Life? What will it avail you, to know what you ask? *I* am ſorry, *I* cannot tell you (anſwered Don *Olmond*): But Madam, once more, *I* cannot do any thing for him, but upon theſe Terms: All is left to your Choice. *Felime* remain'd a good while, with her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, in ſo profound a ſilence, that Don *Olmond* wondered at it: At laſt, taking Courage; *I* am going (ſaid ſhe, to him) to do that thing, which of all things in the World, *I* thought *I* ſhould never have the Power over my ſelf to do: The good Opinion *I* have of you, and the Friendſhip *I* have for you, help much to confirm me, as well as the Deſire *I* have to ſave *Alamire*'s Life. You muſt keep my Counſel inviolably; and give ear, with Patience, to the Relation I am going to make you; which cannot but be tedious to you.

The HISTORY of *ZAIDE* and *FELIME*

Id' Rahis was Brother to *Caliphe Oſman*, and might have diſputed (by Birthright) the Empire with him, had he not been ſo unfortunate, as to be abandoned by all thoſe that gave him Hopes of their Aſſiſtance; and thereby, was compelled to renounce his pretenſion, and conſent to be baniſhed into the Iſle of *Cyprus*, under colour of being made Commander in Chief there. *Zulema*, and *Oſman*, whom you know were his Children; They were Young and Handſome, and had given many Signal Teſtimonies of their Valour: They both fell in Love with two Women of extraordinary Beauty, and great Quality; who were Siſters, and were deſcended of a long ſucceſſion of Princes; Who formerly bare the chief ſway in this Iſland, before it fell under the Command of the *Arabians:* The one was called *Alaſinthe*, the other *Belenia*. *Oſman* and *Zulema*, being well skild in the *Greek* Tongue, found no difficulty to make themſelves to be underſtood, by theſe two Ladies, who were Chriſtians; But the difference of their Religion, made none in their

their inclinations; They mutually loved passionately: And so soon as the *Cid Rahis*, his death, left them their liberty; *Zulema* married *Alasinthe*, & *Osmin* married *Belenia*: They consented, that their Children should be brought up in the Christian Religion; and made them believe, they would be so themselves within a short time. I was born of *Osmin* & *Belenia*, & *Zayde* of *Zulema* and *Alasinthe*: The Passion of *Osmin* and *Zulema* made them continue some years in *Cyprus*: But, at last, the desire they had to find out a favourable Conjuncture of renewing the pretensions of their Father, call'd them back into *Affrick*: At first, they conceived great hopes; For, contrary to the Rules of true Policy, the *Caliphe* that succeeded *Osman*, gave them such considerable Employments, that *Alasinthe* and *Beleny* could not complaine of their being far from them; But after five or six years absence, they began to murmur, and be much afflicted: They found that they were not all this while in the Wars, but had other Occupations: They heard from them sometimes; but they not coming, made them believe themselves forsaken: *Alasinthe* therefore thought no more of any thing, but of *Zayde*, who even at that age deserved all her Application: And *Belenia* made me the sole object of all her care.

When

When we were paſs'd our Infancy, *Alaſinthe* and *Belenia* retired into a Caſtle upon the Sea-ſide; where they led a Life conformable to their Sadneſs: The regard, they had for *Zayde* and me, made them live with a Grandure and Magnificence, which perhaps by their own inclinations, they would have been glad to leave. We had divers young people of Quality about us; and there was nothing wanting, that might contribute to our Education, and the Diverſiſement, that were ſutable to the place where we were brought up. *Zayde*, and I, had as great tyes of Love and Friendſhip for each other, as we had of Blood and Affinity. I was two years older than ſhe: There was alſo ſome difference in our Humours; Mine was leſs inclinable to Mirth; it was eaſie to perceive it in our Converſation: *Zayde* had alſo a great advantage of Beauty over me.

Some time before the Emperor *Leo* ſent to invade *Cyprus*, we were walking by the Sea-ſide; The Sea was very Calm, there was not a breath of Wind ſtirring; We pray'd *Alaſinthe*, and *Belenia*, to be pleaſed to let us go to Sea in Boats, to divert us. We took divers Young People with us; we made our Barge-men Row toward's

ſome

ſome great Ships, that were at Anchor in the Road: As we came neer theſe Veſſels, we ſaw ſeveral long Boats put off whom we judged to be full of *Arabians*, that were going aſhore: Theſe Boats Steared towards us; In the firſt of which were ſeveral perſons richly attired; one of which, by his Noble Aire, and the Beauty and Comlineſs of his Perſon, appeared to be ſomewhat more then any of thoſe that were about him; This Rencounter Surprized us, and made us judge it not fit for us to venture further to Sea; and that we ought not to give thoſe that were in the other Boats, occaſion to believe that our Curioſity to ſee them had led us that way: We made our Barge fall off to the Leeward; the Boat we endeavoured to avoid, Tacked after us; but the reſt made towards the Shore; The other followed us ſo neer, that we could perceive the man we remarked above the reſt, looking ſtedfaſtly upon us; who ſeemed to take pleaſure in following us. *Zayde* was extreamly taken with the Adventure, and cauſed our Boat to Tack, to ſee if the other would follow us ſtill. For my part, I was ſtrangely concern'd without knowing why: I looked earneſtly upon him, that ſeemed the Chief a-

mongſt

mongſt them; and conſidering him at ſo neer a diſtance, I found ſomthing in his face ſo fair, and ſo agreeable, that I thought I had never ſeen any thing more pleaſing in all my life. I told *Zayde*, we muſt put to ſhore; and that, without doubt, when *Alaſinthe* and *Belenia* had given us leave to come off, they did not think we ſhould have met with ſuch an Adventure. She was of my opinion; we rowed towards the ſhore! The Boat followed us, got a head of us, and put to ſhore near the other Boats, that were already landed.

So ſoon as we touched, we ſaw him that we had remarked, followed by a great many other, advancing towards us; and offered us his hand, with an Ayre, that ſhewed he had already learnt vvho vve vvere. *Zaydes* and my aſtoniſhment vvas great; vve were not uſed to be accoſted with ſo much boldneſs; and above all, by *Arabians*, for vvhom we vvere taught an extream averſion: We believed, that he would be ſurprized, vvhen he ſhould find, that vve did not underſtand his Language; but vve vvere more our ſelves, vvhen vve found that he Spoke ours vvith the ſame exactneſs, and Eloquence, vvhich the ancient *Greeks* uſed in former times.

I

I knovv Madam (ſaid he, to *Zayde*, vvh
went before) that an *Arabian* ſhould not be ſ
bold as to approach your Preſence, vvithou
firſt asking your leave; But I believe, tha
vvhat vvould be thought a crime in another
is pardonable in a man that has the honour
to be allied to the Princes *Zulema*, an
Oſmin. Being Curious to ſee vvhat vva
moſt remarkable in Greece, I thought, I
could not ſatisfie that Curioſity better, than
in beginning vvith the Iſle of *Cyprus*: And
my good fortune made me find at my
firſt Arrival in it, that vvhich I ſhould
have ſought in vain, in all the other parts
of the World.

In ſaying theſe vvords, he fixed his eyes
ſometimes upon *Zayde*, and ſometimes upon
me, vvith ſuch demonſtrations of a true
Admiration, that vve could hardly doubt,
but that he really thought, vvhat he ſaid
to us. I knovv not vvhether I vvas al-
ready prepoſſeſſed, or vvhether it vvas the
ſolitude of the place vvhere vve lived,
that made me think this Adventure very
agreeable; But I muſt confeſs, that I never
ſaw any thing ſo ſurpriſing. *Alaſinthe* and
Belenia, vvho vvere at ſome diſtance from
us advanced towards us; and ſent before,
to knovv the Name of this nevv-come
Stranger: They vvere informed, that it
was

vvas *Alamire* Prince, of *Tharſus*, Son to that *Alamire*, vvho aſſumed the Title of *Calyphe*, and vvhoſe power vvas ſo terrible to the Chriſtians: They knevv the affinity that vvas betwixt this Prince and *Zulema*; So that, the reſpect vvhich vvas due to his Birth, together with the deſire of hearing from them, made them receive him with a leſſe Averſion, than they uſed to have for the *Arabians*. *Alamire* by his words, increaſed the diſpoſition they had to receive him more favourably: He ſpoke to them of *Zulema*, and *Oſmin*, whom he had ſeen a little before his Departure; and blamed them for being Capable of abandoning two Perſons ſo worthy of their Love. Their Converſation was ſo long upon the Sea-ſide, and *Alamire* appeared ſo agreeable, even in the eyes of *Alaſinthe*, and *Belenia*, that contrary to the Reſolution they had taken of avoiding the company of all ſtrangers, they could not avoid offering him Lodgings in their Habitation. *Alamire* told them, that although, he knew that Civility ought to forbid him, accepting the offer they made him; yet that he could not reject it, becauſe he would not deprive himſelf of the pleaſure he took, in being Converſant with perſons that had given him ſo much Admiration: Wherefore he walked along

long with us, and presented to us a person, for whom he shewed much esteem, whose name was *Mulziman*. All that evening, *Alamire* continued to confirme us in the esteem, we at first conceived of him. I was every Moment so astonished at the pleasantnesse of his wit, and gracefulnes of his person; And this astonishment was so powerfull upon me, that I might well even then Judge, there was something more in it, then a bare Surprize; Me thought he viewed me with a great deal of attention, and gave me Commendations that made me think, that my person was at least as pleasing to him as *Zaydes*.

The next day, instead of going away, as in all likelihood he should have done, he ingaged *Alasinthe*, and *Belenia*, to pray him to stay. He sent for very fine Horses, which he had brought with him, and caused them to be rid by several of his People; and rid them himself with that grace, and dexterity, which is particular to those of his Nation; He found pretences to stay three or four dayes with us; and wrought so upon *Alasinthe*, and *Belenia*, that they consented to admit his visits, during his abode in *Cyprus*. At his going from us, he told me, that if his presence had been troublesome to me, or should be for

for the future, I muſt blame my ſelf alone for it; Nevertheleſs I had taken notice, that his looks were often upon *Zayde*; And I obſerved likewiſe that his eyes, were as often fixed upon me, after a manner which appeared ſo natural to me, that joyning the Language of his Eyes, with many things which he had ſaid to me, I remained convinced, that I had made ſome impreſſions upon his heart. O Gods! How deep were thoſe he made upon mine: As ſoon as he was out of my ſight, I felt a ſadneſs that was utterly unknown to me; I quitted *Zaydes* company; I went dreaming about; my thoughts were confuſed; I was weary of my ſelf: I came again to find *Zayde*, and my thoughts it was onely, that I might ſpeak to her of *Alamire*; I found her buſy with her Maids, making Garlands of Flowers: And ſhe ſeemed to me ſo unconcerned, as if ſhe never had ſeen this Prince; I felt a kind of a Mazement at her being ſo buſy with her Flowers, and found my ſelf ſo little diſpoſed to amuſe my ſelf with them, that I ſnatched them from her whether ſhe would or no. We went to walk; I talked to her of *Alamire*; I told her, that I ſaw him look very much on her; ſhe made anſwer, that ſhe did not obſerve it; I endeavoured to find out

whether ſhe had taken notice of the inclination which he profeſſed for me; but I found, ſhe had not ſo much as a thought of it; And I remained ſo aſtoniſhed, and ſo confounded to ſee the different Effects which the ſight of *Alamire* had upon *Zayde*, from thoſe it had wrought upon me, that I blamed my ſelf, and uſed ſuch reproaches againſt my ſelf, as were already but too juſt.

Some days after, he came to ſee us; at a time, when *Alaſinthe* and *Belemy* were gone abroad, and were not to return until night; *Alamire* appeared to me more Lovely than ever; and as *Zayde* was not preſent, it was my Misfortune to ſee him when there was nothing that could divert his attention from looking upon me; and made me ſo many proteſtations of his love that the inclination *I* had for him, perſwaded me that *I* was as acceptable as pleaſing to him, as he was to me; He took his leave of me before the hour that *Zayde* was to return, after ſuch a manner that *I* flattered my ſelf with the opinion that he had no thoughts of ſeeing her; ſhe returned a great while after, and *I* was ſurprized when *Alaſinthe* told me that they met him very neer the Caſtle, and that he came back to conduct them to the Caſtle Gate; *I* fancied by the ſpace of time

ince he left me, he ſhould have been far-
ther off than they ſaid; and that if he
ad not waited for them, he could not
ave met them, This thought gave me ſome
iſquiet; Nevertheleſs *I* did attribute their
eeting, to Chance rather than any thing
lſe, yet *I* was in greater impatience to
e *Alamire* again, then ever *I* had felt be-
ore; He came ſome dayes after to bring
Alaſinthe the news of the Warr the Em-
eror *Leo* Deſigned to make againſt *Cy-*
rus. And this news that was of ſuch
onſequence, ſerved him as a pretence
come more often to ſee us; And as
ſten as he came, he ſtill made the
me proteſtations of love to me, as former-
; *I* had need of all my reaſon to con-
al from him the Diſpoſition of mind in
hich *I* was towards him; and perhaps
my reaſon would have been too weak, if
Concern *I* ſaw he had ſometimes for
e did not help to retain me, for all
I attributed what *I* ſaw him do to
aſe her, onely to his innate Civility
he had addreſſe enough, to hide from
what might give me other thoughts.
We had intelligence that the Emperors
was in ſight of our Coaſts; *Alamire* per-
ded *Alaſinthe*, and *Beleny* to leave the
e we were in; Although our Religion

gave us no Apprehenſion of the Emperors forces; yet the Alliance we had with the *Arabians*, and the apprehenſions we had of the diſorders, which attends upon War, obliged us to follow *Alamire's* Counſels, and remove to *Famagoſta*. *I* was very glad of it, both becauſe I thought *I* ſhould be in the ſame place with *Alamire*, and that *Zayde* and *I* ſhould be no longer Lodged together: Her Beauty was ſo dreadfull to me, that *I* was glad to be where *Alamire* might ſee me, without ſeeing her. *I* believed, *I* ſhould be fully ſatisfied of his intentions towards me, and ſhould ſee whether *I* ought to abandon my ſelf to the inclination *I* had for him; but my heart was no longer in my power: I am perſwaded nevertheleſſe, that if *I* had been then as well informed of *Alamire's* humours as *I* have been ſince, *I* might have defended my ſelf againſt the inclination which drew me to Love him: But as I knew onely the agreeable, and charming qualifications of his Wit and Perſon, together with the Paſſion he pretended for me, it was hard for me to reſiſt an inclination, which was ſo violent and ſo natural.

The day we arrived at *Famagoſta*, he came to meet us; *Zayde* was that day ſo Charmingly Beautifull, that ſhe appeared in

eyes of *Alamire*, what he appeared in mine; That is to ſay, the only perſon, that can pleaſe; *I* perceived the extraordinary care he took to view her attentively. When we were arrived, *Alaſinthe* and *Belny* ſeparated; *Alamire* followed *Zayde*, without ſo much as pretending an excuſe to leave me; I remained ſtruck with the ſharpeſt grief I ever felt; I knew by the violence thereof, the true Paſſion *I* had for this Prince, and this knowledge increaſed my ſadneſs: I now ſaw the Horrible Misfortune, *I* was fallen into by my own fault; but after having afflicted my ſelf for a long time, I ſaw ſome beams of hope ſtill: *I* Flattered my ſelf, as all thoſe that are in Love do; and *I* fancied that ſome Reaſons, unknown to me, might occaſion what diſpleaſed me; *I* was not long fed with this weak hope: *Alamire* for a while would have us believe, that he lov'd us both; that he might determine afterwards, according to the uſage he received, to whom he ſhould ſtick: But the Beauty of *Zayde*, without the ſuccour of hope, carried it; Nay, he had forgotten, that he had ever endeavoured to perſwade me to believe that he had a kindneſſe for me: He ſeldom or never came to ſee me after; or if he did, it was to

follow *Zayde*; he loved her with an extraordinary paſſion. In fine, *I* ſaw him in that condition for her, as *I* ſhould have been for him if decency would have permitted me to ſhew my ſentiments for him.

I know not, whether it be neceſſary, for me to tell you what I ſuffered, and the various impulſes that perplexed my heart. I could not endure to ſee him with *Zayde*, and to ſee him ſo Amorous of her; and on the otherſide, I could not live without him; I had rather ſee him with *Zayde*, than not to ſee him at all; in the mean while, what he did to gain her eſteem inſtead of leſſening my Paſſion, raiſed it to the higheſt pitch: All his words, and all his Actions were ſo adapted to my fancy, that if I could inſpire a conduct into thoſe that ſhould deſire to pleaſe me, it ſhould be that which *Alamire* uſed towards *Zayde*. It is true that it is ſo dangerous a matter to ſee Love made, that it inflames even thoſe to whom it makes no tenders nor addreſſes; *Zayde* gave me an account of his thoughts for her, and her averſion for him; when ſhe ſpoke to me after that manner of him, I was ſometimes ready to diſcover to her the diſpoſition I was in, to engage her by the confeſſion not to ſuffer the continuation of this Princes love, but I was fearfull of

making

making him appear more lovely to her, by ſhowing how much he was beloved; yet I ſet my ſelf a Rule not to render any ill offices to *Alamire*; I was ſo ſenſible of the Horrible Misfortune of not being loved again, that I reſolved not to contribute to his feeling of it, whom I ſo paſſionately loved; and perhaps, it was the little propenſity I ſaw in *Zayde* towards him, that made me ſtedfaſt to that reſolution.

The Emperors Troops were ſo conſiderable, that there was no doubt made but that *Cyprus* would quickly fall into his hands: upon the noiſe of this invaſion *Zulema*, and *Oſimin* awakened out of their profound Oblivion, in which they had ſo long continued; the *Caliphe* began to be afraid of them, and ſeemed to be reſolved to ſend them further off, they prevented him by deſiring him to give them the command of thoſe forces, which he intended for the relief of *Cyprus*; and we ſaw them arrived, when we leaſt expected them: this was a ſenſible joy for *Alathe* and *Beleny*, and it would have been ſo for me, if I had been capable of it; but I was oppreſſed with ſorrow, and the arrival of *Zulema* gave me new apprehenſions, fearing he ſhould favour *Alamires* deſignes. My fears were not with-

out cauſe, *Zulema*, who by his long abode in *Affrica*, grew more ſtubborn and ſtedfaſt to his Religion than ever; wiſhed, that *Zayde* would leave hers: He came from *Tunis*, with deſign to carry her thither, and to marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, of the houſe of *Idris*: But the Prince of *Tharſus*, appeared ſo deſerving of his Daughter, that he approved of his paſſion for her: I ſaw then a neceſſity of endeavouring to hinder, that *Zayde* ſhould not love *Alamire*; it being the only thing I apprehended moſt in the world, to ſee him happy by her means.

This Princes paſſion was grown ſo violent, that all that knew him were amazed at it. *Mulziman*, of whom I ſpoke to you, whom I entertained ſometimes becauſe *Alamire* had a kindneſs for him, ſeemed to me ſo aſtoniſhed at it, that I concluded that this Prince never until then, had been ſuſceptible of a Paſſion ſo ſtrange and laſting. *Alamire* made *Zulema* underſtand the intentions he had for his Daughter; and *Zulema* acquainted *Zayde*, with the deſire he had ſhe ſhould Marry *Alamire*: As ſoon as ſhe was told of the thing ſhe moſt apprehended, ſhe came to tell me of it, with ſuch marks of diſquiet, that, I confeſs, I was puzled to comprehend the reaſon of

her Affliction for being deſign'd to ſpend her Days with *Alamire*. This unfaithful Man had ſo throughly forgotten thoſe Proteſtations he had made me, that being informed by *Zulema*, of the Averſion which *Zayde* had for him, he came to make his moan to me, and to implore my Aſſiſtance. All my Reaſon, and my Reſolution, were ſcarce ſtrong enough to contain me; I felt ſuch a conflict and agitation of Mind, that he might eaſily have perceived it, if he had not been prepoſſeſs'd with the ſame Paſſion that diſorder'd me. At laſt, after a ſilence, which but two plainly ſpoke my mind; I told him, I wonder'd much at *Zaydes* Reſiſtance againſt *Zulema*'s Will; but I am the moſt unfit Perſon in the World to make her change her Opinion. I ſhould ſpeak againſt my own Judgment; and beſides, the misfortune of being tied to one of your Nation, is ſo well known to me, that I cannot perſwade *Zayde* to expoſe her ſelf to it. *Belenia*, has too well informed me ever ſince I was capable of knowing any thing; and I believe *Alaſinthe* has ſo throughly inſtructed her Daughter, that it will not be eaſie to make her Conſent to what you deſire; and for my part, I aſſure you once more, that I am the unfitteſt Perſon in the World to undertake it. *Alamire*

Alamire was out of his Wits, to find me ſo indiſpoſs'd to favour him; yet he was in hopes to win upon me, by letting me ſee his Affliction, and the violence of his Paſſion for *Zayde*. I was in deſpair, to hear what he ſaid upon this occaſion; and yet I could not but pity him, through the Conformity that was betwixt our Misfortunes: All my Thoughts were diſtracted: The Averſion which *Zayde* ſhewed for him, gave me ſome Joy, by the Sweetneſs of Revenge, which I taſted plentifully: And yet my Glory was offended, to ſee one that I ſo much Adored, thus deſpiſed.

I reſolved to tell *Zayde* the State of my Heart; but before I would do it, I preſſed her to conſider well with her ſelf, Whether ſhe ſhould alwayes be able to reſiſt the Deſigne *Zulema* had, of Marrying her to *Alamire*? She told me, There was no Extreamity, which ſhe would not indure, rather than conſent to marry a Man ſo oppoſite in Religion to hers; and whoſe Laws permitted him, to take as many Wives as he pleaſed: But, that ſhe believed, that *Zulema* would not compel her; or, if he ſhould endeavour it, that *Alaſinthe* would find means to hinder him. What *Zayde* had told me, gave me all the

Joy

Joy imaginable: And I began to endeavour to tell her, what I had reſolved to diſcover to her; but I found more Difficulty and Reluctancy, than I thought. In fine, I over-came all the Oppoſitions of Pride and Baſhfulneſs; and I told her, with many Tears, the State I was in: She was ſtrangely amazed at it; and ſhe ſeemed as much concerned at my ill Fate, as I could wiſh. But why (ſaid ſhe) did you conceal your Thoughts with ſo much Care, from him that gave them Birth? I do not doubt, but that if he had at firſt diſcovered them, he would have Loved you; and I believe, That if he ſhould yet be made ſenſible of your Inclination for him, the Hope of being Beloved, together, with the ill Uſage he receives from me, would quickly make him forſake me; Will not you give me leave (added ſhe, Embracing me) to try to make him conceive, that he ought rather to addreſs himſelf to you, than to me? Ah *Zayde* (anſwered I!) Do not rob me of the only thing that hinders me from dying with more Grief; I ſhould not be able to ſurvive *Alamire*'s Knowledge of the Concern I have for him; not only the Intereſt of my Honour would make me inconſolable; but I ſhould be likewiſe ſo, by that of my Paſſion: I might flatter my

ſelf

ſelf with the Hope of being Beloved, if he ſhould know my Inclination to Love him: Yet I know, Love do's not alwayes beget Love: Therefore, I will not deprive my ſelf of that Hope, as weak as it is, ſince it is the only Comfort I have left me. I gave *Zayde* ſo many other Reaſons, that ſhe was of my Opinion, that *I* ought not to diſcover my Paſſion to *Alamire*: *I* found a great Eaſe, in having open'd my Heart to her, and much Satisfaction in making my moan to her.

The Wars in the mean-time, held on ſtill; though at ſuch a Rate, as was plainly to be ſeen, that we ſhould not be able to hold out long: All the Country was loſt, but *Famagoſta*. *Alamire* expos'd himſelf every Day, with a Valour or a Temerity, that clearly ſhewed the Deſpair he was in: *Mulziman* would tell me of it, with an extraordinary Affliction; and he ſo often hinted to me, the Amazement he was in, to behold *Alamire* ſo violently paſſionate of *Zayde*, that *I* could not forbear asking him the Reaſon; and preſſing him to tell me, Whether *Alamire* had never been in Love before he ſaw *Zayde*? He made ſome difficulty, to tell me the cauſe of his Aſtoniſhment: But, *I* conjured him ſo efficaciouſly, that (at laſt) he told me the Ad-

Adventures of that Prince. *I* will not trouble you with the whole Story, becauſe it would be too tedious; But only, what may ſuffice to let you know *Alamire*'s and my Misfortunes.

The HISTORY of *Alamire*, Prince of *Tharſus*.

I Have already acquainted you with *Alamire*'s Birth. What I have told you of his Perſon, and my thoughts of him, ought to perſwade you, that he is as worthy of Love as a man, can be: He had likewiſe, made it his whole Study, from his Youth, to gain the love of all Women: And although the manner of living, of the *Arabian* Women, be directly oppoſit to Gallantry, *Alamires* addreſſe, and the pleaſure he took in Surmounting difficulties, made all that eaſie to him, which would have been thought impoſſible by others. As this Prince was unmarried, and his Religion gave him the liberty to have ſeveral Wives; ſo there was not a Young Lady in *Tharſus*, that did not flatter her ſelf with the hopes of Marrying him. Nor was he ſorry to find, that this hope made him to be more favourably uſed:

uſed; But his inclination lead him to no ingagement that he could not break at pleaſure. He aimed at nothing but being Beloved; the pleaſure of being in Love was utterly unknown to him: he never had a ſincere Paſſion; but he was ſo well Verſed in appearing in Love, without being ſo; that he perſwaded all thoſe, he had thought worthy, of his Love. It is true alſo, that during the time, he made it his buſineſs to pleaſe; the deſire of making himſelf to be Beloved, gave him a kind of Ardour, which might be taken for a real Paſſion; but as ſoon as he ſaw himſelf beloved, having nothing more in his deſires, and not being enough in Love, to find any Pleaſure in Love alone, ſeparated from Difficulties, and Intregues, he thought of nothing more but how to break with thoſe that loved him, and to find out others whom he might draw into the ſame Ingagements.

One of his Favorites called *Selemin*, was privy to all his Amours, and was himſelf as unconſtant; the *Arabians* do celebrate certain Feaſts at certain times of the year; it is the only time that the Women have any liberty; they are permitted at thoſe times to go about the Town, and to walk in the publick Gardens; they aſſiſt at the

the ſolemn Plays, which are ſhewed ſometimes, but always Vail'd: *Alamire* and *Selimin* waited with impatience for thoſe Opportunities; they never failed of finding out ſome new unknown Beauties, and ways of ſpeaking to them, and managing ſome private Intregues with them.

Upon one of theſe Feaſts, *Alamire* ſaw a young Widdow called *Naria*, whoſe Vertue, Beauty, and Riches, were extraordinary, by chance unveiled as ſhe was ſpeaking to one of her Slaves; he was ſurprized with the Charms of her Beauty; ſhe was a little ſtartled at the ſight of this Prince, but could not forbear looking earneſtly upon him: which he perceived, he followed her, and made it his buſineſs to let her take notice that he did ſo. In fine, he had ſeen a Fine Woman, and was ſeen by her, and that was enough to erect in him both Love and Hope; the Character he received of *Naria*'s Vertue and Witt, doubled in him the deſire he had to make her in Love with him; he ſought Her in all places with much induſtry, he paſſed very often by her Houſe without ſeeing her, or being ſeen by her; he met her by chance as ſhe was going to a Bath; and was ſo happy as to have a ſight of her Face two or three times, and as often

ten found her moſt Beautiful; and was ſo ſmitten with her, that he believed ſhe deſigned to put a ſtop to all his lightneſs, and inconſtancy,

Several Days paſſed before *Alamire* could find any ſigne that *Naria* approved of his Love, and begun to be very much concerned at it; Yet for all that, he did not quit the Deſigne he had laid, to gain the good Eſteem of her, or thoſe other fair Perſons; and above all, of a young Lady, called *Zoromade*, very conſiderable by her Father's Quality, as well as her own Beauty: The difficulty of ſeeing her, was almoſt as great, as that of ſeeing *Naria*; But he was perſwaded, that this Fair Maid would have eaſily found means to over-come them, if ſhe were not ſo narrowly watched by her Mother: So that, he was not ſo eager to ſurmount theſe Obſtacles, as he was to over-come *Narias* Reſiſtance; being ſhe had no Body to controul her: He had endeavoured two or three times, but in vain, to gain ſome of her Slaves, to know from them the Dayes ſhe uſed to go Abroad, and the Places where he might ſee her: At laſt, one of thoſe that ſeemed the moſt Obſtinate, promiſed him to give him Notice of all ſhe did. Two Dayes after, he told him, She was going

to a very fine Garden, ſhe had out of Town; and that, if he would pleaſe to walk about that, there were about it Riſings, from whence he might eaſily ſee her. *Alamire* made uſe of this Intelligence: He goes out of *Tharſus* diſguiſed, and paſſed all the Afternoon about this Garden.

Towards Evening, as he was ready to return, he ſaw a Door open, and perceived it was the Slave, which he had gained; who beckon'd to him to approach: He believed *Naria* was walking, and that he might have a ſight of her from that Door: He advances, and enters into a Magnificient Arbor, richly adorned with all things that might add to its Beauty: But what ſurprized him moſt, was the Sight of *Naria*, ſitting upon Cuſhions under a ſtately Canopy, after the reſemblance of the *Goddeſs* of *Love*; two or three of her Women ſtood at a Corner of the Arbor: *Alamire* could not forbear running towards her, and caſting himſelf at her feet, with an Air ſo full of Tranſport and Aſtoniſhment, that he augmented the modeſt Bluſhes, which appeared on the Face of this Beautiful Lady.

I know not (ſaid ſhe to him, intreating him to riſe) whether I ought of a ſuddain, to ſhew you the Inclination I had for you,

having concealed it ſo long a time from you: I believe, I ſhould have hid it, all my Life-time, if you had taken leſs pains to ſhew me the Love you had for me; But, I confeſs, I could not but reſiſt a Paſſion that was purſued and maintained upon ſuch weak and ſlender Hopes. The firſt Moment *I* ſaw you, you appeared Lovely to me; *I* have endeavoured to ſee you undiſcovered, with more care than you did to ſee me: In fine, *I* was deſirous to be as well aſſured of the Paſſion you had for me, by your Words, as you had convinced me of it by your Actions.

Great Gods! What Aſſurance could *Naria* have in *Alamire*'s Words! She little knew the bewitching and inevitable Charms of his alluring Speeches: He ouer did all the Hopes ſhe conceived of his Love; and by his flattering and inſinuating Wit, he gained an intire Conqueſt over the Heart of this Lovely Creature. She promis'd to give him a ſecond Meeting in the ſame place: He returns to *Thaſſa* fully perſwaded, that he was the Man of the World, the moſt in Love; and had almoſt perſwaded *Mulziman* and *Selemir* that he was ſo. He viſited *Naria* divers times; who ſhewed him the greateſt In-clination, and trueſt Marks of Love, that ever

ever were: But ſhe told him, That ſhe had learnt, the great Diſpoſition he had to Change; That ſhe was incapable of giving any ſhare of her Heart to any other; and that, if he intended to preſerve hers, he muſt think of no Body elſe: And upon the firſt occaſion ſhe ſhould have of being Jealous of him, ſhe would for ever break with him. *Alamire* anſwered her with ſo many Oaths, and ſo much Addreſs, that he perſwaded her of his Eternal Fidelity.

But the very Thought of ſuch a ſtrict Engagement troubled him; and as there were no Obſtacles to hinder him from the Freedom of ſeeing her, his Love began to grow cold: Nevertheleſs, he continued making ſtill the ſame Proteſtations of Love to her. As ſhe had no other Thoughts but of Marrying him, ſhe believed there was nothing could obſtruct it, ſince ſhe both Loved, and was Beloved of him; ſomuch, that ſhe begun to talk to him of Marriage: *Alamire* was ſurprized at the Diſcourſe; but his Addreſs was ſuch, that the Surprize was not taken notice of; and *Naria* made a full Account, that in a few Dayes, ſhe ſhould be Marryed to this Prince.

Since his Love for *Naria* began to diminiſh, his Purſuit of *Zoromade* began to increaſe: And by the Aſſiſtance of an Aunt of *Selimens*, whom her Nephew's Favour made Complaiſant to the Prince's Paſſion, he found means to write to her: The Impoſſibility of ſeeing her, was ſtill the ſame, by which his Paſſion ſtill augmented.

All his Hopes was in the Feaſt, that is kept in the beginning of the Year: It was the Cuſtom, to ſend great Preſents one to another, during this Feaſt; and the Streets were crowded with Slaves, laden with all that was Rich and Rare to be found. *Alamire* ſent Preſents to diverſe Perſons: *Naria*, being of a haughty and proud Diſpoſition, would not give way to any conſiderable Preſents; yet he ſent her ſome *Arabian* Sweets, which were ſo Rare, that none had any of them but himſelf; and ſent them with all the Ornaments, that might make them more agreeable to her.

Naria's Paſſion was grown ſo violent for this Prince, upon the Receipt of the Preſent, that if ſhe had followed the Diſcruments of her Heart, ſhe had ſtaid at Home to think of him; and would have avoided all Divertiſements, where he was not to be ſeen

Notwithſtanding, being invited by *Zoromades* Mother to a Feaſt at their Houſe, ſhe could not with Decency gratify her Inclination herein. She went thither, and was not a little ſurprized at the Smell of the ſame Perfumes, as ſhe came into a large Cloſet, which *Alamire* had ſent. She ſtopped with ſome Aſtoniſhment, to inquire from whence that Pleaſant Smell came? *Zoromade*, who was Young, and not uſed to conceal any thing, Bluſh'd, and was out of Countenance: Her Mother ſeeing her make no Anſwer, ſaid, She thought, they came from *Selimen*'s Aunt, who had ſent them to her Daughter. This Anſwer confirmed *Naria*, that they came from the Prince: She ſaw them with the ſame Ornaments as hers were, but ſome-what Richer. This Diſcovery made ſo violent an Impreſſion upon her, that ſhe feigned her ſelf indiſpoſed, and went Home as really ſick, as ſhe deſired to appear: She was violent, and quick of Apprehenſion; The Thought of being deceived by the Man ſhe Adored, put her into a deplorable Condition: But, before ſhe would give her ſelf up to Deſpair, ſhe took a Reſolution to be more fully informed of the Princes Infidelity.

She ſent him word, That ſhe was ſick,

and that ſhe could not go to any of the Publick Entertainments, during theſe Feſtivals. *Alamire* came to ſee her; and aſſured her, that he alſo would not ſee any of thoſe Publick Divertiſements, ſince ſhe could not be there: and talked to her after a manner, that did almoſt perſwade her, that ſhe did him wrong to ſuſpect him. Nevertheleſs, as ſoon as he was gone, ſhe got up, and diſguis'd her ſelf ſo, that ſhe could not be known: She frequented thoſe Places, where it was moſt likely to find him. The firſt Object that offer'd, was *Alamire* diſguiſed; but no Diſguiſe could hide him from her: She ſaw him following *Zoromade*; and during the Playes that were Repreſented, ſhe perceiv-ed him alwayes cloſe by this Fair Lady. The next Day, ſhe followed him again: But, inſtead of finding him in Purſuit of *Zoromade*, ſhe ſaw him in another Diſguiſe, cloſely Courting another Lady: Her Grief, at firſt, began to leſſen; and ſhe was not a little pacifyed, to think that *Alamire* had only talked to *Zoromade* by Accident, or to divert himſelf only. She crowded her ſelf, amongſt thoſe Women that attended this Young Lady, whom *Alamire* followed; and ſhe came ſo near to him, that at the turning of a Street

where this Young Lady made a ſtop, ſhe heard *Alamire* ſpeaking to her, with the ſame Aire, and thoſe very Terms, that had ſo forcibly perſwaded her of his Love. Judge what became of *Naria*, and the ſenſible Affliction ſhe felt. She would have thought her ſelf Happy at that time, if ſhe could have been convinced, that *Zoromade* was the only Object of *Alamire*'s Purſuit. She would believe, at leaſt, that the Inclination he might have for this Beautiful Perſon, might cauſe his Change: She might have flatter'd her ſelf to have been Beloved of him, before his Inclination for *Zoromade*: But finding, that he was able to have the ſame Care, and ſpeak the ſame Words, to two or three at the ſame time, ſhe was ſatisfyed, that ſhe only had buſied his Wit, and not poſſeſſed his Heart; and that ſhe was only amuſed, without attaining to her Happineſs.

It was ſuch a cruel Adventure for a Perſon of her Humour, that ſhe had not Force enough to bear it: She returns Home over-whelmed with Grief and Affliction; where ſhe found a Letter from *Alamire*, aſſuring her, that he was ſhut up in his Cloſet at Home; not being able to indulge himſelf the Pleaſure of ſeeing the Publick Entertainments, ſince he could

not hope for that, of seeing her there. This Cheat made her judge of what weight were all the pass'd Actions of *Alamire*. She was confounded with Shame, for having so long pleased her self with a Passion, that was but a meer Treachery: She soon resolved what to do; She writ to him, all that Grief, Affection, and Despair could invent, of most sensible, and most passionate, without acquainting him what should become of her; only, bid him an Eternal Fare-well. This Letter surprized him, and gave him some sense of Grief: The Beauty and Wit of *Naria*, were of such high Perfection, that it render'd the Loss of her troublesome, even to the Inconstant Humour of *Alamire*.

He went to tell his Adventure to *Muzziman*, who made him ashamed of his Procedure: You are deceived (said he to him,) if you think your manner of dealing with Women, is not contrary to the true Sense of an Honest Man. *Alamire* was netled at this Reproach. I will justifie my self to you, answered he; for, I have too much Esteem for you, to let you continue in so bad an Opinion of me: Do you think me so great a Beast, as not to Love with sincerity, a Person that I thought Loved me truly? But, do you think

think (interrupted *Mulziman*) to juſtify your ſelf, by accuſing thoſe you Love? Did any of them deceive you? Did not *Naria* Love you with a true and ſincere Paſſion? *Naria* believed, ſhe Lov'd me, replyed *Alamire*; but ſhe lov'd my Quality, and the Rank to which I might raiſe her. I have hitherto found nothing but Vanity and Ambition in Women: They loved the Prince, and not *Alamire*. The deſire they have to make a ſignal Conqueſt, and the Ambition to raiſe themſelves above that Slaviſh Life, to which they are ſubject, has created in them what you call Love; as the Pleaſure of being Beloved, and the deſire to over-come Difficulties, begot in me, what ſeemed a Paſſion to them. I believe (ſaid *Mulziman*) you wrong *Naria*; for, I am confident, ſhe truly loved your Perſon. *Naria* ſpoke to me of Marriage (anſwered *Alamire*) as well as the reſt; and I know not, whether her Paſſion was more ſincere than theirs. How (replyed *Mulziman!*) Would you have a Woman Love you, and not think of Marrying you? No (ſaid *Alamire*,) I would not have them think of Marrying me; while I am above their Quality, that ſhould pretend to it: But, I would not be unwilling they ſhould deſire

ſire it, if they did not know my Quality; and did in a manner believe, they tranſgreſs'd againſt the Rules of Prudence, in Marrying me: But ſo long as they look upon me as a Prince, that may raiſe them above the Sphere they are in; and may give them a Prerogative, to claim more Liberty, than they enjoy in the Quality of a Subject; I ſhall not think my ſelf obliged, to take any great Notice of the Deſigne they may have to Marry me; or take it for a true Love. You ſhould ſee, added he, That I am very capable of Loving ſincerely, if I found a Perſon that ſhould Love me, without knowing who I am. You deſire an Impoſſibility, to ſhew your Fidelity, replyed *Mulziman*; and if you were capable of being Conſtant, you ſhould meet with enough, without expecting ſuch extraordinary Occaſions to ſhew it.

The Impatience he was in, to know what was become of *Naria*, broke off this Converſation: He goes to her Houſe, where he learnt, that ſhe was gone to *Mecka*; and that none knew the Way ſhe took, nor the Time when ſhe would come back. This was enough to make him forget *Naria*: All his Thoughts are now bent upon *Zoromade*; who was guarded with

with ſo much Care, that it render'd all his Addreſſes in a manner vain: Not knowing, therefore, what other Courſe to take, he reſolves to venture upon a way, the moſt dangerous in thoſe Countries, that could be thought of; which was, to hide himſelf in one of thoſe Houſes, where Women uſe to Bath themſelves.

Thoſe Baths are ſtately Pallaces; Women frequent them two or three times a week: They take a pride to ſhew their Grandure and Magnificence, by making a great number of Slaves to March before and after them, carrying all thoſe things of which they have uſe in their Bathing Houſes; the entrance of thoſe Houſes is forbidden to all men upon pain of Death, and there is no Mercy for them, that are found there? *Alamire*'s quality ſeemed to warrant him againſt the ordinary Laws; but his Rank expoſed him to a general Revolt and Sedition, in which he ſhould not be able to ſave either his Life or Eſtate.

All Reaſons were too weak to retain him from it; he writ to *Zoromade* that he was reſolv'd to hazard all for to ſee her, & intreated her to inſtruct him how he might ſpeak to her; *Zoromade* made a difficulty to conſent to the hazard to which he was to expoſe him-

himſelf; but at laſt Led away by her Paſſion for him, and forced by that inſupportable Conſtraint under which the *Arabian* Women live, writ to him, That if he could find means to get into the Bathing Houſe, he muſt inform himſelf of that Appartment where ſhe uſed to be; that there was a Cloſet where he might conceal himſelf; that ſhe would not Bath that Day; and that whileſt her Mother was in the Bath, ſhe might have the opportunity of entertaining him. *Alamire* felt a ſenſible pleaſure, in the difficulty of his enterpriſe: He won the maſter of the Baths by great Preſents; he learnt the Day *Zoromade* was to come thither; he got in by Night, and was conducted to the Appartment wherein that Cloſet was, where he remain'd until morning, with all the the impatience that a man truly in love could be in.

Much about the time that *Zoromade* was to come, he heard a Noiſe in the next Chamber, as if divers People were come into it; a little after, the Noiſe leſſen'd, and the Cloſet Dore is open'd, he expected to ſee *Zoromade* come in to him; but in her ſtead, he ſees another Perſon whom he knew not, Richly attired, of a Beauty that had all the Flower, and all the Life of a blooming Youth. This Lady was as much

much ſurprized at the ſight of *Alamire*, as he was to ſee her; he was no leſs proper than ſhe, to cauſe Aſtoniſhment, by the agreeableneſs of his Perſon, and the richneſs of his Apparel. It was ſo unnatural a thing, to ſee a Man in that Place; that, if *Alamire* had not made ſigns to this young Lady, to hold her peace, ſhe had cried out loud enough, to make all that was in the Room, to come into the Cloſet: She comes nearer to *Alamire*, who was raviſht with this new adventure, and asked him by what accident he came into this place; he told her it was a ſtory too tedious to be told then, but conjured her to ſay nothing, and not to ruin a man, who valued not the danger he was in, ſince he ow'd to it the pleaſure of ſeeing the beautifulleſt Perſon in the World; ſhe bluſhes with an ayre of Innocence and Modeſty, capable of inflaming a heart leſs ſenſible than *Alamire's*. *I* ſhould be very ſorry, repli'd she, to do any thing that might hurt you. But you have run great hazard in coming in here; I know not whether you are ſenſible of the danger you are in.

Yes Madam, I know it, and it is not the greateſt that I am threaten'd withall this Day. After theſe words of which he believed

lieved she underſtood the meaning, he prayed her to tell him who she was, and how she came to enter into that Cloſet: My Name is *Elſibery*, anſwered she; I am the Governor of *Lemnos* his Daughter, my Mother came to *Tharſus* two Days ago, where she never had been before, no more than I; she is now in the Bath; I was not diſpos'd to Bath, and I came by chance into this Cloſet; but I beg of you likewiſe added she, to tell me who you are? *Alamire* was glad to meet with a young Woman that knew him not: He told her, his Name was *Selemin*, (it was the firſt Name he could think of): As he talked to her, he heard a Noiſe: *Elſibery* went towards the Cloſet-Door, to hinder any to come in; *Alamire* followed her two or three Steps, forgetting the Danger he expoſ'd himſelf to. May not one hope to ſee you again, Madam, ſaid he? I know not (replyed ſhe, with an Ayre full of trouble,) but I think, it is not impoſible: With this, ſhe went out, and ſhut the Door after her.

Alamire was charmed with this Adventure: He never ſaw any thing ſo Beautiful, nor ſo Lovely, as *Elſibery*: He did believe, that he had obſerved by her, that he was not unpleaſing to her: She did not know him

him to be the Prince of *Tharſus*. In fine, He found in this Lady, all that might ſenſibly touch him. He ſtaid until Night, in that Cloſet, without once thinking, that that he was come thither to ſee *Zoromade*; ſo full was his Imagination, with the Charms of *Elſibery*.

But, *Zoromade* was not ſo eaſie in her Mind; She truly loved *Alamire*: The Danger in which *Alamire* was in, put her into a Mortal Diſquiet, and a ſenſible Affliction, that ſhe could reap no Benefit by it. Her Mother was indiſpoſed, and would not go to the Bath; and therefore, her Appartment was given to *Elſibery*'s Mother. *Alamire*, at his return, found a Letter from *Zoromade*; informing him, what I have told you; and likewiſe, that they talked of Marrying her out of hand: But that, ſhe was not much diſquieted at it, ſeeing he might prevent it, by declaring to her Father, the Intentions he had for her. He ſhewed this Letter to *Mulziman*, to let him ſee, that all Womens Love to him, tended only to get him to marry them: He told him alſo, his Adventure in the Bathing-Houſe: He did Exaggerate to him the Charms of *Elſibery*, the Joy he had to believe, that ſhe had an Inclination for him, without knowing him

to

to be the Prince. He assured him, That he had now found something, that deserved to engage his Heart; and that he should see, how real his intentions should be for *Elsiberry*; and, in truth, he resolved to leave off all other Pursuits, and to think of no Body else, but how to win the Love of this Beautiful Person. It was almost impossible for him to see her; especially, having resolved not to make himself known, as Prince of *Tharsus*: The first Resolution he takes, was to hide himself once more in the Bathing-House: But, he understood, that *Elsiberyes* Mother was sick, and that her Daughter would not come abroad without her.

In the mean-time, the time of *Zoromades* Marriage was at hand; and the Despair she was in, to see her self sleighted and forsaken by the Prince, made her consent to it: As her Father was a Man of great Quality, and the Man she was to marry was no less; so it was resolved, the Ceremony should be very Splendid at her Wedding. *Alamire* learnt, that *Elsiberry* was to be there. The manner of Marrying amongst the *Arabians*, could afford him no Hope of seeing her there; because the Women are quite separated from the Men, both in their Mosques, and

at

at their Feasts: He resolves, nevertheless, to hazard as much for her, as he had done for *Zoromade*: He feigned himself sick the Wedding-Day, the better to dispense himself from assisting Publickly at the Ceremony: He put himself into Womens Attire; and put on a long Vail, such as the Women do wear when they go abroad; and goes to the Mosque with *Selimen*'s Aunt. He saw *Elsibery* coming in; and, though she was Veil'd, yet her Garbe was so particular, and her Habit so different from that the Women of *Thar-sus* wear, that he was not afraid to be mistaken in her: He followed her close to the Place, where the Ceremony was to be performed. He placed himself so near *Zoromade*, that, carryed on by the Remains of that Humour, that was so natural to him, he could not forbear making himself known to her; and speaking to her, as if he had disguised himself only to see her. His Sight caused so much trouble in *Zoromade*, that she was constrained to go back some Steps: And, turning her self towards him; It is an inhumane thing of you (said she) to come to trouble my Quiet, by an Action that should perswade me, that you Love me, if I were not well assured of the contrary;

But, I hope, I ſhall not long ſuffer the Evils, which you have cauſed me. She could ſay no more, nor could he make a Reply; for, the Ceremony ended, and all the Women went to their own Places.

Alamire never thought of the Grief, in which he ſaw *Zoromade*; he was ſo full of his Deſire and Care, how to ſpeak to *Elſibery*: He kneel'd juſt by her, and began to ſay his Prayers very loud, after the *Arabian* Faſhion: That kind of confuſed Murmur of ſo many People, that ſpeak all at once, make it hard to be heard, but by thoſe that ſtand cloſe to one another. *Alamire*, without turning his Face towards *Elſibery*, or changing the Tone in which he prayed, call'd her ſeveral times by her Name: She turned towards him; and, as he ſaw that ſhe looked upon him, he lets fall his Book; and in taking it up, he lifted up his Vail a little; ſo that, *Elſibery* alone might ſee him: He ſhewed her a Countenance, whoſe Beauty and Youth did not bely the Habit of a Woman. He found, that his Diſguiſe did not deceive *Elſibery*; Yet, he asked her, If he was ſo Happy, as to be known again by her? *Elſibery*, whoſe Vail was let quite down, turning her Eyes towards *Alamire*

Alamire, without turning her Head; I know you too well, ſaid ſhe; but, I tremble for the Danger you are in. There is none ſo great, to which I would not expoſe my ſelf, rather than not ſee you, replyed he. It was not to ſee me, ſaid ſhe, that you expos'd your ſelf in the Bathing-Houſe; and, perhaps, it is not for me, that you are now here. It is for you alone, Madam, replyed he; and you ſhall ſee me every Day in the ſame Dangers, unleſs you give me ſome Opportunity of ſpeaking to you. I go to Morrow, ſaid ſhe, with my Mother to the *Caliph*'s Palace; be you there with the Prince: My Vail ſhall be off, becauſe it is the firſt time that I come thither. She would ſay no more, for fear of being over-heard by the Women that were near her.

She put *Alamire* into great Perplexities about the Aſſignation ſhe gave him; he very well knew that the firſt time Women of Quality are admitted to the *Caliphs* Palace, if the *Caliphe* or the Princes his Children come into the place where the Women are, they do not let down their Veils, and after that they are always Veiled: So that *Alamire* was ſure to ſee *Elmery*; but then he muſt be forced to ſhew himſelf, as Prince of *Tharſus*, and that

was, what he could not consent to do. The pleasure of being beloved for the sole Beauty of his Person, was so great and sensible to him, that he was resolv'd not to rob himself of it; but yet it was a great trouble to him to lose an opportunity of seeing *Elsibery*, and an opportunity which she her self gave him. That litle Jealousie which she shewed; For having found him in the Bathing-House whether he came not for her sake, ingaged him the more not to omit any thing that might perswade Her of the reality of his inclinations for her. This perplexity made him hesitate a good while without answering her. At last he asked her if he might not Writ to her: I dare not trust any Body said she, unless you can gain, if possible, a Slave whose Name is *Zelec*.

Alamire was satisfi'd with these Words they leave the Temple; he goes to change his Habit, and to take his measures what to do the next Day, though he found it difficult to conceal his Quality from *Elsibery*; and though it was a great trouble to him to avoid seeing the person of the World he most coveted to see, yet he resolves to do it, because he determin'd to find whether he could be truly loved with

out the help of his Quality; by which, after he had considered how to carry on his design, he writ this Letter to *Elsibery*.

The LETTER of *ALAMIRE* to *ELSIBERY*.

IF I had already desired any Favour from you, or that you had given me any hope, perhaps I should not trouble you with the Request I am going to make, I thought it might then seem more reasonable than now. But Madam, you scarce know me, and I cannot flatter my self, with the thought that I could make any impression upon your Heart; You are not ingaged to me either by inclination or word; and you are going to morrow to a place where you will see a Prince, who never yet saw any thing of Beautiful, but he was in love with: What may not I apprend, Madam, from that interview? I cannot doubt but *Alamire* will fall in love with you; and though perhaps it may seem a Caprice in me to fear him as much as I do, and to apprehend that he may be so happy as to please you, yet I cannot forbear praying you not to see him. Why should you refuse me this Madam?

It is no Favor I ask; and I am happily the only man in the World that ever did desire such a thing; I know my request will seem strange to you, since it appears more strange to my self; But do not refuse this Boon to one who has exposed his Life, that he might have the Happiness, only to say, he loves you.

Having writ this Letter, he disguises himself to go along with some he confided in, to find out who this Slave should be, of whom *Elsibery* spoke: He bestir'd himself so well about the Governour of *Lemnos* his House, that, at last, he gained the Favour of an old Slave, to bring *Zeb*[illegible] to him. He saw at a distance, this young Slave coming; and was surprized with his Beauty and Shape, and the Fineness of his Face. *Alamire* stood sculking in a dark Entry; and this young Slave looked upon him, as he came towards him, as if he had known him formerly: But, as soon as he came near, the Prince (without shewing himself) begun to speak to him of *Elsibery*. The Slave hearing a Voice which he knew not, of a sudden changed his Countenance; and, after a great Sigh, looks down, and stood silent with so profound a Sadness, that *Alamire* could not forbear asking him the Reason thereof

thereof. I believed, I knew him that asked for me, answered he; and I did not think, that I was call'd to hear talk of *Elsibery*: But, go on; what-ever regards *Elsibery*, concerns me near. *Alamire* was surprized and troubl'd at the manner of this Slave's Discourse; He went on, nevertheless, in Recommending to him, the Delivery of a Letter to *Elsibery*; naming himself *Selemin*: The Sadness and Beauty of this Slave, made the Prince imagine, That this was some Lover of *Elsibery*, who had disguised himself to be near her. The Trouble in which he saw him, when he spoke to him of Letters that he was to give, confirm'd him in that Opinion: But, he reflected likewise, That if *Elsibery* had known this Slave to be her Lover, she would not make Choice of him, to convey his Rivals Letters. In fine, This Adventure perplexed him; And, be it how it would, this Slave appeared to him too Beautiful, and of an Ayre so far above his Condition, to be permitted to continue about *Elsibery*.

He expected the next Day with several sorts of Disquiet; He went be-times to his Mothers Appartment: No Lover was ever more impatient, to see his Mi-

ſtreſs, than he was not to ſee his: Nor had any Lover more Reaſon to wiſh, he might not ſee her. He believed, that if *Elſibery* came not to the Pallace, it was to grant him the Favour he beg'd of her: That it was a true Signe, that ſhe had received the Letter, which he gave *Zebelec* for her; and that, if that Slave had given it her, it was apparent he was none of his Rival. In fine, In not ſeeing *Elſibery* come along with her Mother, he was ſure he had Eſtabliſhed a Correſpondency with her; that he had no Rival, and that he might hope to gain her Love. He was taken up with theſe Thoughts, when Word was brought him, that *Elſiberyes* Mother was coming; and he had the Pleaſure to ſee, that her Daughter was not come with her. His Tranſports were inexpreſſible: He retired, being unwilling his Face ſhould be known to his Miſtreſſes Mother; and went to his own Lodging, to wait for the time which he appointed to ſpeak to *Zebelec*.

The fair Slave came to him, with as much Sadneſs as he ſhewed the Day before; aad brought him *Elſiberyes* Anſwer: He was over-joyed at this Letter; He found in it Modeſty, mixt with much Affection: She aſſur'd him, that ſhe would have

have for him the Complacency of not seeing the Prince of *Tharsus*, and that she should never make a difficulty of granting him such Favours. She prayed him likewise, not to hazard himself for her; because that her own Natural Fearfulness, and the strictness of the Watch that was kept over her, would render all his Indeavours ineffectual. Though *Alamire* was extreamly satisfyed with this Letter; yet, he could not endure the Beauty and Sadness of the Slave: He asked him divers Questions about the Means of seeing *Elsbery*: But, the Slave made but cold Answers. This Proceeding increased the Princes Suspicions; and, as he found himself more touched with the Beauty of *Elsbery*, than he had ever been with any other; so he feared to enter into a necessity of using her, as he had done all those that he Loved before; or to engage himself to a Person, that might have other Inclinations. In the mean-time, he writ to her every Day: He obliged her to let him know to what Places she went: And his Love made him as careful to avoid seeing her in all Publick Places, where she might know him to be the Prince, as he was industrious to find out the means of seeing her in Private. He

so

ſo carefully obſerved all the Places about the Houſe wherein ſhe lodged; that he found, that upon the Top of the Houſe, which was made into a Terraſs, there was a Balcony jetting out over a Back-Street, which was ſo narrow, that one might Diſcourſe from the Houſe that was againſt it: He ſoon found wayes to be Maſter of that Houſe. He writ to *Elſibery*, conjuring her to be the Night following upon the Terras, where ſhe might be ſeen and entertain'd by him. For, being come thither, *Alamire* might eaſily diſcourſe with her, without being over-heard by any other: Nor was the Night ſo dark, but that he might have the Pleaſure diſtinctly to ſee that Beauty, of which he was ſo enamour'd.

They enter'd into a long Diſcourſe of the Inclinations they had for each other: *Elſibery* deſired to be informed, what Adventure had brought him to the Bathing-houſe: He confeſſed to her the whole Truth, and all that had paſſed betwixt *Zoroaade* and him. Young People are too ſenſible of theſe kind of Sacrifices, without apprehending the Conſequences of them for themſelves. *Elſibery* had a violent Paſſion for *Alamire*. She gave her ſelf wholly up in this Interview; and they

they resolved to see one another often in that Place. As he was ready to withdraw, he turned his Head by chance, and was not a little surprized, to see the fair Slave, that had already caused him so much Disquiet, standing at one of the Corners of the Terrass.

He could not conceal his Trouble; but said, Madam, if I have shewed you some Jealousie the first time I writ to you, may I be so bold, as to shew it you again the first time I speak to you? I know, that Women of your Quality have alwayes Slaves about them; But, I think, they are not of the Age and Meine of him, I see with you. I do confess, that what I know of the Person and Wit of *Zebelec*, may render him as dangerous to me, as the Prince of *Tharsis* can be. *Elsibery* Smiled at this Discourse; and calling the Beautiful Slave, Come *Zebelec*, said she; Come, and cure *Selemin* of the Jealousie you have caused him. Madam, I dare not without your Permission; and I wish, replyed *Zebelec*, That you had the Power to make him Jealous: It is not for my own Interest I wish it; it is for Yours, and for the Apprehensions I have of the Misfortunes, to which you are going to expose your self. But Sir, continued the Slave,

Slave, addreſſing her ſelf to the Prince, whom ſhe took for *Selemin*; It is not juſt, to let you ſuſpect the Vertue of *Elſibery*.

I am a wretched Creature, whom Chance has placed in her Service; I am a Chriſtian of *Greece*, of a Birth, far above the Condition you ſee me in: A little Beauty (of which, there are ſcarce any Foot-ſteps left) drew many Lovers to Court me, in the Prime of my Youth: I found ſo little Truth, and ſo much Treachery in them, that I looked upon them with Scorn. One more Unfaithful than all the reſt (but who knew how to diſguiſe it better) gain'd my Affections: I broke off for his ſake, a conſiderable Match. My Parents perſecuted us: He was forced to fly: He Marries me; I Diſguis'd my ſelf in Man's Apparel, and followed him: We took Shipping: There happen'd a Perſon of great Beauty to be in the ſame Ship, brought thither by ſome extraordinary Accident, to paſs into *Aſia*, as well as my ſelf: My Husband fell in Love with her: We were ſet upon, and taken by the *Arabians*: They ſhared the Slaves: My Husband, and one of his Relations, had their Choice to be in one Lot with thoſe, that ſhould fall to the Captain,

tain, or the Lieutenant's Share: It was my Lot, to fall to the Captain; and, by an unheard-of Ingratitude, my Husband choſe to go with the Lieutenant, to follow this Woman he Loved: Neither my Preſence nor Tears, nor what I had done for him, nor the wretched Condition in which he was going to leave me, could move him: Judge of my Grief! I was led hither: My good Fortune gave me to *Elſiberies* Father. Though I have ſeen my Husbands Ingratitude, I cannot altogether loſe the Hope of his Returning; and that was it, that cauſed the Change you obſerved in my Face, the firſt time I came to ſpeak to you: I was in hopes, it might be him that deſired to ſpeak to me; and, as ill grounded as this Hope was, I could not loſe it without Grief. I do not oppoſe the Inclination which *Elſibery* has for you: *I* know, by woful Experience, how vain it is, to oppoſe ſuch kind of Thoughts: But, *I* grieve for her; and *I* do fore-ſee, the Mortal Pangs into which you will throw her. She never was in Love: She is now Engaging her ſelf into a ſincere and real Paſſion for you; which no Man that has been already in Love, can deſerve.

When

When ſhe had left ſpeaking; *Elſibery* told *Alamire*, That her Father and Mother knew her Quality, her Sex, and her Merit; but for Reaſons that ſhe had to remain unknown, ſhe appeared in the Guiſe of a Slave. The Prince was Charmed with the Wit and Vertue of *Zebelec*; but more, to find how vain the Grounds of his Jealouſies were. In the Sequel, He found ſo many Charms, and ſo much Sincerity in *Elſiberies* Conduct, that he was convinced, that he was never Beloved but by her alone. She lov'd him for Loves ſake, without conſidering what this Paſſion tended to: She never dived into his Fortune, nor his Intentions: She hazzarded all to ſee him; and did all things blindfold, that he could deſire: Another Woman would find much Conſtraint, in the Conduct he deſired ſhe ſhould obſerve. He would have her ſtill believe him to be *Selemin*: He was forced to hinder her from going to certain Publick Feaſts, where he was obliged to appear as Prince: But ſhe found nothing difficult, that pleaſed him.

Alamire believed himſelf, for a time moſt happy to be beloved for his own ſake; but it came into his Head, that although *Elſibery* loved him without knowing that he was

was the Prince of *Tharſus*, it might happen that ſhe might forſake him for one, that ſhould be of that Quality: He was reſolved to put her Heart to the Teſt, by making the true *Selemin* paſs for the Prince of *Tharſus*; making Love to her; and to ſee with his own Eyes, after what manner ſhe would treat him: He told *Selemin* his Intention; and they, together, found means to put it in Execution. *Alamire* made a Horſe-Race; and told *Elſibery*, That, to give her ſome ſhare in the Divertiſement, he would get the Prince, with all his Company, to paſs by her Window: That the Prince and He would be Attired alike, and that he would Ride cloſe by the Princes ſide; and that, although he had alwayes apprehended her ſeeing *Alamire*, he believed himſelf too well aſſured of her Heart, to apprehend, that the Prince might draw her Eyes towards him, chiefly in a Place where he ſhould be near enough, to have his ſhare of her Looks. *Elſibery* did verily believe, that he whom ſhe ſhould ſee with her Lover, would be the Prince of *Tharſus*; and the next Day, ſeeing the true *Selemin* with *Alamire*, did not doubt, but that it was the Prince: She thought, her Lover had no Reaſon to repreſent *Alamire*, for ſuch

ſuch a formidable Man, ſince ſhe thought him nothing ſo agreeable, as him ſhe took for his Favourite. She did not forget to tell him the Judgment ſhe made of him: But, that was not enough to him: He reſolved to try further, whether this ſuppoſed Prince would not take with her, when he ſhould ſeem to be in Love with her, and propoſe to Marry her.

At one of the *Arabian* Feaſts, where the Prince was not obliged to appear in Publick; he told *Elſibery*, that he would Diſguiſe himſelf, that he might be near her: He did ſo; but carryed *Selemin* with him: They placed themſelves near *Elſibery*, and *Selemin* call'd her three or four times: her mind being full of *Alamire*, ſhe doubted not, but that it was he; And taking her time, where no body looked on her, ſhe lifted up her Vail to ſhew him her Face, and began to ſpeak to him; But ſhe was ſurpriſed, when ſhe ſaw him near her, whom ſhe took for the Prince of *Tharſus*; *Selemin* ſeemed to be ſurpriſed likewiſe, and ſmitten with her Beauty; He ſaid would have ſpoken to her, but ſhe would not hear him; And being troubled, at this Adventure, ſhe went nearer to her Mother; In ſo much, that *Alamire* could not accoſt her all the reſt of the day. At Night,

Night, *Alamire* went to ſpeak to her upon the Terraſs: She told him all that happen'd to her, and that with ſo much Truth and Exactneſs, and ſuch Apprehenſion, leſt he ſhould ſuſpect that ſhe had any way contributed to it, that *Alamire* had all the Reaſon imaginable, to be well ſatisfyed: Yet he was not content, but cauſed the old Slave (which he had already found very ſenſible of Preſents) to be bribed, to carry a Letter from the ſuppoſed Prince to *Elſibery*: As the Slave would have given it her, ſhe chid him ſoundly, and refuſed the Letter: She gave an account of it to *Alamire*, who knew it already, and enjoyed the Pleaſure of his Cheat. To accompliſh what he had begun, he carries *Selemin* to the Terraſs, where he was uſed to ſpeak to *Elſibery*, and hid himſelf ſo, as ſhe could not ſee him; but might hear every Word they ſpoke. *Elſibery* was extreamly ſurprized, to ſee the ſuppoſed Prince upon the Terraſs: At firſt, ſhe thought to with-draw; but her Suſpicion, that her Lover betrayed her to the Prince, and her deſire to find it out, kept her there for ſome Moments. I will not tell you, Madam, (ſaid he) Whether it was by my own Addreſs, or by the Conſent of him you thought to

find here, that *I* poſſeſs the Place that was intended for him; neither will I tell you, whether he be ignorant of my Intentions for you; but you may judge, by the likelihood of it, and by the Power that the Quality of a Prince may give me: I will only tell you, That by one ſight of you, you have done that in me which long Converſe could never effect: I would never Engage my ſelf; and now, my only Happineſs is, to induce you to accept of the Quality I poſſeſs: You are the only Perſon, to whom *I* ever have offer'd it; and you ſhall be the laſt, to whom I ever ſhall offer it: Think of it, Madam, more than once, before you deny me; and think, that in refuſing the Prince of *Theſſus*, you refuſe the only Means to draw you out of that Eternal Captivity, to which you are now deſtined.

Elſibery could hear no more what the ſuppoſed Prince ſaid to her: As ſoon as he gave her to underſtand, that her Lover had ſacrificed her to his Ambition, without making any Reply to what he had ſaid to her: I know not, Sir, (anſwered ſhe) by what Adventure you came hither: But let it be how it will, *I* muſt hold no longer Converſation with you, and *I* beſeech you, to allow me the Liberty

to with-draw. In ſaying theſe Words, ſhe left the Terraſs, and retired to her Chamber with *Zebelec*, who had followed her with as much Diſquiet, and Trouble of Mind, as *Alamire* had Joy and Tranquillity: He ſaw, with Delight, that ſhe deſpiſed the Offers of ſo great a Fortune, at the ſame time that ſhe had grounds to believe, that he had deceived her: Nor could he any longer doubt, but that ſhe was proof againſt thoſe Aſpiring Thoughts, of which he was apprehenſive. The next Day, he tryed again to get a Letter conveyed to her from the Prince, to ſee if Spite and Rage had not cauſed her to change her Mind: But the old Slave that was intruſted with it, and endeavoured to deliver it, was as ill handled by her, as he had been the firſt time.

Elſbery paſſed the Night with incredible Grief: There was all the Appearance imaginable, that her Lover had betray'd her: There was none but him, that could diſcover their Intelligence, and the Place where they uſed to ſpeak to one another. Nevertheleſs, her great Kindneſs for him, could not let her condemn him without hearing him. She ſaw him the next Day; and he argued his Caſe ſo well, that he

perſwaded her, that he was betray'd by one of his People; and, that the *Caliphe*, at his Son's Requeſt, had kept him a part of the Night from coming upon the Terraſs: Nay, he perſwaded her, that he was ſenſibly diſpleaſed at the Princes Paſſion for her. The fair Slave was not ſo eaſie of belief, as *Elſibery*; and the Experience ſhe had of the Falſhood of Men would not permit her to give Credit to the ſuppoſed *Selemin*'s Words: She endeavoured (but in vain) to let her ſee, that he impoſed upon her: But, a little while after, Chance gave her occaſion to convince her of it.

The true *Selemin* was not ſo taken up with the Princes Gallantries, but that he had time enough to have ſome of his own: The Lady he was in Love with had a young Slave that waited upon her, who was paſſionately Enamoured of *Zelec*, whom ſhe took for a Man. She told her the Love that was betwixt *Selemin* and her Miſtriſs, and the Contrivance they had found to ſee one another. *Zelec*, who knew *Alamire* by no other Name but that of *Selemin*, cauſed her ſelf to be thorowly informed of all that might make *Elſibery* ſee the Infidelity of her Lover, and went in that very inſtant, to tell her

of it. She was ſenſibly afflicted at this Diſcovery; yet ſhe gave her ſelf up to her Sorrow, without reflecting injuriouſly upon him that cauſed it. *Zebelec* uſed all the Arguments ſhe could think of, to perſwade her never more to ſee *Alamire*; nor to hearken to any Juſtifications, which could be no other but new Inventions, to cheat her. *Elſibery* was willing enough to follow her Advice, but had not the Power.

Alamire came that very Evening to the Terraſs; and much aſtoniſhed, when *Elſbery* began their Interview with a Flood of Tears, and followed it with Reproaches ſo tender, that even thoſe who had no Love for her, could not chooſe but be concern'd for her. He could not imagine, what ſhe could accuſe him of; or by what ſtrange turn of Fortune, ſhe alone ſhould accuſe him of Infidelity; having never been Faithful to any but to her ſelf: He juſtifyed himſelf with all the Force that Truth could inſpire; But, in ſpight of the Diſpoſition ſhe was in to believe him Innocent, ſhe could not give Credit to his Words. He preſſed her to tell him, who ſhe ſhould be, that ſhe thought him in Love with: She did ſo, and told him all the Circumſtances of their Commerce.

Alamire was not a little ſurprized, to find that it was the Name of *Selemin*, that made him appear Guilty; and was much perplexed, to find by what means he ſhould go about to juſtifie himſelf: He could not reſolve it preſently: His only Courſe was, to make new Proteſtations of his Innocency, without engaging himſelf into a further Juſtification: His Perplexity, and his Words, in general, confirm'd *Elſibery* of his Infidelity.

He goes immediately to *Selemin*, to tell him his Misfortune; and think with him, of the Means to make his Innocence appear. *I* would break off with the Perſon *I* Love, for your ſake, ſaid *Selemin*, if *I* thought that would be any Advantage to you: But, although *I* ſhould leave ſeeing her, *Elſibery* would believe ſtill, that there was a time in which you had been Unfaithful to her; and ſo, would not be able to give any Credit to your Words: If you would take away all Ground of Suſpicion from her, my Opinion is, That you own who you are, and who *I* am. She has Loved you, without the Help of your Quality: She believed me to be the Prince of *Tharſus*, and deſpiſed me for your ſake; and, in my Opinion, that was what you would be at. You have Reaſon

my

my dear *Selemin*, cryed the Prince, but *I* cannot reſolve, to diſcover my Quality to *Elſibery*: *I* ſhall loſe by that Diſcovery, all that was Charming in my Love; *I* ſhall loſe the only true Pleaſure *I* ever had; and, *I* know not, whether *I* ſhall not loſe the Paſſion *I* had for her. But, conſider alſo, Sir, anſwered *Selemin*, that in going ſtill by my Name, you will loſe the Heart of *Elſibery*; and that, in loſing that, you will loſe all the Pleaſures, that a falſe Imagination makes you apprehend, can never be found again.

Selemin ſpoke ſo convincingly to *Alamire*, that (at laſt) he made him reſolve to diſcover himſelf to *Elſibery*: He did ſo that very Evening: And none ever was tranſported of a ſuddain, from ſo deplorable a Condition, to ſo happy a State, as ſhe was. She found Marks of a moſt ſincere and tender Paſſion, in all thoſe Accidents that before appeared to her as Deceits: She had the Pleaſure, to have convinced *Alamire* of her Inclination for him, without knowing that he was a Prince. Laſtly, Her Tranſports were ſo great, that her Heart was ſcarce able to contain them; nor did ſhe hide them from *Alamire*: But, he ſuſpected this Joy of hers; He believed, the Prince of *Tharſus* had a

ſhare in it, and that *Elſibery* was more ſenſibly touched for having him for her Lover: But, he concealed his Thoughts from her, and continued viſiting her with much Aſſiduity. *Zebelec* was ſurprized, that ſhe had been deceived in her Diffidence of Men's Paſſions; and envyed *Elſiberies* Happineſs, in having found ſo Faithful a Lover: But, the Cauſe of her Envy did not laſt long. It was impoſſible, but that thoſe extraordinary Things which *Alamire* had done for *Elſibery*, ſhould add new Life to the Paſſion ſhe had for him: The Prince perceived it. This redoubling of her Love, appeared to him an Infidelity; and cauſed in him the ſame trouble, which the Decreaſe of it ought to have done. In fine, He thought himſelf ſo well aſſured, that the Prince of *Tharſus* was better Beloved, than *Alamire* had been under the Name of *Selemin*, that his Paſſion began to diminiſh, though he had no Engagement elſe-where. He had already had of ſo many ſorts; and, this laſt had ſomething in it that was ſo quick, and feelingly Charming, that he found himſelf inſenſible of any other. *Elſibery* ſaw the Love and Care he had for her, decay inſenſibly; and, although ſhe endeavoured to deceive her ſelf; yet ſhe

could

could no longer doubt of her Misfortune, when ſhe was told, That the Prince had taken a Reſolution, to go to Travail over all *Greece*. She learnt it from others, before he told her any thing of it: He was now weary of *Tharſus*, and that inſpired him with the Deſigne, which he put in Execution, notwithſtanding all *Elſiberies* Intreaties and Tears.

The fair Slave ſaw then, that *Elſiberies* Deſtiny was as Unfortunate as her own; And *Elſibery*, had no other comfort, but what ſhe found in bemoaning her ſelf to *Zebelec*; who had the News of her Husband's Death, for which ſhe was ſenſibly agrieved, notwithſtanding his horrible Infidelity to her: His Death having now taken away the cauſe of her Diſguiſe, ſhe prayed *Elſiberies* father, to give her that Liberty, which he had ſo often offer'd her; having obtained it, ſhe put on a Reſolution, to return to her own Country; there to ſpend the reſt of her dayes in ſome Solitude, remote from the Commerce of all men. She had often ſpoken to *Elſibery*, of the Chriſtian Religion: This fair Creature being touched with what ſhe had heard her ſay, and with the Inconſtancy of *Alamire*, (for which ſhe hoped for no Redreſſe) reſolves to turn Chriſtian,

an, to follow *Zebelec*; and live with her in a profound Oblivion of all earthly Tyes; She went away, without giving any notice to her Parents, only by a Letter which ſhe left for them.

Alamire was already got far on his way, when he underſtood by a letter from *Selemin*, what I came from telling you of *Elſibery:* But where ever ſhe be, perhaps ſhe would find ſome Conſolation, could ſhe but know how ſeverely her Quarrel was revenged upon *Alamire*, for his Infidelity to her, by the Violent Paſſion which *Zaydes* Beauty kindled in him.

He arrived in *Cyprus*, and fell in Love with that Princeſs, (as *I* told you) after ballancing ſome time betwixt Her and Me: But, he Loved her with a Paſſion ſo different from all others he ever Loved, that he ſcarce knew himſelf. Formerly, he would alwayes declare his Love, from the firſt Moment that he felt it; He never was afraid to offend thoſe to whom he declared it: But, to *Zayde*, he ſcarce durſt let her have any inckling of it. He was aſtoniſhed, at this Change in himſelf: But, he being forced by the Violence of his Paſſion, to declare it to *Zayde*; and, that he found, that the indifference ſhe had for him, did but irritate his Love for her; when he ſaw

ſaw himſelf brought to Deſpair by her uſage to him, without being able to diſintangle himſelf from his Paſſion for her; he felt a Grief, that was not to be expreſſed.

How! (would he ſay to *Mulziman*) Love never had more Power over me, but I was pleaſed to give it; and, though it had entirely Conquer'd me, I alwayes was pleaſed with all Places where I Loved: And now he muſt, through the only Perſon in the World, in whom I found a Reſiſtance, to Domineer over me, with ſo abſolute an Empire, that he has left me no Power to diſ-ingage my ſelf from him. I could not Love all thoſe that Lov'd me; and I am compelled to Adore *Zayde*, that deſpiſes me. Is it her extraordinary Beauty, that produces this unuſual Effect? Or, Can it be poſſible, that the only way to fix me, was not to Love me? Ah, *Zayde!* Shall I never be in a Condition to know, that they are not your Rigors that ty me to you?

Mulziman could not tell what to ſay to him; ſuch was his Surprize, to ſee him in the Condition he was in: He endeavoured, notwithſtanding, to comfort him, and to eaſe his Pain. Since the Arrival of *Zaydes* Father, and her Declaring never to

to Marry that Prince, his Deſpair grew greater, and hurryed him to ſeek his Death any where with Joy.

This is, as near I can remember, what I learnt from *Mulziman*, continued *Felime*; and perhaps, I have been too exact in my Narrative: But, you muſt pardon thoſe Charms, which thoſe that are in Love, found in the Perſons whom they Love; though it may be, even upon diſagreeable Subjects. Don *Olmond* told the Princeſs; That, far from thinking her ſelf obliged to excuſe the Length of her Narration; That he was bound rather, to return her Thanks, for informing him of *Alamire*'s Adventures: He conjured her, to finiſh what ſhe had begun to tell him: She continued her Diſcourſe after this manner:

You may very well judge, that what I learnt of the ſtrange Adventures and Humour of *Alamire*, could give me no great Hope; ſince I was covinced, that the only way to make him Love, was not to love him; notwithſtanding, I did not love him leſs. The Dangers to which he dayly expoſed himſelf, gave me Mortal Apprehenſions for him; I did believe, that every Stroke might fall upon his Head; that he was the only Man, that could

could be in danger. I was ſo over-whelmed with grief, that I thought nothing could be added to it: But, Fortune expoſed me to a kind of Miſery, more cruel than any I had yet felt.

Some Dayes after *Mulziman* had told me *Alamire*'s Adventures, *I* was ſpeaking of them to *Zayde*; and *I* made ſuch ſad Reflections upon the Cruelty of my Deſtiny, that my Face was all bathed in Tears. One of *Zaydes* Women paſs'd thorow the Room where we were, and left the Door open, which *I* not perceiving: It cannot be denyed, ſaid I to *Zayde*, but that *I* am very Unfortunate, to have ſettled my Affections upon a Man, that is ſo unworthy in all Reſpects, of the Inclination *I* have for him: As *I* ended theſe Words, *I* heard ſome Body behind me in the Room; I thought, at firſt, it was that Woman, that was going thorow again: But, What a confuſion and trouble was *I* in, when *I* ſaw it was *Alamire!* and that he was ſo near me, that he could not chooſe but hear my laſt Words? But the Trouble *I* was in, and the Tears that trickled down my Cheeks, took from me all Means of hiding from him the Truth of what *I* had ſaid: My Strength fail'd me; my Speech left me;

I

I wiſhed my ſelf Dead: In ſhort, None ever was in ſuch a taking, as *I* felt my ſelf. And, to add to the Cruelty of my Adventure, the Princeſs *Alaſinthe* came in, accompanyed with divers others; who went all to ſpeak to *Zayde*, and left me alone with *Alamire*.

The Prince looked upon me with an Ayre, that ſhewed the fear he had to increaſe the Confuſion in which he ſaw me. *I* am ſorry, Madam, ſaid he, that *I* came in at a time, when in all appearance, you were not willing to be heard by any but *Zayde*: But, Madam, ſince Chance has ordained it otherwiſe, do not take it ill if *I* ask you, How it can poſſible be, that a Man that has been ſo happy as to pleaſe you, could oblige you to ſay, That he was unworthy in all Reſpects, of the Kindneſs you have for him? *I* know, no Man can deſerve the leaſt of your Favours: But, Can there be any Man, that could give you Cauſe to complain of his Intentions? Be not angry, Madam, that *I* have ſome ſhare in your Confidence; you ſhall not find me unworthy of it; and, though you took care to conceal from me what *I* have heard; yet, *I* ſhall alwayes have a great Value for a Secret, which *I* owe only to Chance.

Alamire

Alamire had ſpoke on for a long time, if he had ſtay'd untill *I* had been able to interrupt him: *I* was ſo out of Countenance, and ſo daunted with the fear he ſhould find out, that he was the Man of whom *I* complain'd; and with Grief, that he ſhould believe, that *I* loved another Man; that it was utterly impoſſible, for me to anſwer him. You think, perhaps, that having concealed from him the Paſſion *I* had for him, with ſo much Induſtry, and ſeeing him ſo much in Love with *Zayde*; *I* ſhould be indifferent, whether or no he imagined, ſome other might have gain'd my Eſteem: But, Love had already put ſo much Conſtraint upon it Self, to hide it from the Perſon that gave it Birth, that it could not be ſo cruel to it ſelf, as to let him think, that another had kindled it. *Alamire* attributed my Perplexity, to my trouble of ſeeing him perſwaded that *I* was in Love. *I* ſee, Madam, ſaid he, that you are unwilling I ſhould be your Confident; but your Concern is unjuſt: Can any Man have more Reſpect for you than my ſelf, or more Intereſt to pleaſe you than I? You have an abſolute Power over that Princeſs, of whom depends my Deſtiny: Tell me then, Madam, Who he is, of whom you com-

complain? and if I have half as much Power with him, as you have over her I Adore; you ſhall quickly ſee, if I do not make him know his Happineſs, and render him worthy of your Goodneſs for him.

Alamire's Words increaſed my trouble and agitation of Mind: He urged me again to tell him, who he ſhould be, of whom I complain'd: But, all the Reaſons that made him deſire to know him, render'd him in my Thoughts, unworthy to be informed. At laſt, *Zayde* judging the Perplexity I was in, came to interrupt us, before I could have the Power to utter one word to *Alamire*. I went away, without ſo much as looking upon him: My Body was not able to bear the Agitation of my Mind: I fell ſick that very Night, and continued ſo a long time.

Among the Number of Men of Quality, that were then in *Cyprus*, it were hard if ſome did not concern themſelves in the Preſervation of my Life: I was told of their Care, to be informed of the ſtate of my Health: I made Reflections how littled I was touched with their Kindneſs: And, when I conſider'd, that if *Alamire* had known my Inclination for him

him, parhaps, it might make as little impreſſion upon him, as the Paſſion of thoſe that loved me, made upon me. I thought my ſelf happy, that he was ignorant of my Love for Him; But, I muſt confeſs, this Happineſs was only pleaſing to my Reaſon, and no way grateful to my Heart. When I began to Recover, I put off as long as I could; all occaſions of ſeeing *Alamire*; and when I came to be ſeen by him, I took notice, that he obſerved me with great Care, to find out by my Actions, who it was, of whom I complain'd; the more I found him diligent, in prying into my Deportment, the worſe I handled all thoſe, that ſhewed any inclination for me; though there were many, of whoſe Merit and Quallitys, I needed not be aſhamed; yet, there was none of them, that did not blemiſh my Honour; For, I could not indure, he ſhould think, that I lov'd without being belov'd Reciprocally; and, this very Thought made me Fancy, that I ſeem'd to him, to be leſs Worthy of him therefore.

The Emperors Troops plyed *Famagoſta* ſo warmly, that the *Arabians* thought it their beſt way to deſert it. *Zulema* and *Selim* reſolv'd to embark us with the Princeſs *Alaſinthe* and *Belleny*: *Alamire* alſo re-

ſolves to leave *Cyprus* to follow *Zayde*, and quit a place where his Valour could be no longer uſeful. He had ſtill a great Curioſity, to find out who it was that I complained of: When we were ready to part, and ſaw that my Sadneſs did not increaſe; How, ſaid he! Can you leave *Cyprus* without ſhewing new Marks of Affliction? It is impoſſible, Madam, but you moſt ſenſibly feel this Departure: Do me the Favor to let me know, Who it is that you are concerned for? There is not a Man in all this place, but I can prevail with, to go into *Africk*; and, you ſhall have the Pleaſure to ſee him there, without his leaſt Suſpition, that you deſir'd any ſuch thing: I have no mind, ſaid I, to trouble my ſelf, to diſpoſſeſs you of an Opinion, which you conceived upon appearances that ſeem'd to be true; Nevertheleſs, I muſt tell you, that thoſe appearences are falſe, I leave none in *Famagoſta* For whom I have any extraordinary Concern; And yet, it is not for any Change my Heart has made. I underſtand you, Madam, the Man that had the good Luck to pleaſe you is not here: I looked for him in vain, amongſt the Number of your Adorers; and, I believe he was gon from *Cyprus*, before I had the Honor to ſee you

It is neither before you ſaw me, nor ſince your coming hither, that any has been ſo happy as to pleaſe me, ſaid I to him, very abruptly; and I pray you, not to ſpeak to me any more, of a thing that diſpleaſes me ſo much.

Alamire ſeeing that I was Angry, would ſay no more to me, and aſſured me, he would never trouble me any more upon this Subject; *I* was glad to end a Converſation, in which, *I* was always in danger of diſcovering, what *I* ſo earneſtly deſired to conceal. In fine, we went abroad, and our Voyage was at firſt ſo pleaſant, that we had no reaſon to fear ſuch an unfortunate Ship-Wrack, as we ſuffer'd upon the Coaſt of *Spain*, as I ſhall inform you Anon.

Felime was going to continue her Relation, when a ſervant came to tell her that her Mother grew worſe. Though I had many other things to tell you, ſaid ſhe to Don *Olmond*, as ſhe was going to leave him, I have told you enough, to let you know, that my Life depends upon that of *Alamire*, and likewiſe, to engage you to keep your Word with me. Madam, I will moſt exactly perform my Promiſe; but *I* pray you to remember alſo, that you muſt inform me of the reſt of your Adventures.

The next Day he went to the King; who no ſooner perceived him, but he preſently would have *Gonſalvo* put out of the impatience, and the diſquiet which appeared in his Countenance: Therefore, leading them both into his Cloſet, and commanding, Don *Olmond*, to tell him, whether he had ſeen *Felime*; or learnt from her, what intereſt ſhe took in the Preſervation of *Alamire*. Don *Olmond*, without ſeeming to Dive into the Reaſons, Why the King, ſhould be ſo curious, to know the Adventures of that Prince; he gave an exact Account, of all that he had learnt from *Felime*, of her Paſſion for *Alamire*, of *Alamires* for *Zayde*; and, of all that happen'd to them, until their departure from *Cyprus*. Having made an end, he judged, that the King and *Gonſalvo*, could not be ſo free in their Diſcourſe, as they would be if he were not there; and, to leave them at Liberty, he ſaid, for excuſe, that he was Oblig'd to return to *Orepeſe*.

So ſoon as he was gon, the King looking upon his Favorite, with an Ayre that ſhew'd the kindneſs he had for him, ſaid to him, Do you yet believe, that *Alamire* is beloved of *Zayde*? Do you believe it was ſhe, that made *Felime* Write? Do

not you ſee, how ill your Apprehentions are grounded? No Sir, (replied gravely, Don *Gonſalvo*), all that Don *Olmond* has ſaid, cannot perſwade me yet, but that I have cauſe to fear; Perhaps, *Zayde* was not, at firſt, in Love with *Alamire*; or, that ſhe concealed it from *Felime*, ſeeing the Paſſion ſhe had for that Prince; but whom do you believe ſhe lamented, when ſhe was Shipwrack'd upon the Coaſt of *Spain* but *Alamire*, whom ſhe believed Dead? Whom can I reſemble but that Prince? *Felime* ſpoke only of him in her Relation; *Zayde*, has deceived her, my Lord, or elſe, ſhe has owned to her the inclination ſhe had for him: But ſince there being at *Alphonſo*'s Houſe, all that I have heard, does not deſtroy the Opinion I had; and, I fear much, that, what remaines yet untold, will rather confirm, than deſtroy them. It was ſo late when *Gonſalvo* left the King, that he ſhould have thought of nothing elſe, but of taking his Reſt; But, his diſquiet of Mind would not give him leave to take any. *Felimes* Relation augmented his Curioſity, and left him ſtill in that cruel uncertainty, in which he had been ſo long. In the Morning, one of the Officers of the Army, that came back from *Oropeſe*, brought him

a Note from Don *Olmond*, wherein he Read theſe Words.

Don *Olmonds* Letter to *GONSALVO*.

FElime *has kept her word with me, and told me, the reſt of her Adventures. The Love ſhe bears to* Alamire, *is the only Cauſe of her Concern for his Life:* Zayde, *has no Intereſt in it; and, if any Man ſhould have hard Thoughts of* Zayde, *it is not of* Alamire, *he muſt be Jealous.*

This Note put *Gonſalvo* into a new trouble, and made him think, that he was only deceaved in believing, that *Alamire* was the Man ſhe loved; But, that he could not be deceived in his belief, that *Zayde* was in Love. The Letter he ſaw her Write at *Alphonſo*'s Houſe, what he had heard her ſay at *Tortoſa*, of a firſt inclination, and the Note he Received from Don *Olmond*, would not let him doubt of it. He thought he muſt be ſtill unhappy, ſince *Zaydes* Heart, was firmly concerned; Nevertheleſs, without knowing why, he felt ſome eaſe, by the aſſurance he had

that her Paſſion was not for the Prince of *Tharſus*.

In the mean while, the *Mores* made Overtures of Peace, which were ſo advantagious, that it was not thought Prudence to reject them; Plenipotentiaries were named on both ſides to Regulate Differences, and a new Ceſſation was agreed upon. *Gonſalvo* was Privy to all the Tranſactions: Yet, as buſied as he was by the importance of thoſe Affairs, which the King intruſted him with, he was much more impatient to know who this Rival ſhould be, of whom, he never heard before. He expected Don *Olmond* with ſo much impatience, that he could take no Reſt: At laſt, he beſeeched the King, either to ſend for him to the Camp; or, to give him leave to go to *Orepeſe*; Don *Garcias*, who whas as curious to hear the ſequel of *Zaydes* Adventures, reſolv'd to be by at Don *Olmonds* telling them; he ſent for him with all ſpeed. When *Gonſalvo* ſaw him coming, and looking upon him, as the Man that was to relate to him, the true Sentiments of *Zayde*, he was almoſt ready to ſtop his mouth; he ſo much feared to hear the truth of his misfortune, though at the ſame time, he earneſtly wiſhed to know it. Don *Olmond*, with

his accuſtomed diſcretion, without ſeeming to perceive *Gonſalvos* trouble, begun to tell what he had received from *Felime*, in their laſt Converſation. The King having Commanded him to ſpeak

The Sequel of the Hiſtory of *FELIME* and *ZAYDE*.

THe Princes, *Zulema* and *Oſmin*, left *Cyprus*, with an intention to paſs into *Africk*, and to land at *Tunis*: *Alamire* went along with them; and their Voyage was Proſperous enough, untill a contrary Wind drove them towards *Alexandria*. When *Zulema* ſaw himſelf ſo near that Place, he had a mind to go a Shore, to viſit *Albumazar*, (the moſt famous Aſtrologer of all *Africk*) his old Acquaintance. The Princeſſes (who were not uſed to the Hardſhips of the Sea), were glad to go a Shore, to reſt themſelves; and the Winds continued in a contrary Point; ſo that, they could not put to Sea again ſo ſoon as they expected.

One Day, as *Zulema* was ſhewing to *Albumazar* divers Rarities which he had brought from his Travails, *Zayde* eſpyed in a Box which he open'd, the Picture of a

Young

Young Man, of an extraordinary Beauty, and a moſt agreeable Phyſiognomy; the Dreſs (that was like to that which is uſed by the Princes of *Arabia*) made her imagine, that it might be the Picture of one of the *Caliph*'s Sons: She asked her Father, Whether it was not ſo as ſhe thought? He told her, He knew not for whom that Picture was drawn; that he bought it of a Soldier, and kept it for the Excellency of the Work: *Zayde* ſeemed taken with the Beauty of that Picture: *Albumazar* took notice of her Attention, in conſidering it; He joked with her about it; and told her, That he perceived, that a Man that ſhould reſemble this Picture, might hope to pleaſe her.

The *Grecians* have naturally a great opinion of Aſtrology, and young People are very curious to know what is to come; ſo, *Zayde* preſſed this famous Aſtrologer, to tell her ſomething of her Deſtiny: But he ſtill excuſed himſelf. He paſſed all that little time which he could ſpare from his Studies, in *Zulema*'s Company; and ſeemed to avoid all occaſions, of ſhewing his extraordinary Skill. At laſt, one Day finding him in her Father's Chamber, ſhe urged him more than ever, to conſult the Stars about her Fortune.

I need not consult the Stars for that, said he, Madam; for, I can assure you, that you are Destin'd for the Man, whose Picture *Zulema* shewed you. Very few Princes in *Africk* are equal to him: You shall be Happy if you Marry him: Have a care, you do not Engage your Affection to any other. *Zayde* received this Answer, as a kind of Rallery, for her too much Attention in viewing the Picture: But *Zulema* told her, with all the Authority of a Father, That she must no wayes doubt of the Truth of this Prediction; That he gave so full a Credit to it himself, that he should never consent she should Marry any other, but the Man for whom this Picture was drawn.

Zayde and *Felime* could not believe, that *Zulema* spoke what he truly thought; but when he declared, that he had no Intention now, that the Princess (his Daughter) should marry the Prince of *Tharsus*: They no wayes doubted of the Truth of what *Albumazar* had said. *Felime* was not a little transported with Joy, when she knew that *Zayde* was no longer destin'd for *Alamire*. She fancied a great pleasure to tell him of it: She flatter'd her self with the hope, that he would return to her, when he should have no further expectation,

that

that *Zayde* would be his. She begg'd leave of this fair Princeſs, to acquaint *Alamire* with *Albumazars* Prediction, and *Zulema's* intention; this leave was ſoon granted, *Zayde* eaſily conſented to all, that might Cure the Prince of *Tharſus*, of the Paſſion he had for her.

Felime, found an occaſion to ſpeak to the Prince, and without making any ſhew, of the Pleaſure ſhe took, in telling it to him, ſhe adviſed him to break off with *Zayde*: ſince ſhe was deſign'd for another, and that *Zulema* was no longer favorable to him; ſhe, moreover told him, how *Zulema* came to change his Mind, and, ſhewed him the Picture, which was to deſide *Zaydes* deſigne. *Alamire* appeared overwhelmed with Grief, at the words of *Felime*, and ſurpriſed, with the Beauty of the Picture, ſhe ſhewed him; he remained a good while ſilent; at laſt, lifting up his Eyes, with an Ayre which ſhewed his Grief; *I* believe it, Madam, ſaid he, that Man, whoſe Picture *I* ſee, is deſign'd for *Zayde*; his Beauty deſerves her; But, he ſhall never have her; For, I will Kill him, before he ſhall be able to pretend to Rob me of *Zayde*: But, replied *Felime*, if you undertake to fight with every Man, that may be like this Picture, You muſt attack

tack a great number of men, before you find out him, for whom it was drawn. I am not happy enough, anſwer'd *Alamire*, to be in danger of ſuch a miſtake. This Picture repreſents ſo great, and ſo particular a Beauty, that very few can be like it. But, Madam added he, this Phyſiognomy, as agreeable and as pleaſing as it appears, may hide ſuch unpleaſing Humours, and a temper of mind ſo different, from what ought to pleaſe *Zayde*, that as Beautifull, as this pretended Rivall may be, perhaps he may not be beloved of her: And, as favourable and kind as Fortune and *Zulema* may be to him, if he does not Captivate *Zaydes* inclinations, I ſhall not think my ſelf altogether unhappy; I ſhall be leſſe troubled to ſee her in the poſſeſſion of a man that ſhe cannot love, then to ſee her in love with a man that ſhe cannot poſſeſſe. Nevertheleſs Madam, continued he, although this Picture has made ſuch an impreſſion in my mind, that cannot eaſily be blotted out, I conjure you to leave it with me for ſome time, that I may conſider it at leiſure, and that I may imprint the *Idea* thereof more ſtrongly in my Memory.

Felime was ſo much Concerned to ſee that, what ſhe had ſaid, would not abate

of

of *Alamire*'s hopes, that ſhe let him carry away the Picture: Which he return'd to her ſome dayes after, in ſpight of the deſire he had, to hide it for ever from the eyes of *Zayde*.

After ſome ſtay at *Alexandria*, the winds were favourable, for their departure; *Alamire* received Letters from his Father that obliged him to leave *Zayde*, to return to *Tharſus*: But knowing that he ſhould not need to ſtay long there, told *Zulema*, that he ſhould be as ſoon at *Tunis* as he. *Felime* was as much afflicted at their Separation, as if ſhe had been really beloved by him: She was uſed to all the afflictions which love cauſes, but ſhe had not been yet acquainted, with that which abſence gives: And ſhe felt it ſo ſenſibly, that ſhe found, that it was the pleaſure alone, of ſeeing him ſhe loved, that gave her ſtrength to ſupport the Misfortune of not being beloved.

Alamire parted for *Tharſus*; and *Zulema* and *Oſmin*, in different Ships, ſailed towards *Tunis*: *Zayde* and *Felime* would not be parted, but ſtaid together in *Zulema*'s Ship. After ſome Dayes Navigation, a grievous Storm roſe, which diſperſed the Fleet: That Ship in which *Zayde* was, ſpent her main Maſt: At which, *Zulema* loſing all

Hope

Hope of Safety in ſtaying in the Ship, and knowing that he was not far off the Land, reſolved to ſave himſelf in the long Boat: He cauſed his Wife, his Daughter, and *Felime*, to go into the Boat; and took with him all that he had of Value: But, as he was going to ſtep into the Boat, a Wave broke the Rope that faſtened it to the Ship, and carryed it with that Violence, that it ſtaved it againſt the Beach. *Zayde* was caſt upon the Shore of *Catalonia* half Dead; and *Felime*, who had got hold of a Planck, was driven in there too, after ſhe had ſeen the Princeſs *Alaſinthe* drowned. When *Zayde* was come to her ſelf, ſhe was in a maze, to find her ſelf among People that ſhe did not know, and whoſe Language ſhe could not underſtand.

Two *Spaniards* that were walking upon the Beach, found her in a Trance, and cauſed her to be carryed to their Houſe; Some Fiſher-men led *Felime* thither too: *Zayde* was over-joyed to ſee her; but was more afflicted, to hear of the Death of the Princeſs, her Mother: Having ſhed many Tears for this Loſs, ſhe bent her Thoughts how to get out of that Place: She made Signes, that ſhe deſired to go

to

to *Tunis*, where ſhe hoped to find *Oſmin* and *Belleny*.

Looking earneſtly upon the Youngeſt of thoſe two *Spaniards*, whoſe Name was *Theodorick*, ſhe perceived, he very much reſembled the Picture, with which ſhe had been ſo taken: This Reſemblance ſurprized her, and made her look upon him with more Attention. She went along the Beach, to ſearch for a Box, in which this Picture was; which, ſhe believed, was put into the Boat, when ſhe came off from the Ship. She ſought in vain; and ſhe was extreamly vexed, that ſhe could not find what ſhe looked for. She perceived, for ſome Dayes, that *Theodorick* had a Paſſion for her, though ſhe could not underſtand it by his Language; yet his Carriage, and his Actions, made her ſuſpect it; Nor was that Suſpicion diſagreeable to her.

Some time after, ſhe thought her ſelf miſtaken: She ſaw him very Melancholly, without any Cauſe from her: She ſaw, that he often left her to go alone, to Dream and Think. In fine, She believed, he was ingaged in Affection to ſome other, which made him uneaſie, and troubled in Mind. This Imagination gave her a ſurprizing Diſquiet, and made her as

Melan-

Melancholly, as *Theodorick* ſeemed to her. Although *Felime* was taken up with her own Thoughts; yet ſhe was too well acquainted with Love, not to pereeive the Paſſion which *Theodorick* had for *Zayde*, and the Inclination *Zayde* had for *Theodorick*: She hinted it to her divers times; and, notwithſtanding the Reluctancy this fair Princeſs found in her, to own it to her ſelf; yet, ſhe could not forbear owning it to *Felime*.

It is true, ſaid ſhe, I have an Inclination for *Theodorick*; of which I am not Miſtriſs: But, I pray you *Felime*, Is it not of him, that *Albumazar* ſpoke? And was not that Picture (think you) which we ſaw, drawn for him? There is no likelyhood of it, anſwered *Felime*; The Fortune and Country of *Theodorick*, has nothing that can relate to what *Albumazar* ſaid. Conſider, Madam, that having no wayes credited that Prediction, you now begin to believe it, by imagining, that *Theodorick* may be the Man that is deſtin'd for you; and judge from thence, what are your Thoughts for him. Hitherto, replyed *Zayde*, I did not believe the Words of *Albumazar*, to be a true Prediction: But, I muſt confeſs, that ſince I ſaw *Theodorick*, they began to make an Impreſſion upon

upon my Fancy. I thought it ſomething Extraordinary, to have found a Man that reſembled that Picture; and, at the ſame time, to feel an Inclination for him. I am ſurprized, when I think of *Albumazar*'s forbidding me to ſuffer my Heart to receive any Impreſſion: He ſeems to me, to have fore-ſeen the Inclination I have for *Theodorick*: And, his Perſon is ſo pleaſing to me, that if I am deſign'd for a Man that reſembles him, what ſhould make me Happy, is like to make my Life uncomfortable. My Inclination is deceived with this Reſemblance, and hurries me to him, to whom I ought not to belong; and, perhaps, prepoſſeſſes me ſo ſtrangely, that *I* ſhall not be able to Love him, whom the Deſtinies have ordained I ſhould Love. There is no other Remedy, continued *Zayde*, but to leave a Place where I run ſuch hazard, and where Decency it ſelf, forbids we ſhould continue any longer. It is not in our Power, anſwered *Felime*, to leave it: We are in a ſtrange Country, even where our Language is not underſtood. We muſt ſtay for the Ships: But take notice, that what ſoever Care you ſeem to take, to leave *Theodorick*, you will not eaſily be able to blot out the Impreſſion he has made upon

your Heart. I perceive in you, the ſame things I felt, when I began to love *Alamire*; and would to the Gods, I could ſee in him, what you cannot but ſee in *Theodorick*. You are miſtaken, ſaid ſhe, if you think that *Theodorick* has any Inclination for me; he has, doubtleſs, for ſome other Perſon: And the Sadneſs I perceive him in, proceeds from a Paſſion, of which I am not the Cauſe. I have, at leaſt, this Conſolation in my Misfortune: that the Impoſſibility of expreſſing my Thoughts to him, will hinder me from the Weakneſs of declaring to him that I love him.

A few Dayes after this Converſation, *Zayde* ſaw *Theodorick* at a diſtance; looking, with great Attention, upon ſomething, which he held betwixt both his Hands; Her Jealouſie made her fancy that it was a Picture: She reſolves to find out the Truth, and ſteals towards him as ſoftly as ſhe could; but ſhe could not do it ſo gently, but that he heard her: He turned his Head, and hid what he had in his Hands, ſo that ſhe could ſee nothing but the Luſtre of ſome Diamonds: She no longer doubted, but that it was a Picture-Caſe, as ſhe had imagined; the Aſſurance ſhe believed, ſhe had of it, ſtruck

her with ſuch a Grief, that ſhe could not hide her Sadneſs, nor look upon *Theodorick*; And ſhe felt ſuch anguiſh of mind, to be ſo paſſionately ſmitten with a Man, whom ſhe believed in Love with another. *Theodorick*, by chance, let fall what he hid; ſhe ſaw it was a Knot of Diamonds, which held to a Bracelet of her Hair, which ſhe had loſt ſome Dayes before: The Joy ſhe was in, that ſhe had been miſtaken, would not let her ſhew any Anger. She ſnatch'd up her Bracelet, and return'd the Diamonds to *Theodorick*; who preſently threw them into the Sea, to let her ſee how much he deſpiſed them, when they were ſeparated from her Hair: This Action convinced *Zayde* of the Love and Magnificence of that *Spaniard*, and did no ſmall Feats in her Heart.

After this, he gave her to underſtand, by the help of a Picture (where he made the Painter to draw a Beautiful Lady, weeping over a Dead Man), that the Severity ſhe ſhewed him, proceeded from the Tyes ſhe had for that Man, whom ſhe lamented. It was no ſmall Grief to *Zayde*, to find, that *Theodorick* believed, that ſhe loved another: She was now no longer in doubt of his Love for her; and ſhe loved him with ſo much Tenderneſs, that ſhe no

longer endeavoured to ſmother it.

The time in which ſhe was to depart, drew on; and not being able to reſolve upon her Departure, without letting him know, that ſhe loved him; ſhe told *Felime*, That ſhe was reſolved to write to him the Inclination ſhe had in her Heart for him; but not to give it him, until the very moment ſhe was to Embark. He ſhall not know the Paſſion I had for him, until I am ſure, I am out of danger of ever ſeeing him more: It will be a great Comfort to me, that he ſhall know, that *I* thought of no other but himſelf; whereas, he believed, *I* was wholly taken up with the Remembrance of another Man. *I* ſhall find a great Pleaſure, in expounding all my Actions to him; and in giveing my ſelf the Freedom of telling him how much *I* loved him: I ſhall have this Delight, without breach of Modeſty. He knows not who I am: He ſhall never ſee me more: And, what matter is't, if he knows that he touched the Heart of that Stranger, whoſe Life he has ſaved from Shipwrack. You have forgot, Madam, ſaid *Felime* to her, that *Theodorick* does not underſtand your Language; So that what you will write to him, will be of no uſe to him. Ah, Madam! If he has

any kindneſs for me, he will find means to be informed of what I ſhall have written to him; and if he has not, I ſhall be glad that he does not know, that I love him: And, I am reſolv'd to leave him with my Letter, the Bracelet of my Hair, which I ſo cruelly took from him, and which he deſerved but too well.

Zayde began the very next Day, to write what ſhe intended to leave to *Theodorick*: He ſurprized her, as ſhe was Writing; and ſhe eaſily found, that he was Jealous at it. If ſhe had followed the Impulſe of her Heart, ſhe had then told him, That ſhe writ to none but him: But her Prudence, and the little Knowledge ſhe had of the Quality or Fortune of this Stranger, kept her from ſaying any thing, that might be taken for an Engagement; and made her conceal, what ſhe deſired he might know, when he ſhould ſee her no more.

Some ſhort time before ſhe was to depart, *Theodorick* left her; and made her comprehend, that he would be back the next Day. The Day following, ſhe and *Felime* went to walk upon the Beach, not without Impatience to ſee *Theodorick*'s Return; and this Impatience made her more Penſive than uſual: So that, ſeeing a Boat

put in to the Shore, inſtead of being Curious to ſee thoſe that were in it, ſhe walked another way: But, ſhe was much ſurprized, to hear her ſelf call'd, and to diſtinguiſh her Father's Voyce: She ran to him with great Joy; and he was tranſported to ſee her again. After ſhe had acquainted him how ſhe eſcaped from Shipwrack, he told her in few words, That his Ship was driven upon the Coaſt of *France*; from whence he could not depart, till ſome few Dayes before, and that he was come to *Tarragone*, to wait for the Ships that were to ſail for *Africk*: That in the mean-time, he reſolved to Row along the Coaſt, where *Alaſinthe*, *Felime*, and ſhe had ſuffer'd Shipwrack; to find, if any of them had chanced to eſcape. At the Name of *Alaſinthe*, *Zayde* could not contain her Tears; by which, *Zaleuc* underſtood the Loſs he had received: Having beſtowed ſome time upon his Grief, he commanded the Young Princeſſes to go into the Boat, to ſail along with him to *Tarragone*. *Zayde* was in great Perplexity, how to perſwade her Father, not to carry her away juſt then: She told him the Obligations ſhe had to thoſe *Spaniards*, who had received her into their Houſe; thereby, thinking to induce him

to

to let her go to take her Leave of them: But, all ſhe could alleadge, would not perſwade him to truſt her any more into the Hands of the *Spaniards*. He made her Embarque, in ſpight of all ſhe could ſay to the contrary. She was ſo ſenſible of the Opinion *Theodorick* might conceive of her Ingratitude; or rather, that ſhe was going to leave him, without all Hopes of ever ſeeing him any more; that, not being able to maſter her Grief, ſhe was forced to ſay, She was ſick. The ſole Conſolation ſhe could find in her Affliction, was to ſee, that her Father had ſaved the Picture, with which ſhe had been ſo well pleaſed; and which now, was become that of her Lover.

But, this Conſolation was not ſtrong enough to help her to ſupport *Theodoricks* abſence: She was not able to reſiſt it: She fell dangerouſly ill: And *Zulema* was a long time in fear of Loſing ſo every way accompliſh'd a Creature, in the Prime, and Flower of her Youth and Beauty. At laſt there were viſible Hopes of her recovery: But ſhe was yet ſo weak that ſhe could not brook the fatigue of the Sea. Her whole employ was to learn the Spaniſh Language, and having Interpreters, and converſing with none

but *Spaniards*, ſhe eaſily learnt it during that time which ſhe paſſed in *Catalonia*: She made *Felime* learn it likewiſe, and ſhe found ſome pleaſure in ſpeaking no other Language, but *Spaniſh*.

In the mean time, the great Ships were parted from *Taragone*, for *Affrick*; and though *Zulema*, did not know what was become of *Oſmin*, after they had been ſeparated by the ſtorm, yet he writ to him, to let him know how he was Shipwracked, and the reaſon that obliged him to ſtay in *Catalonia*. Thoſe Veſſels returned from *Affrick* before *Zayde* was recovered of her Sickneſs: *Oſmin* writ to the Prince his brother, that he Arrived ſafe: And that he found, the *Calipe* in the mind to keep them ſtill at a diſtance: And that King *Abderame*, having ſent to him for Generals, to command his Armies, he deſigned they ſhould paſſe into *Spain*, and that, for that purpoſe he had ſent him the orders. *Zulema* knew well it was not ſafe to diſobey the *Calipe*: He reſolves therefore to take a brigantine, to go by Sea to *Valentia*, to joyn with the King of *Cordova*, and ſo ſoon as the Princeſs his Daughter, was in a condition to Travel, he had her Conveyed to *Tortoſa*: Where he remained ſome dayes to give her ſome reſt: But ſhe was

far

far from finding any: For, during the time of her ſickneſs, and ſince ſhe began to recover, the deſire ſhe had to let *Theodorick* hear from her, and the difficulty of doing it, put her into a Cruel diſquiet of mind: She could not be ſatisfied in her thoughts, becauſe ſhe had the Letter, which ſhe intended to leave him, about her that day her father carried her away. She was extreamly vext, that ſhe had not left it ſomewhere, where he might light upon it. *In* fine, the night before ſhe parted from *Tortoſa*, ſhe ſent one of her fathers Gentlemen with the Letter, with Directions where he ſhould find *Theodorick* near *Tarragone*: She commanded him not to tell who ſent him, and to have a care that he ſhould not be dogg'd as he returned, nor known who he was. Though ſhe never hoped to ſee *Theodorick*, yet her grief was renewed, by leaving a Country wherein he lived: She paſſed ſome part of the night, making her moan to *Felime*, in thoſe pleaſant Gardens belonging to the houſe where ſhe lodged.

The next morning, that Gentleman whom ſhe ſent, came back, and told her, that he had been at the place whether ſhe directed him: but that he had bin informed that *Theodorick*, was gone from thence that day

day before, with deſign to return no mor to that place. *Zayde* was ſenſibly vexed at this unlucky Chance, which deprived her of the only Conſolation ſhe ſought after: And rob'd her Lover of the onely favour ſhe ever intended him: She embarked with a heavy heart, and Landed in few dayes at *Cordova*. *Oſmin* and *Belleny* ſtaid there for them: The Prince of *Tharſus* was there likewiſe, who hearing at *Tunis* that ſhe was in *Spain*, under pretence of thoſe Warrs, came thither to find her out. *Felime* at the ſight of *Alamire* did not find that abſence had cured her, of the paſſion ſhe had for him: *Alamire* found nothing but an Augmentation of, the rigors of *Zayde*: And *Zayde* an increaſe of her Averſion for *Alamire*.

The King of *Cordova*, gave the General command of his Army to *Zulema*, with the Government of *Talevera*, and that of *Oropeſe* to *Oſmin*: Theſe two Princes a little while after, had ſome cauſes of diſguſt given them by *Abdrame*, but being unwilling to publiſh their anger, they withdrew themſelves to their Governments pretending to viſit the Fortifications, and to give the neceſſary Orders for the ſecurity of thoſe places. *Alamire* followed *Zulema*, that he might be near *Zayde*:

But

But a little while after, the Armies going to Action, he was forced to go to joyn with *Abderame*. I parted about that time to find out *Gonſalvo*: *I* was taken priſoner by the *Arabians*, and carried to *Talevera*: *Belleny*, and *Felime* went to *Oropeſe*, but *Zayde* remained with the Prince her Father. After *Gonſalvo* had taken *Talevera*, and a truce was propoſed, *Alamire* ſent word to *Zulema*, that he would lay hold upon the freedom of this Ceſſation to wait upon him, and that he would take *Oropeſe* in his way; *Zayde* being informed of what *I* told you by her father, writ to *Felime* to let her know, that ſhe had found her *Theodorick* again, and that, ſhe was unwilling, he ſhould imagine that it was the Prince of *Tharſus*, whom ſhe lamented at *Alphonſoes* houſe: and therefore prayed her to forbid him to come to *Talevera*.

Felime found no difficulty to deliver this Meſſage to *Alamire*. The next day *Belleni* finding her ſelf indiſpoſed with the cloſeneſs of the place, took the advantage of the Ceſſation, and went out of the town to take the Ayr, in a great Wood that was near the City: as ſhe was walking with *Oſmin* and *Felime*, they eſpied the Prince of *Tharſus* coming towards them, whom they received with Joy: And after they had

had diſcourſed together a good while, *Felime* had opportunity to entertain *Alamire* in private.

I am ſorry, I muſt tell you a thing that will hinder you from going on the Journey you intended: For, *Zayde* prays you not to go to *Talavera*, and ſhe intreats it after a manner, that may paſs for a Command. By what Exceſs of Cruelty, Madam, cryed *Alamire*, would *Zayde* Rob me of the only Comfort her ſeverity has left me, which is to ſee her? I believe anſwered *Felime*, ſhe intends to put an end to the Paſſion you profeſs to have for her; you know the averſion ſhe has to be Married to a Man of your perſwaſion: You likewiſe know, that ſhe has reaſon to believe, that you are not the Man that is deſtin'd for her; and know moreover, that *Zulema* has changed his Reſolution. All theſe Obſtacles, replied *Alamire*, ſhall never make me change, nor the continuance of *Zaydes* unkindneſs; and in deſpite of the Fates, and the manner ſhe uſes me, I will never let fall my hopes of being beloved. *Felime* more than uſually Netled at the Obſtinacy of *Alamires* Paſſion, diſputed with him a good while, upon the Reaſons that ought to draw him from his Purſuit: But ſeeing all her Arguments were

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in vain, Rage did ſo inflame her, that, ceaſing for the firſt time to be Miſtreſs of her ſelf, ſhe told him; That if the Decrees of Heaven, and the unkindneſs of *Zayd*, would not make him loſe his hopes, ſhe knew not what would. Nothing, anſwered *Alamire*, but to ſee that another Man has won her Heart; then you muſt lay by all your hopes, replied *Felime*; for *Zayde* has met with a Man, that has found the way to pleaſe her, and by whom ſhe's Adored & Beloved. Alas! who is that happy Man, cryed *Alamire*? A *Spaniard*, ſaid *Felime*, that reſembles the Picture you have ſeen; in all likelihood it is not he, for whom that Picture was Drawn, nor whom *Albumazar* meant: But as you fear none but him, that may pleaſe *Zayde*, let it ſuffice you, to know, that ſhe loves him, and that it is her fear of diſpleaſing him, that makes her not to conſent to ſee you. What you ſay cannot poſſible be, replied *Alamire*, *Zayd's* Heart is not ſo eaſily Conquered, if it had been ſo, you would not tell it me, nor would *Zayde* give you leave to reveal ſuch a Secret: nor have you any Reaſon that may induce you to tel me of it. I have too many, replied ſhe, tranſported as ſhe was with her Paſſion; and you —— She was going to continue,

continue, but of a ſuddain ſhe recover'd her Reaſon: She was out of Countenance at what ſhe had ſaid: ſhe was troubled, and was ſenſible of her Error: this ſame increaſed her Surpriſe. She remain'd a while without ſpeaking, and as it were beſides her ſelf; at laſt, caſting her looks upon *Alamire*, and believing ſhe ſaw ſomthing in his looks, that diſcover'd ſomthing of the Truth, ſhe put a conſtraint upon her ſelf, and reaſſuming a Countenance, wherein appeared, more of tranquility, than ſhe had in her mind. You have reaſon, ſaid ſhe to believe, that if *Zayde* were in love with any body, I ſhould not acquaint you with it; I had only a mind to make you apprehend ſuch a thing. It is true, that we have met with a *Spaniard* that is in love with *Zayde*, and reſembles that Picture which you ſaw: But you have made me perceive, that I have perhaps, committed an Error, to have told it you, and I am in great perplexity, fearing leſt *Zayde* ſhould be diſpleaſed at it.

There was ſomething ſo natural, in what *Felime* ſaid, that ſhe believed it had wrought ſome part of the effect, at which ſhe aimed: Nevertheleſs, her Surprize was ſo great, and the words ſhe had Spoken were

were ſo remarkable, that excepting the trouble in which ſhe ſaw the Prince of *Tharſus*, ſhe could not flatter her ſelf with the hope that her words had not laid open her own thoughts.

Oſmin, who came to them juſt then, interrupted their diſcourſe: *Felime* preſſed by her ſighs and her tears, which ſhe could not contain, walked into the wood to hide her grief, and eaſe her mind by making her moan, to one in whom ſhe had an intire confidence. The Princeſs *Belleny* her Mother order'd her to be call'd back, that they might return to *Oropeſe*, ſhe durſt not look upon *Alamire*, for fear of ſeeing in his eyes too much grief for what ſhe had told him of *Zayde*, or to much knowledge of what ſhe had ſaid of her ſelf: She ſaw notwithſtanding that he went towards the Camp, and it was ſome ſatisfaction to her to think, that he did not go to viſit *Zayde*.

The King could not forbear interrupting of Don *Olmond* in this place; I do not wonder now, ſaid he, to *Gonſalvo*, at the ſadneſs in which you ſaw *Alamire*, when you met him after his leaving *Felime*; It was to her, that the Trooper ſaw him ſpeak in the Wood; what ſhe ſaid to him, was the cauſe he knew you: And we

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now underſtand the meaning of thoſe words, which he ſpoke to you, when he drew his Sword at you, and which appeared to you then ſo obſcure; and gave us ſo much Curioſity to know what they meant; *Gonſalvo* made no anſwer, and Don *Olmond* followed the thred of his Diſcourſe.

It is not hard to judge how *Felime* paſſed that Night, and into how many ſorts of Afflictions her mind was divided. She ſaw that ſhe had betrayed *Zayde*; and ſhe feared, that ſhe had put *Alamire* into Deſpair: And, in ſpite of her jealouſie ſhe was troubled, that ſhe had made him ſo Unhappy: Notwithſtanding, ſhe wiſhed he might know that *Zayde* was ingaged in her inclinations to another; ſhe apprehended, that ſhe had too well diſwaded him from the Opinion ſhe gave him of it: But above all, ſhe fear'd that ſhe had to much diſcover'd her own Paſſion for him. The next day, a new Affliction blotted out all the reſt: She heard of the Combat that was betwixt *Alamire* and *Gonſalvo*; and, her whole Mind was taken up with the fear of loſing him: She ſent every day to the Caſtle, where he lay, to know how he did? and when ſhe began to have ſome hopes of his Recovery, ſhe heard

heard what the King had ordered about his Life, to Revenge the Prince of *Gallicia's* Death. You ſaw the Letter which ſhe writ to me the laſt Day, to oblige me to labour for his Preſervation. I told her what *Gonſalvo* had done at her Requeſt: And *I* have nothing more to tell you, but that *I* never ſaw in one and the ſame Perſon, ſo much Love, ſo much Diſcretion, and ſo much Grief.

Don *Olmond* thus ended his Relation; during which, *Gonſalvo* felt an inexpreſſible Pleaſure: To know, that he was beloved of *Zayde*; to find Marks of Kindneſs, in all that he took for Marks of Indifference, was an Exceſs of Happyneſs, which tranſported him beyond Expreſſion; and made him taſte in one moment, all the Pleaſures, which other Lovers taſte only by fits. The King was going to tell Don *Olmond*, that *Gonſalvo* was *Theodorick*, when word was brought him, That the Deputies who came to treat of Peace, deſired Audience. He left thoſe two Friends together; and Don *Olmond* taking up the Diſcourſe, *I* might with Juſtice complain, ſaid he, that *I* owe the Knowledge who *Theodoric* was, only to my ſelf, ſince our Friendſhip might claim that Knowledge from you. I wonder how you could believe, it could

be poſſible for you to conceal it from me, while you ſhewed ſo much Curioſity to know all that might concern *Zayde*. *I* know, you loved her the firſt Day you ſpoke to me of her: And *I* could not well believe, that the firſt ſight could produce in you ſo violent a Paſſion, as to me it appeared by what *Felime* told me; ſince *I* was ſure, that the Man (ſuch as ſhe deſcribed *Theodorick*) could be no other but *Gonſalvo*. *I* had no other way to Revenge the Secret you kept from me, but by the Note which *I* writ to you, with an intention to give you ſome Diſquiet: My Revenge is over; and the Pleaſure *I* gave you by my Relation, makes me forget all that could diſpleaſe me. But, added he, *I* will not let you take more Pleaſure than you ought; for, I muſt tell you, That unleſs you have produced a great Alteration in *Zaydes* Heart, ſhe is reſolved to reſiſt the Inclination ſhe has for you, to obey her Father's Commands and Will.

The Certainty of being beloved, inſpired him with ſo violent a Deſire to ſee that Princeſs, that he beg'd Leave of the King to go to *Talavera*: Don *Garcias* willingly granted his Requeſt; and *Gonſalvo* parted full of Hopes, to be confirmed, at leaſt, (by the fair Eyes of *Zayde*) in the Truth

Truth of all that he had heard from Don *Olmond*. He heard at his Arrival to the Caſtle, that *Zulema* was indiſpoſed. *Zayde* came to receive him at the Entry of her Father's Appartment; and told him, The Trouble her Father was in, that he was not in a Condition to ſee him. *Gonſalvo* was ſo ſurprized, and ſo dazled at the Charming Beauty of that Princeſs, that he ſtood ſtock ſtill, and could not forbear ſhewing his Amazement: She took notice of it, and bluſhed; and remained in ſuch a Surprize of Modeſty, that it added a new Luſtre to her Beauty. He led her to her Lodgings, and ſpoke to her of his Love with more Aſſurance, than he had done in his firſt Converſation: But, ſeeing that ſhe anſwer'd him with a Diſcretion and Reſervedneſs, which would conceal from him how her Heart was inclined towards him, if he had not learned it from Don *Olmond*; he reſolved to let her underſtand, that he knew ſome part of her Inclinations.

'Will you never tell me, Madam, ſaid he, The Reaſon that made you wiſh, *I* were the Man whom *I* reſembled? Do not you know, ſaid ſhe, that it is a Secret which *I* cannot reveal? Is it poſſible, Madam, replyed he, looking ſtedfaſtly upon

her, That the Paſſion *I* have for you, and the Obſtacles you ſee to my Happyneſs, will not induce you to have ſome pity of me, and to let me ſee (at leaſt) that you wiſh my Deſtiny were more Happy: It is only this poor Wiſh of my Happineſs, that you conceal from me with ſo much Induſtry. Ah, Madam! Do you think it too much for a Man, that has Adored you from the firſt moment that ever he ſaw you, to prefer him only in Wiſh, to ſome *Affrican* whom you never ſaw? *Zayde* was ſo ſurprized with what *Gonſalvo* ſaid, that ſhe could not anſwer. Be not amazed, Madam, ſaid he, (fearing ſhe ſhould accuſe *Felime* for diſcovering her Thoughts); be not troubled, that Chance hath informed me what *I* have now told you: *I* heard you in the Garden the Night before you parted from *Tortoſa*; and *I* knew from your ſelf, what you have the Cruelty to conceal from me. How *Gonſalvo*, cryed *Zayde!* You heard me in the Garden at *Tortoſa?* Were you ſo near me, and would not ſpeak to me? Ah, Madam, anſwered *Gonſalvo*, (caſting himſelf at her Feet!) What a Joy you give me by this Reproach? and, How glad *I* am, to ſee you forget that *I* liſtened to you, to remember, that *I* did not

ſpeak

ſpeak to you? Do not repent, Madam, continued he, (ſeeing her troubled, that ſhe had diſcovered the Inclination of her Heart): Be not ſorry to give me ſome Pleaſure; and give me leave to believe, that *I* am not altogether indifferent to you. But to vindicate my ſelf from that Reproach, *I* muſt tell you, Madam; That *I* over-heard you at *Tortoſa*, without knowing that it was you: And that my Imagination was ſo fill'd with the Opinion, that we were ſeparated by the Seas; that, although *I* heard your Voice, being in the Night, and could not ſee you, and that you ſpoke *Spaniſh*, *I* could never imagine, that *I* was ſo near you: *I* ſaw you the next Day in a Barge; But, when *I* ſaw you, and knew you, *I* was no longer in a Condition to ſpeak to you; being then in the Cuſtody of thoſe the King ſent to find me out. Since you over-heard me, anſwered *Zayde*, it is but a Folly to go about, to give another Conſtruction to my Words: But, *I* beſeech you, to ask me no more Queſtions; and to give me leave, to go from you: For, *I* muſt confeſs, that the Shame *I* have of what you have heard unknown to me, and of what *I* have unadviſedly ſaid to you, puts me into ſuch a Confuſion, that *I* muſt beg

of you, if I have any Power over you, to be gone. *Gonſalvo* was ſo pleaſed with what he had ſeen, that he would not preſs *Zayde* to make any Declaration of her Thoughts: He left her as ſhe deſired; and came back to the Camp full of Hope, to make her ſhortly change the Reſolution ſhe had taken.

Don *Garcias* his Forces, and the Valour of *Gonſalvo*, were ſo formidable to the *Moors*, that they ſubmitted to all the Articles of Peace, which the King off *Leon* had propoſed. The Treaty was ſigned on both Sides: And, as the *Moors* were to ſurrender ſome Places that were far off; it was agreed, That Don *Garcias* ſhould retain all the Priſoners, until every Article of the Peace were fulfilled. In the mean-time, he was reſolved to ſojourn for ſome time, in thoſe Cities which he had won; and therefore, went to *Almaras*, which the *Moors* had ſurrendered to him. The Queen, who paſſionately loved the King, accompanyed him from the beginning of the Wars in the Field: But, during the Siege of *Talavera*, ſtaid at a Place that was not far off; where a ſlight Indiſpoſition held her ſtill: But, ſhe was, in a few Dayes, to come to him. *Gonſalvo* being impatient until he ſaw

Zayde

Zayde again, pray'd the King, to deſire the Queen to paſs to *Talavera*, under pretence of ſeeing this new Conqueſt; and bring away all the *Arabian* Ladies, that were there. The Queen knew the Intereſt *Gonſalvo* had in *Zayde*; and, ſhe was glad to Repair on this occaſion, in ſome meaſure, thoſe many Croſſes ſhe had cauſed him, in the Intreigue of *Nugna Bella*. She went to *Talavera*; and all the *Arabian* Ladies readily conſented, to paſs all the time they were to ſtay in *Spain*, in the Queens Court. *Zulema*, who remain'd Priſoner at *Talavera*, was not ſo willing to conſent, that *Zayde* ſhould leave him; and the Rank which he alwayes held, made him ſee with ſome Trouble, that his Daughter muſt be obliged to follow the Queen, as well as the reſt of the *Arabian* Ladies: He conſented to it, nevertheleſs; and *Gonſalvo* received the joyful News, that he ſhould ſoon ſee that admirable Beauty, which made him ſo much in Love. The Day that the Queen was to come, the King went two Leagues to meet her: She was on Horſe-back, with all the Ladies of her Train. As ſoon as ſhe came near him, ſhe preſented *Zayde* to him, whoſe Beauty was increaſed by the care ſhe took in her Dreſſing; inſpired there-to, by

her Deſire to appear to *Gonſalvo*, with all her Charms about her: Her graceful Perſon, her compleat Wit, and her modeſt Behaviour, ſurprized all that ſaw her. She was treated as a Perſon of her Birth, Merit, and Beauty, deſerved: And ſhe ſaw her ſelf, in a few Dayes, the Delight, and the Admiration of all the Court of *Leon*.

Gonſalvo could not look upon her without Tranſports of joy; and the Aſſurance he had, that ſhe loved him, would not let him think of the Obſtacles which oppoſed his Happineſs: If he loved her formerly, onely for the Charmes of her Beauty, the Knowledge of her Vertue made him now adore her. He watched all opportunities of ſpeaking to her in private, with as much Induſtry, as ſhe uſed to avoid them: At laſt, having found her one Night in the Queens Cloſet, where there were but few beſides; he conjured her with ſo much Earneſtneſs and Reſpect, to tell him, how ſhe was diſpoſed towards him, that ſhe could not deny him.

If it had been poſſible for me, ſaid ſhe, to hide it from you, I would do it, notwithſtanding the eſteem I have for you; and I would ſpare my ſelf the ſhame of ſhew-

ſhewing an Inclination for a man, for whom I am not deſtin'd; But, ſince you have known my thoughts againſt my will, *I* willingly own them to you, and will explicate to you ſome Paſſages, of which you could have but an obſcure Knowledge. Then ſhe told him all thoſe things which he had already heard by Don *Olmond*, Concerning *Albumazar's* Predictions, and the Reſolutions of *Zulema*: You ſee, added ſhe, That all *I* can do, is to pitty you, and bemoan my ſelf. You are too full of Reaſon to expect, or ask me, not to follow my Fathers will. At leaſt Madam, ſaid he, let me flatter my ſelf, that if he were capable of Changing his Reſolution, you would not oppoſe it. *I* cannot tell you whether *I* ſhould oppoſe it or no, anſwered ſhe: But *I* believe, I ought to do it, becauſe all the Happineſs of my life depends upon it. If you believe, Madam, replied *Gonſalvo* that you ſhould be unhappy in making me happy, you have reaſon to continue the Reſolution you have taken: But *I* dare tell you, that if you continued in that opinion, which you would have me flatter my ſelf with, you have nothing could induce you to believe, that it were poſſible for you to be unhappy. You are deceived, Madam, when

when you imagin that you have ſome little kindneſs for me; and I was miſtaken too, when *I* fancied at *Alphonſes* houſe, that you were diſpoſed to be favourable to me. Let us ſay no more, replied *Zayde*, of what we might believe of one another, during our aboad in that ſolitude: And do not make me remember all that might perſwade me, that your mind was taken up with other afflictions, than thoſe I might give you. I have learnt ſince *I* ſaw you at *Talavera*, what made you leave the Court: Nor do I queſtion but that you beſtowed upon the Memory of *Nugna Bella*, all the time, which you did not ſpend in my company. *Gonſalvo* was Glad, that *Zayde* had given him occaſion, to clear all the doubts, which ſhe had of his paſſion: He laid open before her the true ſtate his Heart was in, when he firſt ſaw her: He told her moreover, what he ſuffered for not being able to underſtand her, and all that he thought of her affliction: And yet *I* was not altogether miſtaken Madam, added he, when *I* believed *I* had a Rivall: And *I* have been informed ſince of the paſſion the Prince of *Tharſus* had for you. It's true Anſwered *Zayde*, that *Alamire* has profeſſed a paſſion for me: And that my Father intended

tended to give me to him, before he ſaw that Picture, which he keeps with an extraordinary care; So fully he is perſwaded that my Happineſſe depends upon marrying the man, for whom it was drawn. Well Madam, ſaid *Gonſalvo*, you are reſolved then, to conſent to it, and to beſtow your ſelf upon the man that you ſhall find like me. If it be true, that you have no Averſion for me, you may believe that you will have none for him: So that the aſſurance *I* have, that *I* am not diſpleaſing to you, is to me a convincing Argument, that you will without any Reluctancy Marry my Rivall. It is a kind of Misfortune which no man, but my ſelf has ever met with. And I know not why the condition *I* am in ſhould not move your pity. Do not complain of me, ſaid ſhe; but rather, that you have been born a *Spaniard*. Although *I* ſhould be to you, what you would deſire, and that my Father were not prepoſſed, your Country would ſtill bean invincible obſtacle againſt your wiſhes: And *Zulema* would never conſent that *I* ſhould Marry you. Give me leave at leaſt, Madam, replied *Gonſalvo*, to acquaint him with my intentions. The Averſion you ſhewed for *Alonzire*, ought to put him out of hope of making you mar-

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ry a man of his Religion: It may be, he is not ſo tyed to *Albumazar's* words as you think: In fine Madam, Give me leave to try alwayes, by which *I* may Arrive to a happineſſe, without which it is impoſſible for me to live. *I* conſent to what you deſire, anſwered *Zayde*; nay, and *I* would have you believe too, that *I* fear all your endeavours will prove unſucceſſefull.

Gonſalvo went away preſently to the King, to beſeech him to aſſiſt him to ſound *Zulema's* thoughts, and to try to make him approve of his deſigne. They concluded to Charge Don *Olmond* with this Commiſſion; whoſe addreſs, and Friendſhip for *Gonſalvo*, ſeemed more likely than any other, to ſucceed in this affair. The King writ by him to *Zulema*: And requeſted *Zayde* for *Gonſalvo*, with the ſame Application, as if he demanded her for himſelf. Don *Olmonds* journey, and Don *Garcias* his Letter, were in vain. *Zulema* made anſwer, that the King Honoured him too much, who having his Daughter in his poſſeſſion, might diſpoſe of her: But that by his conſent, ſhe ſhould never Marry a man, that was of a contrary Opinion to his own. This anſwer gave *Gonſalvo* all the affliction he could

could bear: Being beloved of *Zayde*, he would not acquaint her with the illneſs of it, fearing leſt that the certainty of never being his, would make her Change the intentions ſhe had for him: He told her only, that he did not deſpair of gaining *Zulemas* conſent, and obtaining of him what he ſo earneſtly deſired.

The Princeſs *Belleny*, *Felimes* Mother, who was left Sick at *Oropeſe*, died a litle after the Peace had been concluded. *Oſmin* was ſent to *Talavera*, to be with *Zulema*, until the expiration of the time prefixed, for the releaſing of the Priſoners; and *Felime* was conducted to the Court: She had all her wonted Charmes about her. The affliction of her mind had ſo Macerated her Body, that her Beauty was impaired by it; but it was not hard to perceive, that her indiſpoſition of health, had cauſed this alteration. This Princeſs was much ſurpriſed, to find, that the ſame *Gonſalvo*, whom ſhe believed never to have known before, and whoſe Name ſhe could not hear without Horror; for, the Wounds he gave to the Prince of *Tharſus*, was the ſame *Theodoric*, that ſhe had ſeen at *Alphonſo's* Houſe, and that found the way to pleaſe *Zayde*. Her Afflictions were increaſed, when

when ſhe reflected, that, what ſhe ſaid to *Alamire* in the Woods of *Oropeſe*, made him know *Gonſalvo* for his Rival, and was the occaſion of their Combat.

That Prince was carried to *Almaras*; ſhe had the ſatiſaction to hear from him every day; and the conſolation, not to be oblig'd to hide her Affliction, which was attributed to the Death of her Mother. *Alamire*, whoſe Youth for a time ſupported his Life, was at laſt reduced to that extremity of weakneſs, that the Phyſitians began to deſpair of his Recovery. *Felime* was with *Zayde* and *Gonſalvo*, when word was brought them, that one of that unfortunate Princes Gentlemen deſired to ſpeak with *Zayde*: She bluſhed, and after remaining ſome time in a confuſion, ſhe cauſed him to be brought in, and asked aloud, what the Prince of *Tharſus* deſired. Madam, ſaid he, my Maſter is upon the point of Death, and he beggs, he may have the Honor, to ſee you before he Dies: He hopes the Condition he is in, will not let you refuſe him this Favor. *Zayde* was troubled and ſnrprized at the Gentlemans Requeſt; ſhe remained ſome time without anſwering: At laſt, turning her Eyes towards *Gonſalvo*, as if it were to know of him what

what he would have her do: But ſeeing he ſaid nothing, and judging by his Countenance, that he did not deſire ſhe ſhould ſee *Alamire:* I am very ſorry ſaid ſhe, to the Gentleman, that I cannot gratifie the Prince of *Tharſus* in what he deſires of me; If *I* thought that my preſence would contribute any thing to his Cure, *I* would moſt willingly ſee him; but being perſwaded that it will avail him nothing, *I* begg he will excuſe my not ſeeing him; and, *I* pray you to aſſure him, that *I* am much troubled at his weak Condition. The Gentleman went away with this Anſwer; and *Felime* remained overwhelmed with Grief; of which, nevertheleſs, ſhe made no other ſhew but by her ſilence. *Zayde* was ſad for *Felime*, and ſhe had ſome pity for the wretched Deſtiny of the Prince of *Tharſus*. *Gonſalvo* was divided, betwixt his joy to ſee the complaiſance *Zayde* had for a meaning which he had not ſo much as acquainted her with, and his Grief to have deprived that dying Prince of the ſight of the Princeſs.

As all theſe perſons were thus taken up with their divers thoughts; *Alamire's* Gentleman returned again, and told *Felime*, that his Maſter deſired to ſee her: That there

there was no time to be loſt, if ſhe meant to grant him that Favor: *Felime* riſes from her Seat, and had no other ſigne of a living Body, but her power to go: She gave her hand to that Gentleman, and being accompanied by her women, ſhe went to the place where *Alamire* lay. She placed her ſelf at his bed-ſide, and without ſaying any thing to him, ſhe remained without motion, with her eyes fixed upon him: *I* am Happy Madam, ſaid he to her, that the example of *Zayde* has not inſpired you with the ſame Cruelty, to refuſe me the ſatiſfaction of ſeeing you; it was the only Comfort *I* could expect, ſince *I* have been depriv'd of her, to whom *I* took the boldneſs to pretend. *I* beſeech you to tell her, that ſhe had reaſon to think me unworthy of the Honor which *Zulema* once intended me. My Heart has been inflamed with ſo many Fires, and has been profain'd by ſo many falſe Adorations, that it did not deſerve to touch hers: But if an inconſtancy which ended at the firſt ſight of her, could be repaired by a paſſion which made me directly oppoſite to what *I* was before, and by a purſuit, the fulleſt of reſpect that ever was; *I* do believe, Madam, that *I* had expiated all the Crimes of my Life. Aſſure her Madam, *I* conjure

jure you, that I had for her the ſame kind of Veneration, with which the Gods are adored; and that the Wounds I receiv'd from *Gonſalvo*, are not ſo Mortal to me, as to ſee that he is beloved by her. You told me the truth in the Woods of *Orapeſe*, when you informed me that her Heart was ingaged. I believed it too true, though I told you at firſt I did not; I juſt parted from you, full of the *Idea* of the happy *Spaniard*. When I met *Gonſalvo*, his reſemblance to the Picture which I had ſeen, and what you had then told me, ſtruck me of a ſuddain, ſo that I made no doubt, but that he was the Man of whom you ſpoke. I gave him to underſtand that I was *Alamire*; he fell upon me with that Animoſity, as if he had known me for his Rival. I have been told ſince, that I was not miſtaken, when I took him for the Man, that had the luck to pleaſe *Zaydes*. He deſerves her Love, I envy his Happineſs, without thinking him unworthy of her: I Dye oppreſſed with my misfortunes, without murmuring; and if I durſt, I would only complain of *Zaydes* inhumanity, in depriving a Man of her ſight, that is going to loſe her for Ever. It is eaſie to judge, how many mortal Arrowes pierced the Soul of *Feline* at theſe words of *Alamire*. She en-

endeavoured once or twice to speak; but her Sighs and her Tears obstructed her Speech. At last, with a Voice interrupted with Sighs, and precipitated by a Passion, which she could no longer contain; Believe me, said she, That if I had been in *Zaydes* place, no Man should be preferred before the Prince of *Tharsus*. In spight of his Grief, he was sensible of the force of these Words; and she turned her Head aside, to hide the abundance of her Tears, and to avoid the Eyes of *Alamire*. Alas, Madam, replyed this dying Prince! Can it possible be, that what you have let me see, can be true? I must confess, that the Day you spoke to me in the Woods, I believed some part of what I now dare believe: But, I was so full of trouble, and you so dexterously turned the Meaning of your Words, that I retained but a very slight Impression of it. Pardon me, Madam, that I dare think it; and, pardon me, for creating a Misfortune, which has been more grievous to my self, than to you. I did not desire to be Happy; I had been too too Fortunate, if.....

A suddain Fainting hindred him from proceeding; He lost the use of his Speech: And, turning his Eyes towards *Feline*, as if he meant to bid her Adieu, he closed them

them for ever, and dyed that very moment. *Felimes* Tears ſtopped; ſhe is drowned in Sorrow: She looks upon this dying Prince with her Eyes fixt in her Head, and without motion. Her Women, ſeeing that ſhe did not offer to ſtir from her Seat, came and led her away from a Place, where ſhe no longer could ſee any thing but diſmal and funeſtuous Objects. She ſuffer'd her ſelf to be Conducted away, without pronouncing one Word: But when ſhe came into her Chamber, the Sight of *Zayde* embitter'd her Sorrow, and gave her Strength to ſpeak. Are you now ſatisfyed, Madam, ſaid ſhe to her? *Alamire* is Dead! I, *Alamire* is Dead, continued ſhe, as if ſhe were ſpeaking to her ſelf! I ſhall never ſee him more! I have then loſt all Hopes of ever being Beloved of him! It is no longer in Love's Power, to preſerve him for me! My Eyes ſhall never meet with his! His Preſence, which ſweeten'd all my afflicting Misfortunes, is for ever vaniſh'd from my ſight. Ah, Madam, ſaid ſhe to *Zayde*! Is it poſſible, that any Man ſhould pleaſe you, when *Alamire* could not? How Cruel was your Humanity? Why would not you love him? He Adored you moſt Religiouſly. What could there be wanting in him, to render him

more Amiable? But, replyed *Zayde*, ſoftly; You very well know, that I ſhould encreaſe your Sufferings, if I had loved him; and that it was the only thing in the World, which you apprehended moſt. It is true, Madam, anſwered ſhe; it is true, I was unwilling you ſhould make him ſo Happy: But, I would not have had you deprive him of Life. Alas! Why did I with ſo much Care, conceal from him the Paſſion I had for him? Perhaps, it had won upon him; happily it might have given him ſome Diverſion, from that fatal Love which he had for you. What was I afraid of? Why ſhould not he know, that my Heart Adored him? The only Conſolation which is left me, is, that he ſuſpected ſome-thing of it: Well, although he had known it, it may be, he would have diſſembled that he loved me, and ſo would have deceived me: What, if he had continued to deceive me, as he begun? Thoſe dear Moments, wherein he made me believe that he loved me, are yet precious to my Memory. Is it poſſible, that after ſuffering ſo many Evils, there ſhould reſt ſtill ſo great for me to endure? I hope, at leaſt, that my Grief will be ſtrong enough, to bereave me of Force to ſupport them.

As ſhe talked thus; *Gonſalvo* came to the Door of her Chamber (not thinking ſhe was there) to know in what Condition ſhe was in, after returning from *Alamire*'s Apartment: He with-drew himſelf ſuddainly, that he might not irritate her grief by his Preſence: But, he could not do it ſo quickly, but that ſhe had a Glimpſe of him; and this ſight of him, made her cry out ſo mournfully, that the hardeſt Hearts could not chooſe but be moved there-at. *I* beſeech you, Madam, ſaid ſhe to *Zayde*, to give order, that *Gonſalvo* comes not into my ſight: *I* cannot endure the Sight of a Man, from whoſe Hand *Alamire* received his Death; and who robb'd him of what was dearer to him, than his Life.

The Violence of her Grief took away her Speech, and her Senſes: And her Health being already much impair'd, it was eaſie to perceive, that her Life was in danger. The King, and the Queen, being told of her Condition, came to ſee her; and ſent for all that could give her Eaſe. After five or ſix Hours lying in a kind of Lethargy, the Strength of the Medicines which was given her, brought her to her ſelf: She knew none of the Standers by, but *Zayde*; who ſate weeping by

her, with much ſorrow. Do not lament my Loſs, ſaid ſhe, (ſo low, that ſhe could hardly be over-heard); I ſhould no longer be worthy of your Friendſhip; nor could I love a Perſon that cauſed the Death of *Alamire*. She could ſay no more. She fell into the ſame Fainting-Fits again: And the next Day, about the ſame Hour that ſhe ſaw the Prince of *Tharſus* depart, ſhe ended a Life, which Love had render'd ſo Unfortunate.

The Death of two Perſons, of ſo extraordinary Merit, was ſo worthy of Compaſſion, that all the Court of *Leon* was afflicted there-at: *Zaydes* Grief was inexpreſſible; She loved *Felime* paſſionately: and the manner of her Death, added more Sorrow to her Affliction. All *Gonſalvo*'s Prayers, and his Cares, could not prevail for ſeveral Dayes with her, to moderate her Grief: But, her Apprehenſions of leaving *Spain*, and loſing *Gonſalvo*, gave ſome Reſpite to her Tears, to afflict her with another ſort of Diſcontent. The King returned to *Leon*: And there remain'd ſo little now of what was to fulfil the intire Accompliſhment of the Articles of Peace, that in all appearance, *Zulema* was very ſhortly to re-paſs into *Africk*: Yet, he was not in a condition to Travail; for,

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he was dangerouſly ſick, when *Feliſme* dyed; and the Extreamity he was reduced to, was kept from *Zayde*, that ſhe might not be oppreſſed with ſo many Afflictions at one and the ſame time. *Gonſalvo* was full of Mortal Diſquiet; and ſtudied all wayes, by which he might either induce that Prince to conſent to his Happineſs, or perſwade *Zayde* to ſtay in *Spain* with the Queen; ſince Reaſon ſeemed to diſpenſe with her, for not following a Father, that appeared in a Reſolution, to force her to change her Religion. Some Dayes after they came to *Leon*, *Gonſalvo* came one Evening into the Queens Cloſet; where *Zayde* was; but her Eyes were ſo fixt upon a Picture of *Gonſalvo*'s, that ſhe did not ſee him when he came in. It is decreed, Madam, ſaid he, that *I* muſt alwayes be jealous of Pictures; ſince *I* am ſo even of my own, and muſt envy the Attention you have in looking on them. What, of your Picture, anſwered *Zayde*, with an extream Surprize! Yes, Madam, of my Picture, replyed *Gonſalvo*: *I* ſee, you can hardly believe it, becauſe it is ſo Handſom; but *I* aſſure you, it was drawn for me. *Gonſalvo*, ſaid ſhe, was there no other Picture drawn for you, like this? Ah, Madam, cryed he, with that kind of Trouble, which

uncertain Joyes creates in us! May not I believe what you give cauſe to ſuſpect, and what I can ſcarce dare to tell? Yes, Madam, other Pictures like this you ſee, have been drawn for me: But, I dare not give my ſelf the Liberty to believe what I perceive you think, and what I ſhould have thought long ſince, if I had judged my ſelf worthy of thoſe Predictions which have been told you; and if you had not alwayes aſſured me, that the Picture which reſembled me, was drawn for an *African*. I believed ſo by the Habit, and the Words of *Albumazar* perſwaded me to it: You know, added ſhe, how much I deſired, that you might be the Man you reſembled: But what ſurprizes me, is, that having wiſhed it ſo much, my Pre-occupation ſhould hinder me from believing it. I ſpoke of it to *Felime*, the firſt time I ſaw you at *Alphonſo*'s Houſe. When I ſaw you again at *Talavera*, and was informed of your Birth and Quality, this very Imagination came into my Mind; but looked only upon it, as a pure Effect of my Wiſhes. But, How hard a matter will it be, continued ſhe, fetching a deep Sigh! to perſwade my Father, to believe this Truth? And, how much I fear, that theſe Predictions, which ſeemed true to him when

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he thought they concerned a Man of his own Perſwaſion, will ſeem falſe to him, when they relate to a *Spaniard*? While ſhe thus argued, the Queen came into the Cloſet; *Gonſalvo* made her partake of his Joy: She did not defer a moment acquainting the King, with the Diſcourſe they had; and the King came that very inſtant, to know of *Gonſalvo*, What remained to be done, that his Happineſs might be compleated. After conſulting a good while, by what means *Zulema* might be won; it was agreed, he ſhould be brought to Court. A Meſſenger was inſtantly diſpatched to *Talavera*, to acquaint him, that the King deſired he ſhould be brought to Court; and being now perfectly Recovered, arrived there in few Dayes. The King received him with great Demonſtrations of Eſteem, and led him into his Cloſet. You would not grant me *Zayde*, ſayes he, for the Man of the World I conſider the moſt; but, I hope, you will not refuſe her to him, whoſe Picture you ſee here; and to whom, I know, ſhe is deſtined by the Predictions of *Albumazar*. At this, he ſhewed him *Gonſalvo*'s Picture, and preſented to him *Gonſalvo* himſelf, who was with-drawn from them a little. *Zulema* looks now upon

on the Picture, and then upon *Gonſalvo* and ſeemed to be in a deep Study: The King believed, that his Silence proceeded from his Uncertainty. If you are not fully perſwaded, ſaid he, by the Reſemblance, that this is *Gonſalvo*'s Picture; you ſhall have ſo many other Proofs, that you ſhall have no cauſe to doubt of it: The Picture you have, which is like this, could not fall into your Hands, but ſince the Battle which *Nugnes Fernando* (*Gonſalvo*'s Father) loſt againſt the *Moors*: He cauſed it to be drawn by an excellent Painter, who had Travel'd over moſt Parts of the World: He took ſuch a liking to the *African* Garb, that he drew all his Pictures in that Habit. It is true, Sir, replyed *Zulema*, that I have that Picture, but ſince the time you ſpeak of: It is true likewiſe, becauſe you do me the Honor to ſay it, and the Reſemblance makes it out; that I cannot doubt, but that it is *Gonſalvo*'s Picture: But that is not the Cauſe of my Silence, or Aſtoniſhment. I admire the Decrees of Heaven, and the Effects of the Almighties Providence. There has been no Predictions made to me, Sir: The Words of *Albumazar*, of which I perceive, you heard ſpeak, were taken by my Daughter in another Senſe than

than they ſhould be. But, ſince you have the Goodneſs to be concerned for my Daughters Fortune, give me leave to inform you, what you cannot know but from me; and to ſhew you the beginning of a Life, which you alone can make Happy.

The juſt Pretenſions my Father had to the Empire of the *Caliphe*, occaſioned his Baniſhment into *Cyprus*; whither I went along with him: There I fell in love with *Alaſinthe*, and Marryed her: She was a Chriſtian; I reſolved to embrace her Perſwaſion; becauſe it was the only way, that ſeemed to me fit to be lived in: Nevertheleſs, the Auſterities of it, frighted me, and ſtopped the Execution of my Deſigne. I went back into *Africk*: The Pleaſures, and the Corruption of Manners, re-ingaged me more than ever, in my own Religion, and gave me a freſh Averſion againſt Chriſtians. I forgot *Alaſinthe* for many Years: But, at laſt, I had a deſire to ſee her, and *Zayde*, which I had left an Infant: I reſolved to go into *Cyprus* to fetch her away, and to make her change her Religion; and Marry her to the Prince of *Feſs*, of the Houſe of *Idris*. He had heard of her, and earneſtly deſired to have her. His Father had a particular Friend-

Friendſhip for me. The Wars that were then begun in *Cyprus*, made me haſten my Deſigne: When I arrived there, I found the Prince of *Tharſus* in love with *Zayde*: I thought him very Deſerving. I did not queſtion, but that ſhe had an Inclination for him: I believed, my Daughter would have been eaſily perſwaded to Marry him: Nor was I wholly Engaged to the Prince of *Fez*. Her Mother being a Chriſtian, I feared ſhe would be an Obſtacle to the Deſigne I had, to make *Zayde* change her Religion. I gave my conſent to *Alamire*'s Pretentions: But was ſurprized, to find the Averſion ſhe ſhewed to him. And, during the Siege at *Famagoſta*, all my Endeavours could not prevail with her, to Marry him. I thought not fit, to preſs her too much, to conquer an Averſion which ſeemed Natural in her; but, reſolved to Marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, ſo ſoon as we ſhould be Landed in *Africk*. He writ to me ſince my Arrival in *Cyprus*; by which I underſtood, that his Mother was Dead: So that, I ſaw no Obſtacle to this Marriage. We left *Famagoſta*; we landed at *Alexandria*; where I found *Albumazar*, with whom I had been long acquainted. He took notice, that my Daughter looked earneſtly upon a Picture, which

I had, that was like this I ſee. The next Day, as I was ſpeaking to this Learned Man, of the Averſion ſhe had for *Alamire*; I told him my Intention to Marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, whether ſhe ſhould like him or not.

I doubt, anſwered *Albumazar*, whether ſhe will have any Diſlike to his Perſon; for this Picture, which ſo much pleaſes her, is ſo like that Prince, that I believe, it was drawn for him. I cannot judge, ſaid I, becauſe I never ſaw him: It is not impoſſible, but that it may be his Picture: Nor do I know, for whom it was drawn; for, it came into my Hands, by Chance. I wiſh, that Prince may pleaſe *Zayde*: But, if ſhe ſhould diſlike him, I ſhould not have the ſame Complaiſance for her, as I had upon the Prince of *Tharſus* his account. Some dayes after, my Daughter prayed *Albumazar* to tell her ſomething of her Fortune: As he knew my Intentions; and did believe, that the Picture which ſhe ſaw, was made for the Prince of *Fez*; he told her, without any Deſigne, That his Words ſhould be taken for a Prediction; That ſhe was deſtin'd for him whole Picture ſhe had ſeen. I ſeemed to believe, that *Albumazar* ſpoke by a particular Fore-

know-

knowledge he had of Things to come. I ſtill appeared to *Zayde*, to be of the ſame Opinion. When I left *Alexandria*, *Albumazar* aſſured me, that I ſhould never ſucceed in the Deſignes I had for her: Nevertheleſs, I could not loſe my Hopes of bringing them to paſs. During my late Sickneſs, the Deſigne I had formerly of embracing the True Religion, came ſo ſtrongly into my Fancy, that ſince my Recovery, all my Thoughts have been employed about fortifying my ſelf in this Reſolution; yet, I confeſs, that this Happy Reſolution was not yet ſo ſtrong, as it ought to be: But, now I muſt yield to what Heaven is working in my favor. It leads me by the ſame wayes, which I meant to follow, in making my Daughter marry a Man of my own Perſwaſion, to marry her to one of her Religion. The Words which *Albumazar* ſpoke without Deſigne, only upon a Reſemblance, in which he was miſtaken, proves a true Prediction; and this Prediction is accompliſhed in every part, by the Happineſs which my Daughter will have, in marrying a Man, that is the Admiration and Wonder of his time. I have nothing more to ſay, but to beg of you, Sir, To receive

me

me among the Number of your Subjects; and, To permit me, to end my Dayes in your Kingdom.

The King and *Gonſalvo* were ſo ſurprized and over-joyed with *Zulema*'s Diſcourſe, that they Embraced him without replying; being not able to find Words of a ſuddain, to expreſs their ſatisfaction. At laſt, after having declared their Joy, they ſtood a great while, admiring the Circumſtances of ſo ſtrange an Adventure: Yet *Gonſalvo* no way admired, that *Albumazar* ſhould be miſtaken in his Reſemblance to the Prince of *Fez*; he knew, that others had been deceived in it, as well as he: He told *Zulema*, That the Prince of *Fez* his Mother, was Siſter to *Nugnes Fernando*, his own Father; and that, being taken away in an Invaſion which the *Moors* made, ſhe was carryed into *Africk*; where her Beauty made her Legitimate Wife to the Father of this Prince of *Fez*.

Zulema went to acquaint his Daughter with what had paſſed; and it was eaſy for him to perceive by her manner of receiving the News, that ſhe was not inſenſible

Gonſalvo's Merit: Some few Dayes after, Zalema made publick Profeſſion of the Chriſtian Faith. Nothing now was thought on, but the Preparations of this Marriage; which was ſolemnized with all the Gallantry of the Moors, and the Politeneſs of Spain.

FINIS.